

Arts: Jane Holtz Kay on Tom Wolfe and architecture
Lifestyle: Urban blight, or, why Boston is so dirty

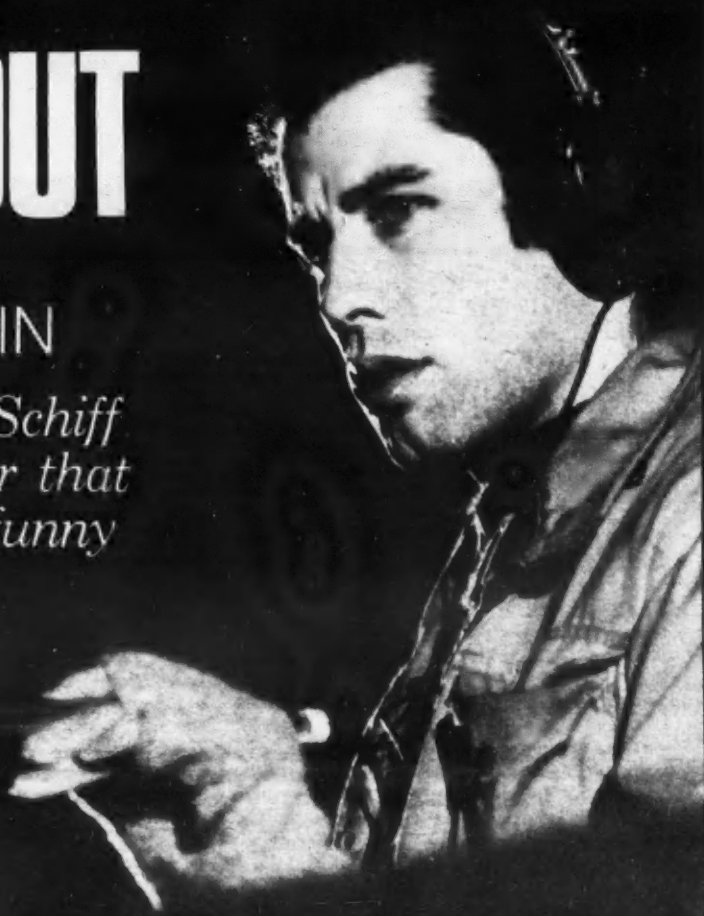
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TRAVOLTA IN
BLOW OUT

DE PALMA
STRIKES AGAIN

In Arts, Stephen Schiff examines a thriller that is also "a darkly funny vision of debased patriotism"



Surf 'n' turf

Deciding the fate of South Cape Beach

by Susan Percival

On the southern shore of Cape Cod, in the town of Mashpee, lies a valuable piece of property: South Cape Beach. It runs for a mile and a half along Nantucket Sound, a classic barrier beach. Behind it are some 375 acres of salt marsh, tidal ponds, and low-lying woods. The combination of beach and upland area may be unique on the Massachusetts shoreline, for the area is largely undisturbed by man.

The value of this land can, of course, be measured in dollars to be gained from developing the parcel until it looks like the rest of Cape Cod. There's plenty of room for a golf course, and for a large marina to alleviate the shortage of dock space. There's room for townhouses and condominiums and even a water-

front crafts-and-shopping complex that would cater to the yachters, golfers, and other summer visitors to the Cape. Developed this way, the land might be worth several million dollars.

But there are other ways to measure its value. There is the protection the barrier beach and the dunes provide the interior from pounding storms. The salt marsh serves up a bounty of nutrients for the ocean's food chain. There must be some value, too, in the swans, terns, quail, and other birds that nest in the area each year. And as a respite from urban noise, dust, and tempers, South Cape Beach has some value for every tired refugee from the city. These latter values have given rise to a vision of the state Department of Environmental Manage-

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Shots in the dark

In the matter of Brian Langton

by John Hubner
and Michael Matza

Whenver a police officer shoots someone, the question inevitably arises: did he have to? How forcefully the question is asked depends on who gets shot. Last summer, the public demanded to know whether Richard Bourque, a white Boston patrolman, had sufficient reason to shoot and kill Levi Hart, a black 14-year-old, after a stolen-car chase that ended in Kenmore Square at 3:45 a.m. on July 15. A second question arose in the Hart case, as it invariably does: are police investigations of police shootings reliable? An investigation conducted by the Internal Affairs Unit of the Boston Police Department exonerated Bourque, as did a Suffolk County grand jury and the US Attorney.

Now, little more than a year after Hart was killed, the questions are back — again because of who got shot. On July 18, at approximately 3:15 a.m., Brian Langton — a 25-year-old honors student and former star athlete, and now a Somerville contractor — was critically wounded by a bullet from a Boston policeman's .38-caliber handgun after he fled from the State Street Bank and Trust Company branch at 53 State Street in Boston. In the Hart case, the hue and cry came largely from the black and liberal communities and the media. In the Langton case, the outcry is coming from white, working-class Somerville, the media, and a most unlikely source — Thomas Troy, Langton's attorney. Troy is a

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Shots in the dark

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former cop whose policeman father was killed in the line of duty; he is a swash-buckling lawyer whose successful criminal practice is built on the friendship of hundreds of cops. He knows the ins and outs of police procedure as well as the top brass does. He has charged that Sergeant Neil Powers, who shot Langton, acted improperly, and that the police department is engineering "a deliberate cover-up." Langton is charged with attempted murder, among other things, and faces a trial in court. But already on trial of another, unofficial sort is Sergeant Powers — and, with him, the entire Boston Police Department. For if ever a police shooting is going to go under the microscope, it is this one.

Troy is marshaling his forces. Last week, he seemed to have corralled a witness to the shooting. The man's story, at least as of last week, contradicts Powers's version of the climactic events in the hectic sequence leading to the shooting. And the behavior of the police department at times last week seemed suspicious, or at least inexplicable. But before examining these matters in detail, one first must see the stark contradictions in the two versions of the night's events.

Both sides agree that Langton and his friend Paul Regan, a seafood inspector from Everett who is being represented by Troy's associate Michael Reilly, were inside the bank building, which has been gutted for renovation. Apparently, that is all they agree on.

First, the police version. According to Superintendent William J. Bratton, the number-two man on the force, police were summoned to the building after a silent alarm was tripped; on their arrival, they came upon Langton and Regan trying to rob the bank. Bratton cites as evidence certain "burglariou tools" found at the scene — a pneumatic drill, drill bits, a sledgehammer, and hand-held lights. Just who tripped the alarm is a mystery, for also arrested on that night for breaking and entering were two Charlestown youths, 18-year-old Anthony T. Hines and a juvenile, whose name was not released. (Langton and Regan have said that they do not know Hines or the juvenile; Hines has told the *Globe* that he doesn't know Langton or Regan.)

Bratton says that Patrolmen Albert Charbonnier and Patrick Russell responded to the call. When Charbonnier entered the building, he found Langton and Regan hiding in the superstructure of the first-floor ceiling. The officer drew his .38 and ordered them to come down. Langton then jumped on him and tried to take his gun. Charbonnier hit him twice in the head with it. Langton, a black belt in karate, hit Charbonnier in the face and fled. The officer arrested Regan without a struggle.

Sergeant Neil Powers, according to Bratton, was in a back-up cruiser on Congress Street, shining the car's powerful floodlights on the building. He saw three men run out of the building. He followed them down Congress Street, where two of the men disappeared into Faneuil



Photos courtesy of the Boston Herald-American

Attorneys Troy and Reilly with Langton: putting the police under a microscope

Hall Marketplace. The third, who proved to be Langton, cut across North Street in the direction of the Haymarket vendors' stalls. Powers's cruiser then collided with a yellow Mustang. Powers yelled at Langton to stop. Langton turned toward Powers and his hand went to his waist, where Powers saw a "shiny" object. The sergeant, still in the cruiser, then fired three shots; one struck Langton. Superintendent Bratton says the bullet entered Langton's abdomen and exited through a buttock.

Attorney Troy tells a very different story. He says Langton spent the early part of the evening barhopping, celebrating the upcoming marriage of a friend. His client, he says, was "shit-faced." He was "on a frolic, a lark," when he detoured into the open construction pit adjacent to the bank building. Troy says that the "burglariou tools" were construction equipment left on the site. "That pneumatic drill requires a compressor to run," he says. He also says that his client did not drop out of the ceiling onto Charbonnier, nor did he struggle for the officer's gun. He did "brush past" the officer, and may have "scuffled" with him: Troy says his client, who had been hit on the head with Charbonnier's revolver and later required 12 stitches to close the gash, doesn't remember. In any event, Langton eluded Charbonnier and fled.

"You can take your gun out responding to an alarm in a dark building," Troy says. "I have no problem with that. If anybody had a right to shoot this kid, it was the cop inside the building."

Langton, Troy says, had run approximately two-and-a-half blocks when he cut across North Street ahead of Powers's cruiser. Three people from Revere in their early 20s were in the yellow Mustang that collided with the police car. They were returning from a party in South Boston. Troy has a signed (but unsworn) statement from a 21-year-old

male. Another witness in the car has given Troy an interview that Troy says corroborates the signed statement. A statement from the third witness, he says, is "under negotiation."

According to the signed statement, Langton was bleeding from the head, "half staggering, half running" away from the police cruiser. The statement alleges that Langton did not turn to face Powers and that Powers did not issue a verbal warning before he fired the three shots.

According to the statement, Langton fell to the ground in extreme pain. "Why did you shoot me?" the eyewitness says Langton asked Powers. "You didn't have to shoot me. Get me a priest. I'm going to die." Powers then allegedly put his foot on Langton's leg and said, "Relax. You're not going to die. You were shot in the ass." The statement not only contradicts Powers's story, but also implies that Powers was in no danger when he shot Langton, and that he knew he'd shot Langton in the back.

(Last Thursday, two more eyewitnesses — Air Force lieutenants stationed at Hanscom Field — came forward and made statements to prosecutors. Troy says the men's evidence tends to support Langton's story; Suffolk County Assistant DA Vincent Mannering confirmed that he had interviewed these witnesses, but would not comment on the contents of their statements.)

Langton was taken to Massachusetts General Hospital, where he underwent nine hours of surgery. Troy says that attending physicians Dr. Edmond J. Raker and Dr. William G. Hendren told him that the bullet entered the buttock and exited through the abdomen. "The stomach wound was larger than the buttock (wound)," Troy says. "They measured them. The smaller wound was to the buttock; the larger was to the stomach. The exit wound is always larger. I know. I've tried a hundred (gunshot) cases."

The most serious thing a policeman can do is fire his gun at another human being. That is why every police manual of procedures gives very detailed instructions about when an officer may use his gun. A Suffolk County assistant district attorney explains what Boston cops know as Rule 303: "Deadly force is only used when there is a reasonable expectation of serious physical injury to a police officer or to someone he is protecting."

Was Langton a threat to Powers's life or to the lives of the citizens in the area? Did his alleged struggle with Charbonnier inside the building seriously threaten Charbonnier's life? And if it did, was Powers aware of the struggle and, by regulation, entitled to use deadly force to apprehend Langton? These are a few of the questions that will decide the futures of the police officer and the man he shot.

Can Internal Affairs, the special police unit which investigates its own, be relied upon to ask these and other relevant questions? Tom Troy thinks not. One reason is the matter of the shiny object, which is sure to play a central part in the litigation to come. The police say that after the shooting they found a six-inch knife without a handle five to 10 feet from the spot where Langton fell. Troy says the knife was found an hour after the shooting, and that his client does not own a knife. He says his client would not go to a party with a six-inch knife in his belt. Furthermore, he says, as a two-time all-New-England karate champion, Langton doesn't need to carry a knife. This leads Troy to one conclusion. In a July 21 letter to Police Commissioner Joseph Jordan, Troy called for an "independent investigation conducted by a respected member of the criminal trial bar." Troy wrote, "There is a very strong possibility that the knife allegedly recovered in the area was 'planted' to cover up police misconduct."

If the knife was as close to the body as police claim, why did it take an hour to find, as Troy alleges? Why, Troy asks, were the three witnesses in the yellow Mustang not asked about the knife when they were interviewed by three plainclothes detectives, four hours later?

Police have since asked Troy for permission to fingerprint his client in his hospital bed. Troy, knowing police procedure, agreed, but only if the police first turned over to him the prints they had already taken. Last Wednesday, police produced 14 prints that were taken off a wall at the site, a cardboard box, a sledgehammer, drill bits, and two hand-held lights. Yet, inexplicably, they produced no prints that were taken from the knife or from Charbonnier's gun. Troy called a sergeant on duty in the fingerprint division. "I was told the guy never saw a knife and he never saw a gun," Troy says. "Doesn't it seem strange that they would print everything but the knife?"

On Wednesday afternoon, in a pre-trial motion, Troy asked Boston Municipal Court Judge Sandra Hamlin to impound the knife and the gun and to order police to dust them for prints. The motion was granted. Troy says the police

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From left, Brian Langton's parents, Jack and Linda Langton; attorney Troy; Paul Regan; attorney Reilly; and Paul's mother, Rita Regan



Driving down the road to ruin

I've been watching them on Storrow Drive. They piss along in their virility-mobiles; they weave in and out of traffic and test to see how closely they can cut back in front of a law-abiding motorist, who must pull up short and endanger those behind him. The bozos certainly do get to Leverett Circle faster than the rest of us. There's no question about that. They must beat me there by at least 35 seconds.

These congenital idiots are so frustrated in life that the only outlet they have is to drive so as to endanger the rest of us. If they weren't so dangerous, they'd be boring. They are usually young and white, and almost all of them are men. Occasionally, only the driver is in the car; more often, he has company. Maybe he is trying to impress the maggots with him. If he is alone, maybe he is impressing himself.

One day, my father leaned out of the window of his car and said to one fool, "This isn't the Indianapolis Speedway, you know." The young man gave my father the finger. My father told him he knew what the guy could do with his finger. Why does a 72-year-old man have to go through this? Why do any of us?

So numerous are these accidents becoming in several cities, and so entirely uncalled for, that it creates a suspicion of fear with the owner who drives his own car and is competent to the extreme, but who endangers himself every time he goes about by not knowing what the reckless, irresponsible driver is going to do . . . He is the quantity to be feared.
— Motor Age magazine, 1912

Each year, about 50,000 persons die in auto accidents in America. That means that every 14 months or so, as many persons die on the highways as were killed in the Vietnam War. In a nation with a penchant for statistics and records, there is no lack of raw data on America's automotive slaughter. Each year, each state sends to Washington a statistical summary of its "motor-vehicle-accident experience." And each summary follows a standard form in breaking down all accidents — by month; by type, statewide; by type, urban-rural; by collision conditions; by the day of the week and the hour of the day; by location, by city, county, and town; by the age and sex of the drivers; by the vehicles' movements; by weather, light, and road conditions.

In every state, a statistician puts all the

numbers together and cross-indexes, cross-checks, and cross-references. Numbers are compiled, added, sorted, compared, and neatly typed up for the annual American body count. And each year, countless editorial writers on newspapers and in the broadcast media plead with their readers and listeners to stay alert, to heed the law, not to drink when they drive, and generally to behave. For many reporters, these are "gutless" editorials, easy to read and not likely to offend anyone in power. But we reporters have been as guilty as the apathetic readers and listeners. When you take the time to look around you on the roads, and when you read the numbers in the official reports, the apathy turns to anger.

The Massachusetts report for 1978 sits on the left-hand corner of my desk. Total accidents: 264,300. Persons fatally injured: 864. Persons non-fatally injured: 77,081. Children fatally injured: 66. Children non-fatally injured: 6627. Operator violations for driving under the influence: 6863. For driving after drinking: 1914. For speeding: 3772. For operating to endanger: 6082. For leaving the scene: 4913. For ignoring a stop sign: 2062.

Then you translate the statistics into experience. On the day I wrote this column, the morning paper carried the story of a 22-year-old law-school student and former star athlete who died in a car crash on the Cape. His companion, the driver, was charged with motor-vehicle homicide, driving under the influence of alcohol, speeding, and driving to endanger. Five days before I wrote this column, two young Medford men riding a motorcycle were hit by a car and killed. Ten days before I wrote this column, a speeding car hit two South Weymouth children, one of whom later died; the driver left the scene.

Two decades before I wrote this column, I was making my nightly calls to local police stations in Sullivan County, New York. The voracious young reporter never went hungry for information. But one night, the police told me of a family that had been returning home from vacation in their car. Suddenly, a vehicle was speeding toward them in the wrong lane of the expressway. I forget how many of the family died in the crash. I remember only feeling sick, thinking of a family at one moment, happy, talking, laughing maybe. What had they done, these people? What crime had they committed? They were together one moment, and then the moment became lost forever to the dead and the survivors because of one stupid, drunken son of a

bitch. I'm glad I don't cover accidents anymore.

But I can't escape them, nor can you. The reality follows us everywhere. One's patience and apathy turn to anger. We want some form of justice, if not of revenge. Two or three years ago, I was pulled over in East Boston for not stopping at a stop sign at the end of a ramp. I probably was guilty. I had slowed down to a crawl and was looking to my left and rear to check oncoming traffic, but I probably hadn't stopped fully. I got a ticket, and my insurance company hit me with a fine. Fine — that's the way it's supposed to be. Since then, I have not only been more careful, but I've also watched others more carefully. And I am frustrated to see the bozos playing tag on the highways without ever getting caught, and to see a truck running a red light on Massachusetts Avenue and a cruiser not bothering to give chase. I don't think I want revenge. I think I want equal justice. I am tired of watching guys with left hand on the wheel, right foot on the accelerator, and right hand wrapped around a can or bottle. I want them off the road.

In Massachusetts there is no other activity which is so patently dangerous and, at the same time, so permissively regarded as drunk driving. I think we lack the nerve to see otherwise decent citizens as potential killers. We lack the guts to hit the first-time offender with a mandatory loss of license for, say, five years and a mandatory month in jail. We lack the courage to permanently take away any person's privilege to drive except after they have killed someone.

—Henry Billings, contributor to the *Herald American* and the uncle of a highway victim, July 14, 1981

The latest figures available on booze-related auto deaths in Massachusetts show that from April of 1980 to March of 1981, there were 858 traffic deaths; of these, 377, or almost half, were "alcohol-related." Nationally, booze is involved in about half of all highway fatalities — about 25,000 deaths a year. Another 125,000 persons a year are injured in booze-related accidents.

In January, *Reader's Digest* related the story of an intelligent, promising, and handsome young woman who had barely survived an auto accident and was slowly and painfully making her way back to

some semblance of a normal existence, only to be killed by a drunk driver in 1979. Two years earlier, the same driver had been convicted of drunken driving and fined \$190. After this accident, the driver was sentenced to eight months in jail and four years' probation.

The story prompted the *Digest* to ask, "How can we as a nation allow this to go on, year after year? Why is it that in this country, a driver is not considered drunk until his blood-alcohol count goes over .10 percent? In Canada the standard is .08; in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, .05.

"Why is it that for every 2000 drunks on the road at a given time, only one is arrested? And why is it that that lone individual's chances of receiving a stiff fine, revocation or suspension of license, even a jail term, are mathematically insignificant?"

What's true nationally is true in Massachusetts. The Registry of Motor Vehicles reports that 22,332 citations for operating under the influence of liquor were issued in 1980. There probably were more instances, in which people were caught, but in some cases — especially in wealthier communities — police officers have been known to help a neighbor home and not report his drunken driving. But of those 22,332 cases, 18,254 were continued without a finding in court. In other words, the drunken drivers never lost their licenses. The courts found 4078 drivers guilty, but the registry doesn't know how many of them may have appealed to a six-person jury and won their license back. "So maybe," said a registry spokesman, "3000 were convicted."

While the number of citations has almost tripled since 1970, the number of drivers found guilty and losing their licenses for a year (or for five years, if it's their second offense) has decreased by about a third. The reason, some say, is a reform that has gone partly sour.

Early in the '70s, reformers pushed for an alternative for those arrested for driving under the influence. One reason they did this was that courts were hesitant to impose a mandatory loss of license. Another is that reformers saw drunk driving as a social and medical problem as well as a criminal act. So in December of 1975, the state began a Driver Alcohol Education Program, supervised by the Department of Public Health (DPH).

If you're caught driving under the influence, you can choose not to go to trial and to attend instead this 10-hour program, which tells you what booze does to your reflexes and the rest of your body and mind. Dave Mulligan, the associate director of DPH's Division of Alcoholism, says the program has helped many,

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Letters

to the editor and other people

We welcome responses from readers. Letters should be typed (double-spaced) if at all possible, and they must include the writer's name, address, and telephone number. The last is solely for purposes of verification; only the name and town will be printed, and these may be withheld if there is good reason. All letters are subject to editing for space, fairness, literacy, and libel. All letters will be considered to be for publication unless the writer states otherwise.

SHIELDED

If it's Carolyn Clay's ambition to be a character assassin, she ought to learn that cheap shots misfire. Her "interview" with (invective against?) Brooke Shields (July 21) said less about its subject than about its author, who, in effect, it described as petty, catty, and unfair.

Even if I hadn't seen Shields interviewed several times, proving herself articulate, alert, and aware, Clay's failure to use quotations to substantiate her snide slurs would have made me somewhat suspicious. Could it be that Clay felt she had to pander to readers who wouldn't be able to handle the fact that someone with that much beauty also has brains and genuine charm? I got the impression that she had the thing all written before she met Shields, then didn't alter it a bit, to save her readers from the jolt associated with the confounding of preconceptions.

This is just a roundabout way of saying there is no excuse.

Diana Shaw
Boston

BY THE NUMBERS

In Renee Loth's story on the state budget last week, it was reported that 32 members of the House of Representatives voted for the Senate version of the budget over their own; this number should have been 46. Also, it was reported that Senate President William Bulger could have gathered 46 votes against a move by dissident Senators Alan Sisitsky and Paul Harold; this number should have been 37, especially considering that the state Senate has only 40 members.

BURMA RAVE

At last! An intelligent and well-written article about the best band in Boston (or anywhere for that matter) — Mission of Burma (July 14). The only point I must take exception to is M. Howell's comment that the vocals are Mission of Burma's weak point and "are even more strained than usual" on their EP. With Clint Conley singing? C'mon!

Kathy Clark
Natick

SLURS

Dave O'Brian, in "Don't quote me" (July 7), describes the "Doonesbury" cartoon that the Sunday Globe refused to run as "utterly inoffensive."

The cartoon's characters talk about the "new Polack joke." Innocent, inoffensive cartoon or ethnic slur? If Trudeau had replaced "Polack" with another ethnic, racial, or sexual pejorative — spic, jig, wop, kike, or fag — would O'Brian have judged the cartoon "utterly inoffensive"? (I note that Trudeau exhibits a double standard in his cartoon, referring to Italians as Italians, not wops.)

I would humbly suggest that an editor has a responsibility to question derogatory stereotyping of all people, including Poles.

Loren Ghiglione
Editor and Publisher
The News
Southbridge

Dave O'Brian replies:

The pejorative language to which Ghiglione objects was not uttered by cartoonist Garry Trudeau. It was uttered by comic character B.D., who is not — repeat, not — intended to be likable or admirable. In my first column on the subject, the previous week, Lee Salem of the Universal Press Syndicate, which distributes "Doonesbury," noted that he had no problem with the strip "because the Polish slurs were coming from that character and because the strip makes the overall point that ethnic stereotypes don't work."

SUGAR SHOCK

To Anita Diamant:

I just read your article "The joy of eating" (July 14). Wow: a soulmate, someone who understands. Well, I had to drop you a note and tell you that we just had a dinner you would have loved. Dinner at Moody's Diner, a place on Rt. 1 outside

of Waldsboro, a wee dot on the Maine map (the world's finest five-masted schooner was built here). Moody's is right out of the 1940s. But what food! Fried clams! Real French fries, still crisp and not greasy-tasting or soggy. Crisp cole slaw. And the pies — the pies, Anita, would make your heart leap for joy (not to mention your palate). Walnut pie with a creamy, walnutty filling. Creamy banana-cream pie. I'm ecstatic, in sugar shock — it feels wonderful.

Eat well,

Michael Stonen
Kempston, PA

SENSITIVE

Kit Rachlis's "Bum rap" (June 9), despite that oh-so-cute headline, was a sensitive, sincere look at the mythos of the hobo. Especially fascinating was the hobo/bag lady comparison. However, I should point out that one woman does take notice of the bag lady — not only does she take notice of the oft-ridiculed women of tragedy, but she puts the bag lady on a pedestal to be admired and respected.

Bette Midler often uses, as an integral part of her performances, a bag-lady character. In her book, *A View From a Broad*, Midler writes of this character, "I named her the Magic Lady, after a wheezy old bag lady who took up residence on my stoop one sodden July. At first glance my besotted stoopmate bore about the same relationship to the human race as leftovers do to the feast the night before. But no matter how bedraggled she looked, no matter how used she appeared, and was, she always had a feisty spark in her eye and a ready smile. . . . Whatever parts of me she came out of are not the parts with which I'm in daily touch. In many ways, she is the exact opposite of me, her response to experience is totally different than mine: sensitive where I'd be glib; open where I'd be closed; forgiving where I'd be waiting for revenge. . . . And that's the part of the Magic Lady I find the most difficult to relate to: her optimism in the face of everything. Her enthusiasm, which survives and survives and survives. Yet that I know is what makes her magic — and that's the part I most admire."

So here's to the hobo and the bag lady in each of us — and here's hoping that we all can come in contact with that forbidden part of ourselves more often. We deserve it.

John Cabral
Wakefield

SECURITY

I am writing regarding publisher Stephen Mindich's "special notice" (June 16), in which he states his approval of the *New York Post's* editorials condoning the Israeli attack on Iraq. I shall in this letter address myself to the principal point made in these editorials: that Israel attacked Iraq in self-defense.

To advance the argument that Israeli war actions are taken in self-defense is to subscribe to the Israeli version of Middle Eastern history for the past 31 years. Great shifts in population (Palestinian and Lebanese refugees), annexation of territories (Israeli settlements), and the consistent violations of Lebanon's sovereignty are therefore explained away by reference to Israel's insecurity. In addition to these grave policies, Israel introduced atomic and nuclear weapons into the area, along with an intricate delivery system — all of this as "self-defense" measures. At the same time, Israel refused either to sign or to ratify the Nuclear Arms Non-proliferation Treaty (Iraq did), and abstained when an Egyptian-sponsored UN resolution to create a nuclear-weapons "free zone" in the Middle East was adopted by a vote of 135-0. And on September 4, 1974, a CIA report (made public in 1978) revealed: "We believe that Israel already has produced nuclear weapons, . . . based on Israeli acquisition of large quantities of uranium, partly by clandestine means; the ambiguous nature of Israel's efforts in the field of uranium enrichment, and Israel's large investment in a costly missile system, designed to accommodate

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Continued from page 4
nuclear warheads.

The attack on the Iraqi nuclear facility stretched the self-defense argument beyond any tolerable level. For not only was this action unjustified on grounds of security (note, for example, Begin's electoral ambitions), and not only was it racist in the way it was carried out (Begin's statement that it was undertaken on the Christian Sabbath to spare the life of Euro-

pean Christian engineers), it was indeed a political blunder and an arrogant exercise of power. Israel can now expect Iraq to double its effort to rebuild the nuclear power plant. Israel can further expect that Arab governments in general will have to bear more pressure from their populace to balance Israel's power — or, more accurately, Israel's terror.

In spite of all these doubts about the wisdom of the Israeli action, American

apologists for the state of Israel blindly came to her defense. In doing so, they ignored the fact that the action has sharpened the sense of insecurity of the Arab countries.

By introducing nuclear weapons into the area, Israel imposed on Arab countries the imperative of balancing its terror. And by developing an intricate delivery system, Israel further sharpened this imperative. Now, with the Israeli raid

on the Iraqi reactor, the case about Israel's resoluteness has been tightened. The attack revealed that Israeli decision-makers are intent on keeping the Arab people subdued. Therefore, it would be utter nonsense to expect Arab governments — after this show of Israeli arrogance — to sit tight and accept Israeli monopoly of nuclear weapons.

Tony Khater
Washington, DC

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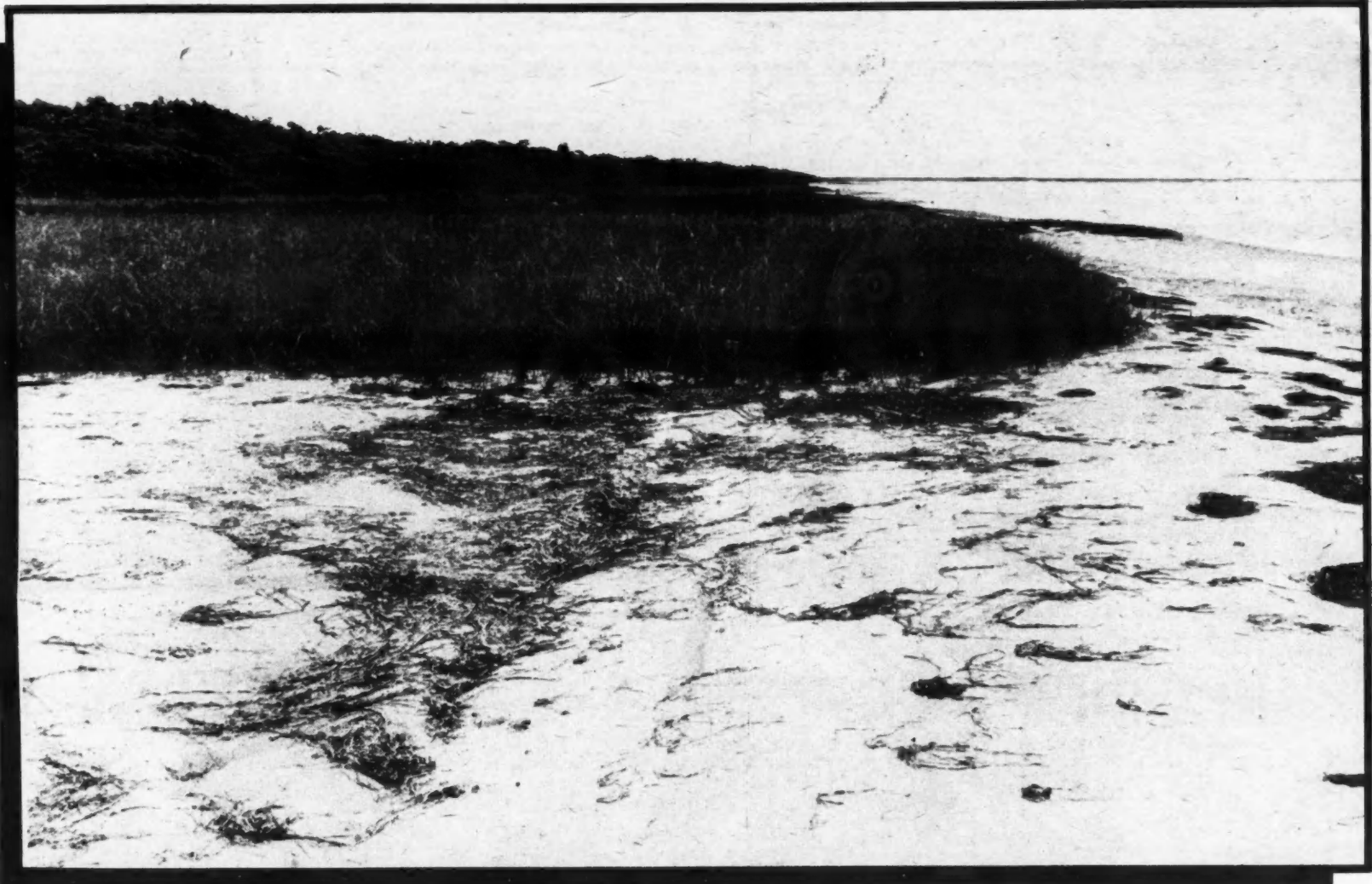
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Peggy McMahon

South Cape Beach and, below, New Seabury's corner of the Cape: it's a question of values.

Continued from page 1

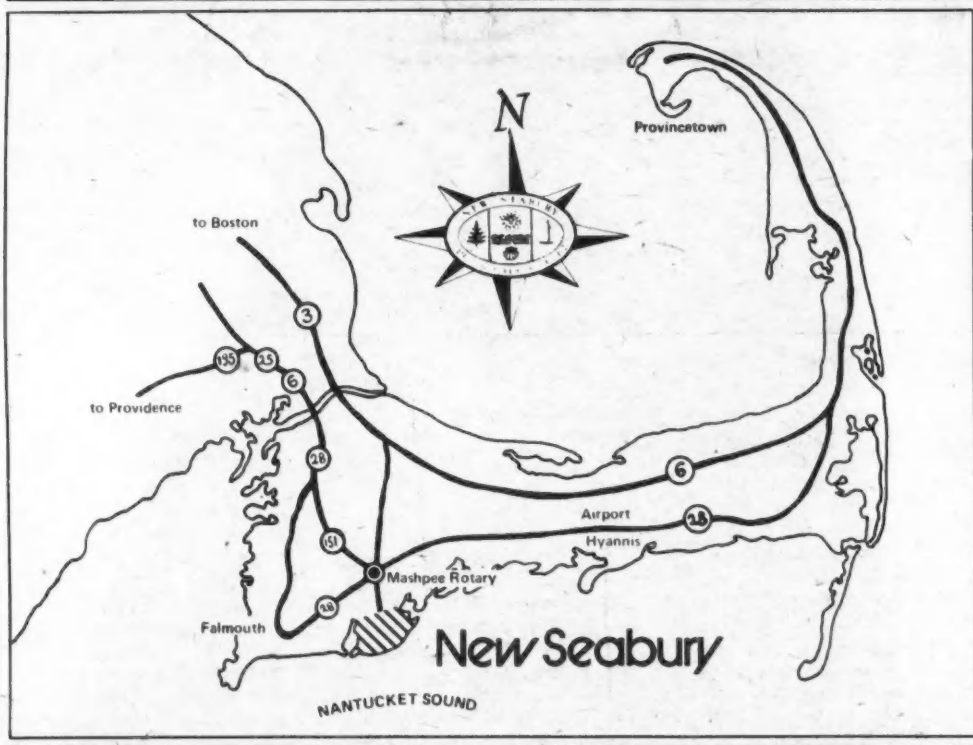
ment (DEM) which would like to create a limited-use state park and thus preserve the beach, marsh, and upland in perpetuity.

Such a fate for South Cape Beach is anything but certain, because its potential value in dollars has given developers an altogether different vision. The choice between the two visions of this unique spot will be made far away from the dunes and marsh grass of South Cape Beach — it will be made on Beacon Hill, where the preservationists and the developers are locked in what might appear to be a classic confrontation. But there is a difference between this tug of war and others that have preceded it. For in this instance, the battle is not accompanied by the clamor of newspaper editorials or the chanting of pickets. Instead, the fate of South Cape Beach will likely be decided in a carpeted hush, behind closed doors at the State House. The doors may be those in the office of Edward T. Hanley, the Secretary of Administration and Finance, who has something of a personal interest in the matter. In any event, the future of the beach may well be determined before the general public learns that it was at issue.

To understand the complex story of South Cape Beach, one must first understand the players in this Beacon Hill set piece, and their mutually exclusive goals. The prospective developer in this case is the New Seabury Corporation, a large real-estate company that has built a year-round resort community on 2700 acres of coastal land in Mashpee near South Cape Beach. New Seabury wants to expand its development into the low-lying wooded areas that lie just behind the salt marsh. The company would like to dredge a seven-acre artificial harbor out of the woods and build a marina with room for 150 yachts. Between the new "keyhole" harbor and the salt marsh, New Seabury visualizes 350 townhouse condominiums and a resort/shopping center called Teal Harbor.

The New Seabury Corporation already owns most of the land in the vicinity of South Cape

Surf 'n' turf



Beach, including all but a few acres of the beach. The corporation and its parent firms began buying land in Mashpee during the 1920s, and gained the final beach parcels in the early '60s. Development of this next phase of the company's master plan was scheduled to begin this year, but it's been held up by the state's interest in South Cape Beach.

New Seabury estimates the entire Teal Harbor development would cost \$3 million and take four years to finish. Quite aside from the issue of whether the area should become a park instead, serious questions have been raised by the state about the effects of the initial dredging and of long-term pollution on the shellfish resources of Waquoit Bay, a shallow estuary rich in flounder, scallops, and quahogs.

Some observers feel the entire bay and its barrier-beach system might be permanently changed by new tidal patterns created by the artificial harbor and navigation channels.

The beach itself would remain in the hands of the developer, for the exclusive use of the 850 families who live in New Seabury, of whom about half are year-round residents. The rest of Mashpee's 3500 residents would still have a small stretch of town beach, but not the full length of a South Cape park. The upland woods would be peppered with clusters of luxury condominiums, priced to start in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

Catering to the owners of luxury condos and ocean-going yachts is second nature to New Seabury. The corporation is controlled by the Chace family of

Providence, Rhode Island; Great Island in West Yarmouth; West Palm Beach, Florida; and Yemassee Plantation, South Carolina. The Chaces also control several related real-estate-investment companies. Much of the construction financing for development at New Seabury has come from the Rhode Island Hospital National Trust Company, in which Chace family members are shareholders and have served as directors over the years.

The New Seabury Corporation is now run by the second generation of Chace real-estate developers. The company's president is Christopher Burden (his mother is a Chace), educated at Middlebury College, California State, and UCLA. Burden, 39, is comfortable with modern marketing strategies; and frequently

refers to the firm's development as "the product." Burden is a regular at town meetings in Mashpee, usually outfitted in polo shirts and deck shoes.

According to older Mashpee residents, much of the land now owned by New Seabury was bought for prices that today sound ridiculous — as low as \$10 an acre — from people who couldn't afford to pay the taxes on it. Today, the corporation sells ocean-view house lots for as much as \$80,000. One- and two-bedroom "cottage villas" in the newest condominium complex start at \$93,000. The Chaces made a pretty good investment in Mashpee land, and they have done a pretty good job of developing it.

New Seabury has built what is unquestionably one of the most beautiful resort communities in the Northeast. Hundreds of large, custom-designed homes with natural siding and shingles are scattered around two challenging 18-hole golf courses, riding trails, and shallow inlets. Much more open space has been left than in the standard housing subdivision. Environmentalists agree that New Seabury is one of the best-planned developments on Cape Cod.

Which is not to say it has a perfect environmental record. One of the golf courses cuts into the fragile dunes and wetlands between the ocean and Flat Pond. Mashpee residents also point to some problems with sewage disposal.

In its rush to create waterfront lots for the first phase of the development, in the 1960s, New Seabury had a new channel dug out of saltmarsh. The remaining marsh was filled in, and houses were built on the fill. One of the proud owners of a new waterfront home in Bright Coves discovered that his septic tank backed up every high tide. He had to install a chemical disposal system to solve the problem. Nearly ten years later, when New Seabury wanted to build more houses in the same area, the town conservation commission, reacting with heightened sensitivity to the environment, turned it down.

The story of how New Seabury got its lush channels dredged is

one indication of the corporation's clout. Barges belonging to a private firm, under contract to the state Department of Public Works, ostensibly were in the area to dredge public navigation channels in Waquoit Bay. Instead, the contractor dredged new channels out of the marsh in Popponneset Bay, two miles away. New Seabury's owners, who were cleared of any wrongdoing, got their waterfront lots; a DPW official went to jail.

New Seabury has a special exemption from the town's subdivision and zoning laws that, in effect, has allowed it *carte blanche* to build high-density cluster developments. When Mashpee changed its zoning law in 1971 to forbid cluster development, New Seabury took the town to court, and won a suit that upheld its special permit in 1976. Former selectman Allan Maxim explains: "There wasn't a lot of law around at that time (when the developer got its zoning deal) . . . It wasn't hard to do just about whatever you damn pleased in Mashpee."

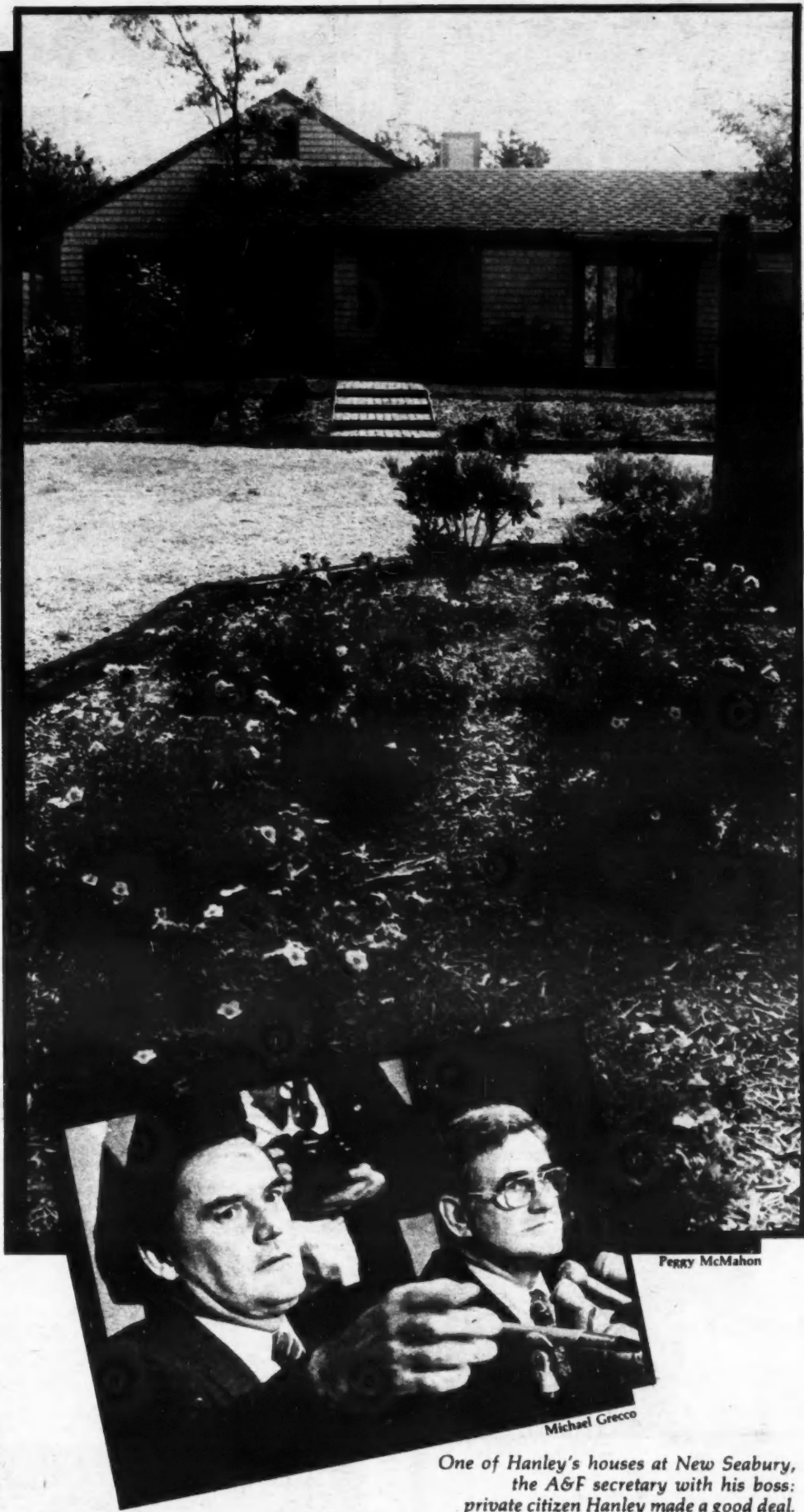
Opposing New Seabury's plans for South Cape Beach is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts — or, to be precise, certain officials in the Executive Office of Environmental Affairs (EOEA). They would purchase the property and preserve it as a limited-use state park. There would be no beachfront concession stands, no dune buggies; a 400-car parking lot and a visitors' center would be built a half-mile away from the dunes, with buses shuttling swimmers and sunbathers to the beach.

The state's planners are enthusiastic about the project. "There aren't many situations left in Massachusetts where you have an ocean beach and a major tract of undeveloped land together," says Gil Bliss, director of Forests and Parks for DEM, which would be responsible for running the park once it's created. "There isn't any lovelier setting." "It's probably the premier piece of undeveloped coastal property in the Commonwealth," adds Bob Yaro, the chief planner for DEM. "There is no adequate public access to the coast available to people who don't live in cozy little coastal towns."

The 432-acre park would include nature trails through the wooded upland area and along the sandy shores of Waquoit Bay. The dunes on the barrier beach would be restored and the nesting grounds for the common and least terns at the end of the point would be preserved. Vehicles would be almost entirely banned. Since state planners and a local advisory committee believe the area is suited only for limited, "passive" activities, the management plan emphasizes preservation as much as public recreation. South Cape Beach Park would close when the parking lot fills up, meaning many people would probably be turned away on summer days (at Plum Island, which has a similar management plan, access is often cut off before noon).

A leading advocate for the park proposal is Richard Kendall, a former state representative from Falmouth who was appointed to head DEM by Governor Dukakis in 1975. Kendall was reappointed by Governor Edward J. King, but doesn't hide the fact that he had differences with the current administration on the South Cape issue: "I don't think it's any secret that I was the point man on this particular policy. And I sometimes was walking alone on it . . . I couldn't give a god damn less what the administration's policy was."

Kendall resigned from DEM this spring to run for the vacant Cape and Islands state Senate seat, a race he lost by 1100 votes. In March, Governor King appointed William Hicks, formerly assistant secretary for environmental affairs under both



One of Hanley's houses at New Seabury, the A&F secretary with his boss: private citizen Hanley made a good deal.

John Bewick and Evelyn Murphy, to be DEM commissioner. Hicks is a professional in environmental regulation, and has not been closely identified with any political faction in his eight years in state government. He's been to South Cape, at the invitation of Dick Kendall, and says it is "probably the highest-priority acquisition in the department, and I know Secretary Bewick feels the same way because we've talked about it many times."

The competing visions of South Cape Beach — those of New Seabury Corporation and of state environmental officials — clearly are mutually exclusive. And after nearly 20 years of negotiation and strategy sessions, the issue is nearing resolution on Beacon Hill.

Ostensibly, the key point of contention is money — how much is the beach worth to the people of Massachusetts? But nothing in politics is that simple — certainly not this question, whose answer depends on a political process that includes many players.

Notable among them is A&F Secretary Hanley, whose influence on Beacon Hill is vast indeed. And Ed Hanley brings a personal interest to the question: he owns two houses at New Seabury, built for him at cost by the developer.

Mashpee missed out on, or was spared, the development boom that hit the rest of Cape Cod after US Route 6 was completed, in the 1950s. Mashpee is the only town on the southern coast without a long string of motels, restaurants, and real-estate brokers on Route 28. Mashpee does have one shopping center, five eating spots, one nightclub, and two gas stations. And it has New Seabury, a nearly self-contained summer resort that also includes the \$100-a-night New Seabury Inn and the Popponneset Inn, an old favorite of Cape natives.

Mashpee doesn't have a deep harbor, so it hasn't turned into a tourist mecca like Hyannis or Falmouth, which depend on their harbors for tourism. There are several modest neighborhoods of

summer cottages in Mashpee, but not much to attract the casual visitor.

Until the development of these older summer colonies, in the early 1940s, Mashpee was almost exclusively the territory of the Wampanoag Indians. Sales of land by Indians to whites had been forbidden by state law until the town was incorporated in 1870 — a step which some Mashpee Indians regret even today. In the 1970s, the Indians' legal efforts to claim the town's undeveloped land stopped most real-estate sales for three years. But after the tribal council lost its suit, in 1979, building increased dramatically. Today, the town faces a building boom that some fear will change Mashpee forever.

The outcome of the South Cape Beach question will have a direct effect on the town's future. Teal Harbor's 350 condominiums, and a second 400-unit complex also planned by New Seabury for the beach parcel, will require new town services for year-round and summer visitors.

The park would offer much more public access to the ocean, and would bring an influx of visitors during the summer. The competing proposals mark a crossroads for Mashpee.

Much of the Cape's growth over the last 20 years has come because it was the first choice of thousands of Massachusetts families who could afford a second home for the first time. One of those able to enjoy a summer home on Cape Cod was attorney Ed Hanley of Westwood, who bought a house in Mashpee back in 1966, when he worked for Ed King at Massport.

In 1974, while still at Massport, Hanley bought a large lot in the Greensward East section of the New Seabury development for \$16,200. In 1976, after the King crowd had left Massport, and while he was practicing law in Boston, Hanley made a deal with the New Seabury Corporation.

By that time, says company president Chris Burden, New Seabury had decided that single-family homes weren't "where the action was" anymore, and wanted to build a high-density cluster of what it calls "California patio homes" in the section where Hanley owned his lot. Hanley was one of only two owners of lots in the area, and the company needed their permission to change its plans.

New Seabury president Chris Burden says, "We went to the two owners . . . and said, 'Look, we'd like to do this patio-house development, but we have an obligation that the street's going to be single family,' and so we said 'What can we do, what kind of deal can we make?' " The first buyer said he wasn't interested in a small patio house, and exchanged his lot for one in a different section of New Seabury. Ed Hanley had a better idea.

Again, in Burden's words: "Mr. Hanley said, 'I like the idea of the patio houses. I want my lot divided into two . . . But I also want the agreement that New Seabury will build my two patio houses at cost.' That looked like a damn good deal to us, in fact it was a good deal."

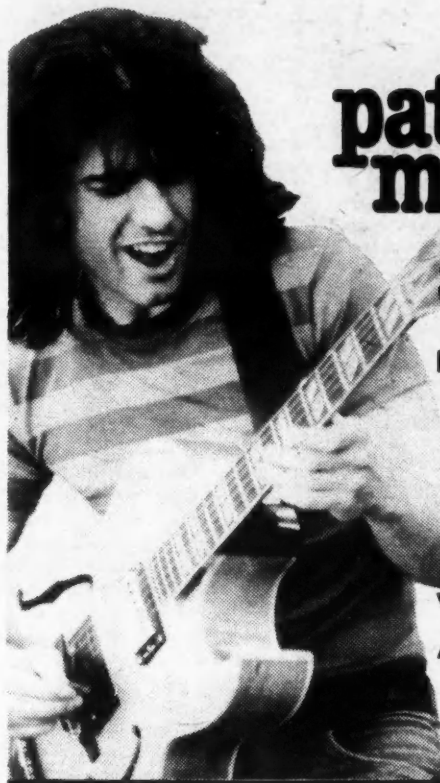
So New Seabury divided the lot in two, and eventually built the two houses for Ed Hanley at cost. At the time, the arrangement seemed perfectly reasonable. Five years later, with Hanley in a position of substantial power, a confidant of a pro-development governor, and with the issue of South Cape Beach heading for that governor's desk, Ed Hanley's relationship with the New Seabury Corporation is of considerable interest.

The town of Mashpee has also had a role to play in deciding the future of South Cape Beach. The townspeople, who know the community's overall development hangs in a delicate balance today, have over the years been ambivalent toward the idea of a state park at the beach. Although all town-meeting votes on the issue have been in favor of the idea, under the surface a sometimes bitter debate has churned.

The town's approval of state plans is required by law that gave DEM its power for eminent domain for South Cape Beach. DEM sought the approval of the Mashpee selectmen; the selectmen deferred to a vote by the town. In 1966, the town voted to support the park, but after the project was delayed by the Indian suit and other events, the selectmen decided another vote was necessary because the town had changed significantly by the time the management plan was ready, in 1980. Continued development, at New Seabury and other, smaller projects, seemed to be producing a newcomer-vs.-oldtimer division in the town. Many New Seabury residents supported the corporation's counter-offer rather than the state's proposal.

Continued on page 12

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Live remote: Channel 5 moves toward absentee ownership

by Dave O'Brian

It was a mere three years ago that this town was hit with the stunning news that one of its commercial TV stations was being sold by its mammoth and faraway parent company (with more interest in peddling snow tires than in the quality of its Boston programming) to a gathering of local businessmen. "It makes Boston totally unique," said **Robert Bennett**, president and general manager of WCVB-TV (Channel 5) at the time. "In the top 25 markets there will be only two TV stations that are independently owned by local stockholders — and they're both in Boston."

But that was then. The sale of WNAC-TV (Channel 7) by RKO General, a subsidiary of General Tire and Rubber, to New England Television never did take place, and what with subsequent Federal Communications Commission rulings and endless appeals, it maybe never will. And now, assuming that last week's stunning sale announcement becomes a reality, Boston will be left without a single locally owned network affiliate station. Or, to reverse Bennett's 1978 statement, it makes Boston totally typical.

Said stunner was the announcement of the sale of Channel 5 to the mammoth Metromedia — self-styled as the fourth-largest broadcasting organization in the nation, after the three networks — for an astronomical \$220 million. It had, of course, been rumored about the Channel 5 corridors for some time that the station was on the block, but since the spring stockholders' meeting came and went more or less uneventfully, such speculation had died down.

"It came as a big surprise to most of us here at the station, and certainly all of us in the news department," said news director **Jim Thistle**. (Indeed, news of the sale first hit the Channel 5 newsroom when the assignment editor at a competing station called on Wednesday to ask about Bennett's planned press conference.) "I don't know a heck of a lot about Metromedia," Thistle added, "other than that they own everything from ice skates to basketballs."

What they own, actually, are the Ice Capades and the Harlem Globetrotters, of all things, as well as five independent TV stations, two network affiliates, and a total of 13 radio stations. And while the company's revenues are consequently enormous, it has not exactly distinguished itself in local programming or commitment to news and public affairs (as Channel 5 has, thanks largely to its ostensibly enlightened local ownership). "It's a

tremendous change and we all feel slightly nauseous about it," said one still-stunned Channel 5 staffer. "They seem to be looking at Channel 5 as the crown jewel in a field of zircons."

John Kluge, president and board chairman of Metromedia, wouldn't have put it quite that way, but his prepared statement on the sale did make note of the contribution that Channel 5 — the nation's leader in local programming — will make to other stations in the Metromedia chain, and assurances were spread all around that Channel 5's staff and direction and all will remain entirely intact. Bennett's own prepared statement stressed Metromedia's "programming philosophy for the future that matches ours."

For the present, though, it seems that Metromedia outlets — like the group's so-called "flagship," Manhattan's WNEW-TV — don't even run station editorials. Not necessarily appeased, then, were the likes of **Phil Balboni**, Channel 5's editorial and public-affairs director, even though he had passed on the news of the sale to his staff by stressing the opportunities for job advancement that come when you're linked to a nationwide chain of stations. "The real issue is a philosophical one," he said. "This is a unique station with an integration of local ownership and management, and that cannot continue under Metromedia. We will have to be responsible to a corporate headquarters far removed from Boston."

And don't forget, a good proportion of the news staff that has given Channel 5 the best and most watched local-news programming in the city was attracted to the station by its local ownership. One of those staffers is news director Thistle, who had quite simply enough of Westinghouse Broadcasting's corporate merry-go-round back when he was employed at Channel 4. "One of the major pluses of local ownership is that decisions can be made right here in a matter of minutes," Thistle said. "Last year, what with all the political coverage, I overspent my budget by a half-million dollars. I'm not sure I could have gotten away with that if I had to answer to a board of directors in Oakland or somewhere."

Bennett, for the record, seems to feel that he could have. "The Metromedia stations are run almost autonomously," he said. "A budget is allocated to a station, but that station can spend those dollars almost any way that it wants." Anyway,

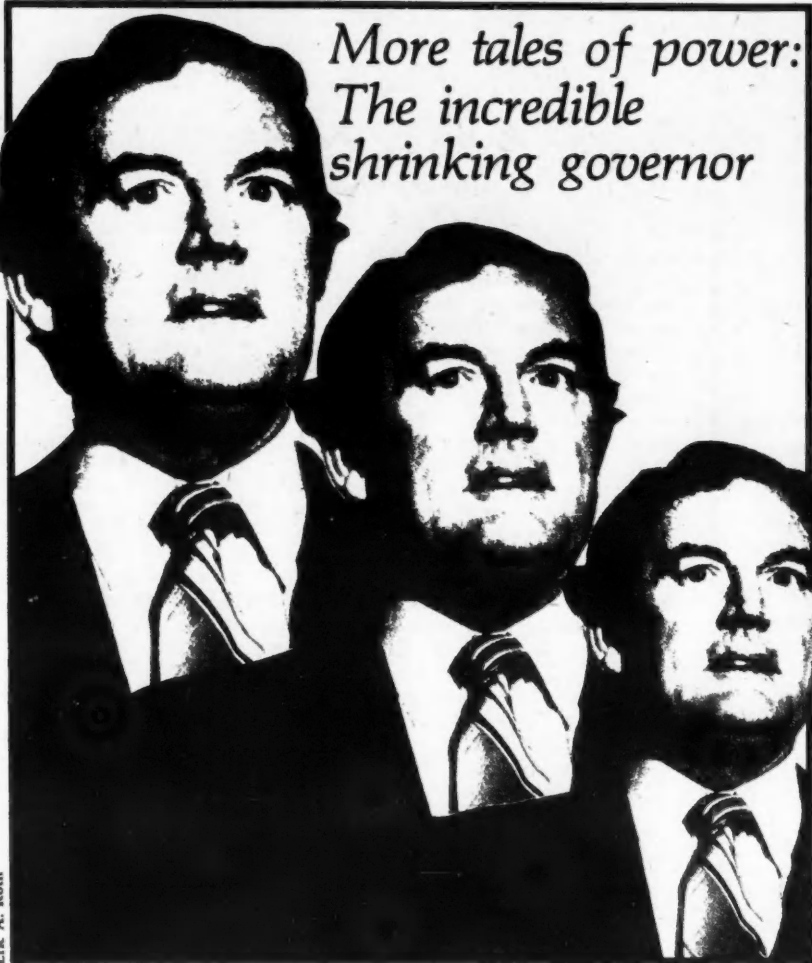
Continued on page 10



Paul Fortin

Bob Bennett: "If I'm wrong, that will be too bad."

Talking politics



More tales of power:
The incredible
shrinking governor

Eric A. Roth

by Renee Loth

The summer of '81 may be remembered as the time when Edward J. King threw in the towel and gave up on governing. The Massachusetts State House resembles nothing so much as a battlefield these days, with land mines detonating everywhere King steps. Just when it looks as though he might be able to slip out and do a little campaigning, the budget blows up, or Barry Locke blows up, or some other embarrassment commands his attention and wastes his time. Fiscal crisis, confidence crisis — no wonder King is eager to bring down the curtain on the sordid little budget drama, to bow out of his role as governor and slip into something more comfortable, like his running gear.

Unfortunately for King, however, government persists. At a press conference 21 days into the new fiscal year, with King finally about to be rid of the budget mess, a reporter asked him why he had approved a method for distributing hard-won increases in local aid that leaves some towns still bleeding while others make a profit. King agreed the distribution formula was unfair, but said there simply wasn't time to do anything about it. Sending that part of the budget back to the legislature for more work would only "delay" the process, he said. So he signed a bill under which (among other gross inequities) the city of Everett recoups just 13 percent of the loss it suffers under Proposition 2½, while Amherst gets back a whopping 340 percent.

An aide to King suggested later that, unfair as the formula was, more legislators were pleased than angered at the way their districts fared, so King figured there was little percentage in sending it back. "We did our head count," the aide said. "What the hell's the purpose of vetoing a section (if the veto) wouldn't be sustained?" But King's refusal to correct the inequities by sending the formula back to the legislator had less to do with his fear of override than with his reluctance to do battle with the House and Senate — again — on the seminal issue of the year. Rather than risk the inevitable damage to his already scarred image that such a guerrilla campaign would inflict, King opted for a strategy once suggested to another superpower caught in a war it couldn't win — he simply declared victory and withdrew.

In his budget message, King crowed about the efforts of "my working group on 2½" for agreeing to the \$265 million local-aid figure — conveniently forgetting that his own initial suggestion had been just \$37 million, and that he agreed to the higher amount only under duress. And as for the funds' distribution — well, that was best left to someone else.

Specifically, King tossed the ball to the legislature, which has already filed a bunch of bills to correct the injustice, by now familiar with their role in filling the leadership vacuums their governor leaves behind.

"Head counts" evidently weren't of paramount concern in the 124 vetoed items King *did* return to the legislature last week. As soon as it got the chance, the House began systematically overriding one King veto after another, with ever-decreasing tallies in the governor's column. On one streak, the House rejected 27 vetoes in a row, all but one with less than seven votes for King's position. By the end of the day, the House had overridden 31 of 41 King vetoes, and was taking him to the Supreme Judicial Court on 77 others.

Such a stinging rebuke was not entirely unexpected. King's vetoes were less policy statements than political rhetoric, and none of them was particularly subtle. In his veto message, King attacked the legislature for a whole series of provisions in the budget, notably one that would require him to make quarterly reports on the Commonwealth's financial status. He called this an "assault" and "an encroachment on the separation of powers." The matter is now before the Supreme Judicial Court, but it's clear one central "encroachment" of the quarterly reports would be on King's ability to hide the need for a tax increase until after the 1982 elections.

Since King has given up governing, he has taken to using his office as a campaign headquarters. King's \$35 million worth of additional vetoes seems less like sound management than desperate attempts to avoid the tax increase many now say is inevitable. Most obvious in this category was King's reduction of the popular fuel-assistance program by \$5 million. King called the reduction "appropriate"; the House rejected the veto 151-2, a "head count" even he could manage.

Whether through incompetence or unwillingness, King has failed so completely to govern Massachusetts that he no longer even tries. Each embarrassment, each indictment or transit shut-down or strike, shrinks him a little more in the public mind, so that he appears less and less a man Massachusetts needs, or even heeds. He has alienated one constituency after another, beginning with the dynastic duo of Massachusetts politics — Tip and Ted — and continuing right through the business community and his own earliest and most loyal supporters. King angered a good chunk of local political lights by endorsing Jimmy

Continued on page 10

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King

Continued from page 9

Carter over the state's favorite son. Jimmy Carter is gone, but Ted Kennedy sticks around. And while he was never dear to the Speaker of the US House, King openly defied his own party leadership by traveling to Washington earlier this spring to embrace Ronald Reagan's spending cuts. Richard Manley, head of the business-backed Massachusetts Taxpayers' Foundation, called the state's inability to share equitably the pain of Prop 2½ "just an awful mess," and the entire budget process King presided over "a very sorry thing." King's schoolboy chum and campaign treasurer, Frank Rich, who contributed the first \$1000 to King's 1978 campaign, is so disappointed with King that he says he's going to run against him. Even the "hate groups" King wooed for his 1978 crusade have turned their bile towards him. Angelo Berlandi, author of the infamous "hate group" quote, signed an effective anti-Dukakis leaflet in 1978 entitled, "No Italians Need Apply." Today, Berlandi accuses King of insensitivity to Italian-Americans, citing the bitter resignations of King's patronage chief, George Frattaroli, and his MDC commissioner, Guy Carbone. At least 14 high-ranking officials of the King administration appointed in 1978 have quit or have been fired or have been embarrassed out of office in the past 30 months.

With every defection, King shrinks a little more, becoming more and more a vestigial organ of government, an appendix on the body politic. He serves no good purpose, and is noticed only for the trouble he causes. By far the most serious loss for King has been the support of Senate President William Bulger. By now the feud between the two men is common knowledge; neither has denied the allegations — that King blocked a court appointment Bulger had promised a dying Sonny McDonough would go to his son — and they appear to have set off a whole series of punches and counterpunches. Bulger can ensure that King won't be able to govern even if he wants to. Until and unless King mends fences with Bulger, he will remain irrelevant to the legislative process. King's oldest friend, Frank Rich, sees this clearly: he told *Herald American* reporter Peter Lucas, "The legislature has taken government away from him. The real governor up there is Billy Bulger."

The people of Massachusetts voted for Edward King because they wanted a strong, decisive leader. But the people confused his bulk with strength, his shortsightedness with decisiveness. All in all, Edward J. King is better suited to be a stevedore than a governor. His performance in the latter role apparently has affected even his once-estimable fund-raising abilities. In the first six months of 1981, King raised \$130,000 to Dukakis's \$298,000 and Tommy O'Neill's \$202,000. King's campaign bank balance, like the value of his political stock, is far less now than when he started the year. And the end is just beginning. □

Quote

Continued from page 8

should he rise to some sort of "senior position" in Metromedia management, Bennett added (thus fanning rumors that such a move now becomes all but inevitable), "I would want the responsibility of supervising this market and this station."

This is, of course, the very

same Bob Bennett who had served as general manager at two Metromedia stations — New York's WNEW-TV and Washington's WTTG-TV — before coming to Boston, and also the very same Bennett who has since been known to badmouth that company for its lack of commitment to local programming. But that, he says now, was a long time ago (10 years), and today Metromedia main man Kluge is serious about news and public affairs. "If I'm wrong that will be too bad," Bennett said, "but he too believes that this is the future of the business."

In truth, when Bennett was waxing enthusiastic about the glories of local ownership back in 1978, his station had just barely survived pressure to sell out a year earlier, and then only by taking out a massive bank loan so as to spread dividends among the 30 original shareholders — people who had begun the ultimately successful Channel 5 license-challenge gambit as far back as 1962, were not getting any younger, and wanted some return on their investments. Today, Bennett notes, of that original group, "nine are dead, two have left the company, seven are in their late 60s, and six are past age 75." And, presumably, eager to straighten out their estates before heading off to that great stockholders' meeting in the sky.

And Channel 5, of course, will never bring a higher price than right now. Its news is finally number one in the ratings (though audiences are fickle, and that could change). The *New York Times* has shamelessly declared it "America's best TV station." And there's the dread onslaught of cable television, which just might screw up everything. So why not sell now, while the selling's good?

"The stronger stations in the future will be those that do their own local programming and public affairs," Bennett said. "Those that don't do that will be swallowed up by cable, but cable will never do news and public affairs because they don't give a shit about it." Whereas Channel 5 and Metromedia presumably do. "I'm guardedly optimistic," conceded Phil Balboni. "Hopefully the station will be as good, and there's an outside chance that it could be even better. But certainly an era has passed, and it will never be entirely the same again."

Now the Good News: goodness and light and the First Amendment have more or less prevailed on the North Shore. That is, Judge Andrew Meyer, who, in early June, threw freelance writer Arthur Farley and *North Shore Sunday* reporter Rick Vitali out of a Salem Superior Court room where pre-trial hearings were taking place in the case of some former county officials accused of corruption — has now decided he should not have done so and says he will never do it again. His ruling, however, seems not to address at all the constitutional questions raised by the whole mess. Instead, Meyer notes that bits of the testimony given behind closed doors on the day in question somehow found their way into the pages of the *Lynn Item*, resulting in "a distortion of the truth." So he calls for "enlightened self-restraint by the media" in the future in return for open doors at the courthouse and release of transcripts of the earlier hearing "with all due dispatch."

As we go to press, however, said transcripts have yet to be transcribed. "It was a victory in principle," said *North Shore Sunday* editor Peter Landry, "but the reality is we're still waiting." And the fall bribery-and-corruption trial gets closer and closer, and the pre-trial publicity about which the judge was so concerned, of course, gets pushed closer and closer to the trial. □

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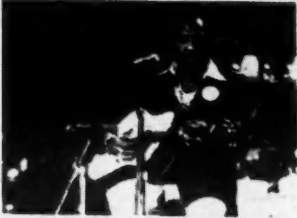
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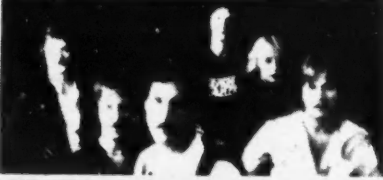


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Beach

Continued from page 7

Seabury offered to give most of the beach frontage to the town, reserving the wooded acreage for Teal Harbor. Chris Burden says he's still willing to talk about signing over to the town the beach and marshland, on which nothing can be built. In return, the company wants the town to promise that Teal Harbor and an additional development called Sand Piper would be approved. Burden says, "We would want some kind of assurance that the town... was going to support us in the overall plan. So that you didn't run into a situation where suddenly, after the town got the beach, they might say to us, 'Gee, what's mine is mine and what's yours is negotiable.'"

But Burden didn't succeed in selling his deal to the town. In September of last year, voters overwhelmingly approved the park proposal. The turnout was 864 for the special town meeting — unprecedented in a town where this year it took three attempts to get a quorum of 267 for the regular town meeting.

September's vote came after lengthy public meetings at which the state and New Seabury laid out their conflicting plans for the beach area. One former New Seabury resident thinks support for the park increased after a revelation by the developer: New Seabury plans to handle the sewage from Teal Harbor by pumping 100,000 gallons of treated waste water each day through the golf-course sprinkler system. Those sprinklers have been known to reach as far as the screened-in porches of some houses along the golf course. The plan might be ecologically sound, but it didn't help New Seabury.

As ambivalent as the town may be about New Seabury, there is also deep suspicion about state government. Mashpee residents on a local advisory council bargained long and hard with DEM to place restrictions on the state's use of the land. Six years of negotiation resulted in a lengthy management agreement that spells out these understandings.



Photos by Peggy McMahon

A home at New Seabury: is this the future of South Cape Beach?

But Burden and other park opponents continue to play on the small town's distrust of state officials. Burden says he doesn't believe the state will stick to the 400-car parking limit, an important point to Mashpee residents. Burden says it will be the legislature that breaks the promise: "Because the constituents of a representative from Roxbury or Southie or wherever you are says, 'Hey, I went down there, and every time I get down there the parking lot is full.' That's the crux of why we don't believe the state will honor its commitment."

Mashpee residents have been sensitive to this argument, and they decided not only to get the state-local agreement in writing, but to get it turned into law, requiring passage of a bill in the legislature. So for better or worse, the legislature will now have a great deal to say about the future of South Cape Beach.

Thus, the local political debate has thrown the affair 75 miles north to

Beacon Hill, where legislative politics can further muddy the waters, and where Ed Hanley's apparently innocent business relationship with the New Seabury Corporation takes on new importance.

Officials of DEM would like to take South Cape Beach this year, but before that can happen, one major question remains: what will be the final cost of the land? Buying 432 acres of prime coastal property anywhere in the state is an expensive proposition, and the question of money will be the final issue of political debate.

Over the years, DEM has tucked away a considerable sum for the purchase. Counting previous appropriations, federal grants, and other DEM accounts available for coastal land, Commissioner William Hicks says he thinks the total may be as high as \$7 or \$8 million, without asking the legislature for an additional appropriation. No one knows

whether even \$8 million will be enough, however.

New Seabury's Chris Burden says the land is worth \$20 million — and appreciating every day. Burden says that's what New Seabury will lose if it can't develop Teal Harbor and Sand Piper. "We will have no private beachfront facility available to future owners in the western part of New Seabury. There simply is not enough good frontage that is good bathing beach," he says. Burden warns that "the taxpayer of the Commonwealth is going to be paying a needless amount of money for severance damages."

However, the company's figure of \$20 million or more assumes that New Seabury could carry out its plans. Existing land-use restrictions, which would directly affect development, must be considered in determining a fair-market value.

The beach itself, essentially, cannot be

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New Seabury President Chris Burden: planning the private future

built on: it is protected by Governor King's own Executive Order on Barrier Beaches. The entire wooded area is no more than seven and a half feet above sea level, below the 100-year flood level. Substantial filling would be required before anything could be built there. Additionally, the entire shoreline surrounding the proposed Teal Harbor complex lies within a state-determined Area of Critical Environmental Concern (ACEC). The ACEC label, a red flag attached to fragile spots the state considers worth protecting, means the state would look very critically at any plan changing the actual shoreline — including the company's plan to create the artificial harbor. (Since the ACEC order went into effect, in December of 1979, other waterfront development on Waquoit Bay has been stopped; the three existing marinas, all of them relatively small, have been prevented from expanding.) All these restrictions would impose

limits on New Seabury's ability to develop the land. State environmental officials feel that under these conditions, New Seabury would have a hard time getting the permits required to build the harbor and marina, upon which much of the company's plan depends. New Seabury started to move forward with Teal Harbor about the same time the town and state started to get serious again about the park. Former DEM Commissioner Dick Kendall feels that "the net intent of (their proposal to proceed with Teal Harbor) was to drive up the appraised values, to raise a question in people's minds as to whether the Commonwealth could afford the property." If the land is taken by the state, New Seabury will have the right to challenge the state's payment in court, an approach that has recently given landowners as much as two to three times the state's original appraisal in other eminent-domain cases. Dick Kendall is

not alone in thinking New Seabury is setting the stage for a court battle. Pauline DeLory, a Mashpee Conservation Commission member, says, "What else could it be? It's so logical it's childish! They've known they couldn't do it (develop Teal Harbor) unless they had a wishy-washy Conservation Commission." Chris Burden says he thinks Teal Harbor can get all the necessary permits. "We wouldn't be going ahead with this kind of effort and this kind of expense if we weren't assured by the environmental scientists that have been employed (by New Seabury) that what we were planning to do was environmentally sound. That's not New Seabury's style." The state's final offer for the South Cape Beach property will be set after the results of recent appraisals are evaluated. Appraisers are required to establish a value for land that accounts for both the potential development and the restrictions imposed on that develop-

ment by state and local law. Two obstacles remain to be overcome before the park planners can proceed. First, the House Ways and Means Committee, which has had its hands full lately with the state budget, must approve the bill to recognize the state-local agreement. If the bill makes it through the legislature, it will reach Governor King. Second, when and if more money is needed to pay for the beach, both the legislature and the governor will have to approve the new capital expenditure. Hence the role of Ed Hanley, the governor's chief financial adviser, becomes critical. The secretary of Administration and Finance has the official responsibility of advising the governor on all state land purchases, and Ed Hanley has the unofficial clout to make his advice stick. Over the past five weeks, Hanley has declined to return phone calls from the Phoenix requesting an interview regarding his position on and role in the South Cape Beach controversy. That Ed Hanley has opinions on South Cape Beach, however, is clear. Former DEM Commissioner Dick Kendall says that he has discussed the beach with Hanley on several occasions and that Hanley opposes the park acquisition. Kendall says: "I think he has a legitimate role in terms of the total capital dollars made available for any expenditure — that's a legitimate role. Do I think there was an unprecedented interest in a single issue in the town of Mashpee? Yes. I think there was an unprecedented amount of interest being expressed by the chief financial adviser to the Commonwealth on a single appropriation." Kendall's successor, Bill Hicks, says he has heard Hanley discuss the beach with Kendall. Hicks recalls that Hanley expressed the view that the beach would be too expensive for the commonwealth — which, perhaps coincidentally, is similar to the position of New Seabury and Chris Burden. What Ed Hanley, private citizen, has to gain from the state's decision on South Cape Beach is difficult to calculate. Conservationists argue that open space generally makes the value of nearby *Continued on page 14*

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Beach

Continued from page 13

property increase. On the other hand, if Teal Harbor were built, homeowners in Hanley's area of the development might get the benefit of space at the new marina, and would have the use of a mile of private warm-water beach; such facilities, of course, would add to the market value of their properties. (In either event, it should be noted, Hanley is not financially dependent on this property's value. In addition to his state salary, according to the financial-disclosure form he has filed with the Ethics Commission, Hanley maintained a private law practice in Boston last year, and earned between \$50,000 and \$100,000 from it in 1980.)

The standard for evaluating whether a state official's private interests interfere with his public duties is spelled out in Chapter 268a, the conflict-of-interest statute. Chapter 268a not only prohibits the use of official influence for private gain, but also defines what an official must do if there is the appearance of conflict. The law requires that if an official finds himself in a position that gives reason to suspect that his private interest (or that of someone close to him) might influence his conduct, he must disclose the interest. A state employee must give this notice of disclosure both to the state Ethics Commission and to the official who appointed him (in Hanley's case, that's Ed King). And the employee is required to file these notices before taking any official action in the matter. The Ethics Commission has no record of such a disclosure by Ed Hanley.

Hanley may or may not be in violation of Chapter 268a. That's the kind of question the Ethics Commission was set up to decide. Although he made his deal with New Seabury while he was a private citizen, by the time the houses were built, in 1980, he was serving as secretary of A&F. Chris Burden says, "There was never any hint at the time we were doing this that he'd ever be in public office, or that King would be elected, or any of these things."

Burden also says the idea that New Seabury has special access to public officials is "nonsense." He continues, "I think our story is compelling. I can't believe that with this kind of compelling story to tell, that we haven't been listened to more..." Not for want of trying, though: "I've spoken to Ed Hanley, I've spoken to anybody who'll listen to our story. I've written the governor — that's a matter of public record. I wrote to Governor Dukakis."

And what will Governor King decide to do about South Cape Beach? King has not yet taken a position on the park proposal, and his record actually gives mixed messages about the possibilities. He is still the "can-do," pro-development Ed King, but he has not moved to dismantle the environmental-protection policies of earlier administrations. So the answer may well lie in who gets the governor's ear.

It may be Chris Burden, who says, "The state is going to be stretching itself to the limit for the acquisition of South Cape Beach, if it's able to make the taking at all."

It may be Environmental Affairs Secretary John Bewick, or DEM Commissioner Bill Hicks, who thinks anyone who's seen the beach would support the idea of a park, even with a price tag in the millions: "No matter where they come from, I think you'd have a pretty large constituency for it, as fast as you can get the shuttle going back and forth."


And, as always, the voices close to the governor will most likely include that of Edward Hanley, homeowner. □

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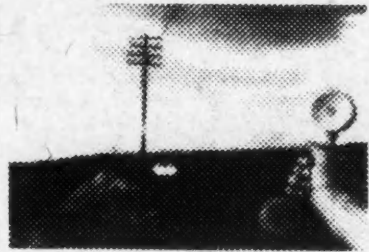
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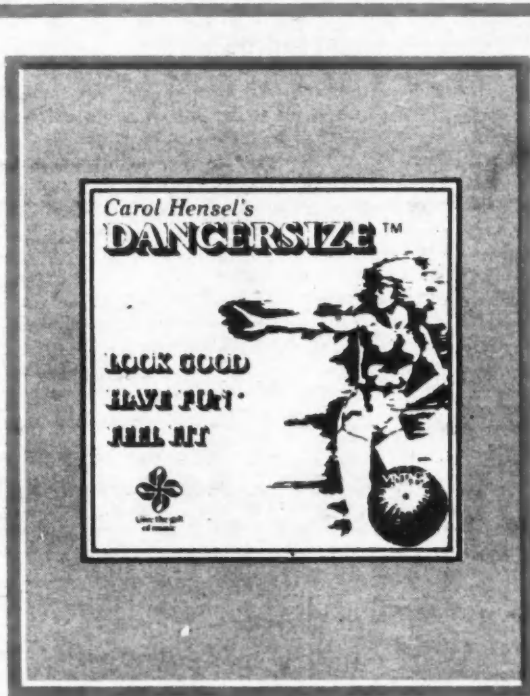
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Insider

Continued from page 3

that some 75 percent of the clients who've been tracked do not get arrested again. It's the other 25 percent who bother Mulligan and registry officials. Of this 25 percent, about eight percent account for most of the multiple arrests. "There's no reason on God's earth why these people should be allowed to drive," Mulligan says. "We're working now on a program for the highest-risk offenders."

What's happening — contrary to what's supposed to happen — is that drivers who've been arrested more than once for driving under the influence are sent off to the alcohol-education program. "The program was set up for first-time offenders," Mulligan says. "We and the registry have introduced a bill to limit it to first-time offenders. Courts are sending people three or four times. It's a prostitution of the process. After the first offense, there must be some sanction and removal of license."

Another problem is that the first offenders, having completed the program, are supposed to be on probation for a year and closely supervised. But there aren't enough probation officers to watch more serious offenders, much less these people. So often their cases are dismissed, or somehow lost in the shuffle.

"You get arrested," says James Manning, a registry official with

29 years experience there, plus 12 years in the Haverhill Police Department, "and you go before a court, your case is continued without a finding, and you go into the alcoholic program. Six months later, you get arrested in another jurisdiction, say, you're in another court, the case is continued without a finding, and you're put into another alcoholic

program. You can get picked up three times, maybe, and never be convicted. Each time, it could be regarded as a first offense."

Because courts are backed up and because courts across the state operate at different levels of efficiency, there are times when the registry doesn't even know of arrests until a year or two after they've been made.

"Or," Manning continues, "you may take a breathalyzer test, which shows a .21 or .22 reading, but you don't lose your license necessarily, because the case may be continued. Do you know that if you're found guilty of vehicular homicide, there's no automatic loss of license? You can be fined \$300 to \$3000 or sentenced 30 days to two and a half years, but we have to give you a hearing and find 'serious fault' to take your license, and you can appeal that."

Dave Mulligan says drunken driving is "a complex social problem. Society has to take this seriously and put on tougher sanc-

tions." Some people are. A recent issue of *People* magazine recounted the story of a California girl, killed at age 13 by a drunken, hit-and-run driver who was later arrested: "Though he had previously been convicted of drunken driving and related offenses three times in four years, grounds for automatic imprisonment in California, he had served only 48 hours in jail, and his license had been reinstated each time after probation." Just two days before killing the girl, the magazine reported, the man had been arrested for "yet another hit-and-run while under the influence, and had been released on bail."

The killer got a light sentence, including easy time at a halfway house, and, "Incredibly, the California Department of Motor Vehicles has already notified (him) that when he is released... his drivers' license will be waiting for him if he can obtain liability insurance."

The victim's mother, Candy

Lightner, concluded, "Death caused by drunk drivers is the only socially acceptable form of homicide." She organized Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD), which is working with Senator Claiborne Pell (D-RI) and others on legislation that would demand a standard definition of intoxication, improve record-keeping to trace drunk drivers, and impose mandatory sentences and license suspensions for repeaters.

About an hour or so before I finished writing this column, I left the office to feed a parking meter (which, by the way, was not working properly, eating up dimes without chalking up the appropriate amount of time). I was about 20 minutes late, and sure enough, there on my car, on this little-traveled downtown street, was a \$15 ticket. As I returned to cross Mass. Ave., I spotted yet another vehicle clearly running yet another red light. Sometimes, you wonder what the priorities are. □



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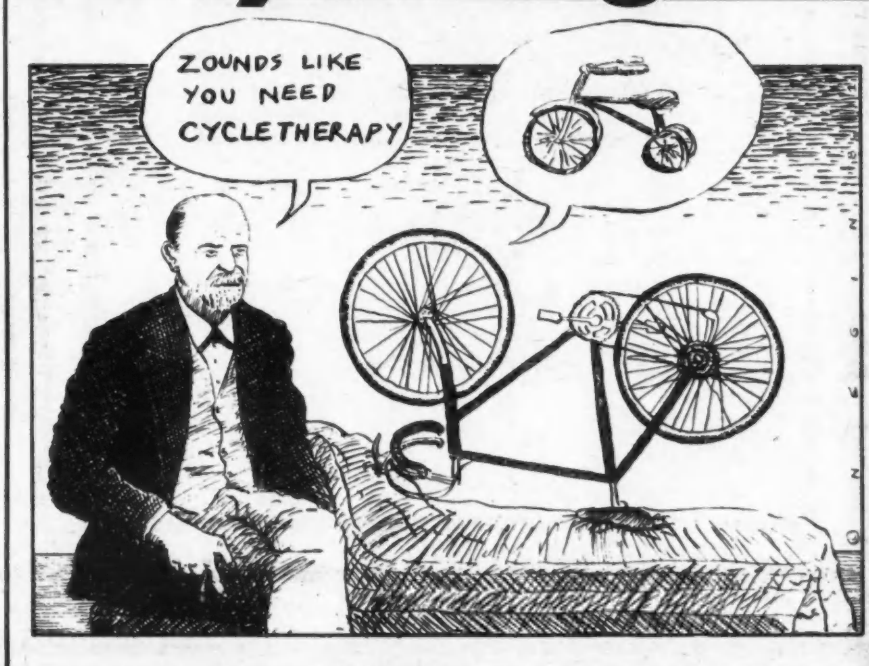
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Sporting eye

Amateur hours: The game comes back to Fenway

by Michael Gee

Eli Ben was off at the crack of the bat. He raced to the left-field wall, but as his back hit the scoreboard, he saw that Greg Schulte's liner was tailing away to his right. Undaunted, Ben leapt and made an amazing across-the-body, one-handed stab. Since the bases were loaded at the time, his play had saved at least two runs for his team. Both Haywood Sullivan and Ralph Houk shouted in delight at the catch.

All this did occur at Fenway Park last Monday, but alas, certain clarifying details must be made public. Ben's team was the Atlantic Collegiate League All-Stars, engaged in their annual exhibition battle with the Cape Cod League All-Stars. Houk and Sullivan weren't in their accustomed perches, in the dug-out and the owner's box, but seated in a last row of Section 27, surrounded by six writers and about a dozen little kids. All of us, along with the 500 or so other

souls who ignored the game-long downpour, were present out of need as much as out of desire. For an afternoon Fenway became a free baseball-game maintenance clinic.

The two squads gave those in attendance a pretty good fix. The Cape League is the more famous of these two summer schools for collegians, but the Atlantic League had several players — such as Ben, outfielder Tony Larioni, and pitcher Eric Stampfl — who gave good accounts of themselves. For the Cape League, shortstop Wade Rowden hit a homer and was named the game's MVP, and outfielder Sam Natille hit one over the screen to tie the game 4-4 in the eighth.

Perhaps fittingly for a college all-star game, the contest ended with that same 4-4 tie. The cause, however, was something unique in my baseball experience. The game was called on account of the groundskeeper, Joe Mooney, who shoed players and umpires off



Wade Rowden's homer: a good fix for the baseball addicts

the field in the top of the 10th, much to the amusement of Sullivan, who urged the press to "go down and interview Mooney, see why he wants to be the villain."

Mooney is, in one sense, having the summer of his life. The greensward by Yawkey Way

is his life's ruling passion, and this year he has been able to nurture it without worrying about the wear and tear those damned ballplayers cause. On the other hand, many of his hired hands have been laid off, and tasks he once could delegate he now must

do himself. So when Mooney saw his beloved turf (which had never looked better) being ripped up by college kids playing an exhibition game in a rainstorm, he naturally took matters into his own hands.

The daily reporters did not interview Mooney, as his speech is colorful enough to be entirely unsuited for family reading. Your reporter has no such excuse; he merely arrived just as Mooney was leaving to yell at some hapless subordinates. He did pause long enough to say "that I just went out there and told that fat old man (head umpire Ed Mariano) and all the rest of them to stick it. That's all — they should just take this game and stick it!"

No they shouldn't. Even if it hadn't been the only baseball game played at Fenway in almost two months, the Cape Cods versus the Atlantics was well worth watching, and the price was as right as it gets — free. In general, the level of play was what you might expect. The hitting and outfielding were strong, the infielding was several beats behind the major-league pace (only one double play out of about six chances was turned), and the pitching was subject to control problems at any time.

There were the spectacular plays I mentioned, and a few prodigious miscues as well. Atlantic first baseman Gary Gill, for instance, hit a ringing double in the third, only to be doubled off second on a pop-up to the second baseman. And, of course, there were the usual passed balls, wild pitches, and missed throws you might expect from a game played in the pouring rain.

Weirdest of all to the Fenway regulars was the sound of aluminum on cowhide. The collegians use metal bats (common to the amateur game), which for purposes of economy are unsurpassed. But no matter how financially pressed the big leagues are by the strike, don't look for the aluminum bat to be introduced in the majors. For one thing, the added hits and homers would make each game at least seven hours long, and as Ralph Houk pointed out, "If we used those things we'd be burying three infielders a season."

The Cape Codders have dominated the rivalry between the leagues, winning eight of the 10 games played. As Eli Ben observed, "They sort of look more muscular than us, that's the big difference I saw." Actually, the differences between the two leagues seem more sociological than anything else.

The Cape League has more "name" college players, and they come from schools that are traditional college-baseball powers, like Michigan, Arkansas, Miami,

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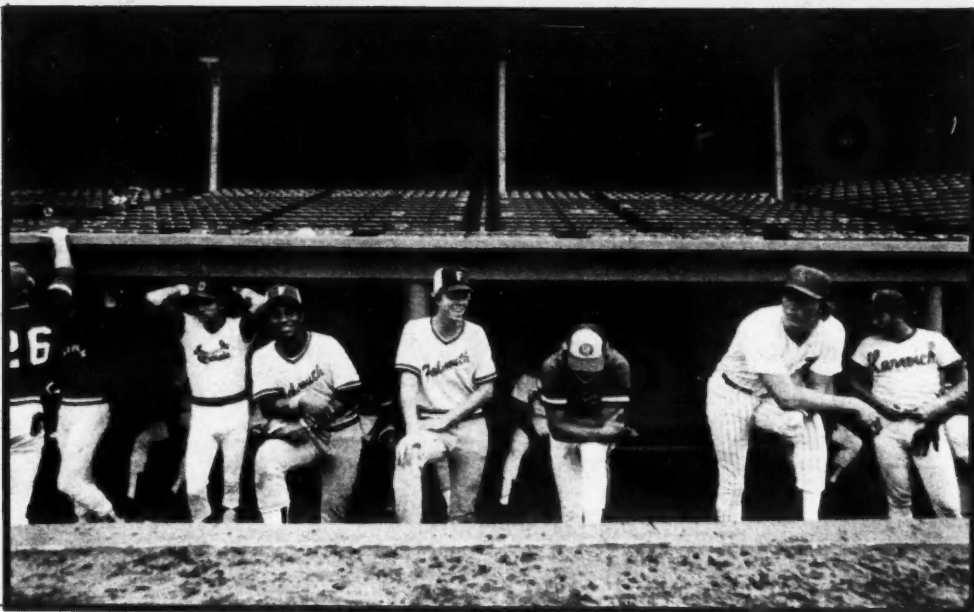
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The Cape League All-Stars: Houk and Sullivan were in section 27.

Arizona, and Florida Southern. The Atlantic Leaguers are mostly from Eastern schools close to the cities who have teams in the league: Allentown and Scranton, Pa.; Teaneck and Jersey City, NJ; and Mount Vernon, NY (another team represents Long Island).

Now, I put it to you: if you were a college-baseball player with hopes of making the big leagues, or even without, would you rather play for Jersey City or spend your summer in some Cape Cod town where you would be a hero, a town just crawling with personable young women around your age? It heightens one's faith in American college education that so many young men were able to fathom the right answer to the question.

So the Cape Cod League is really a nifty summer vacation and a chance to play in some fast company. By contrast, the Atlantic League, which also offers good competition, does have one thing going for it. Life for its players is a closer approximation of what lies ahead if they do sign contracts with professional baseball organizations. "We have a bus," said Eli Ben of his team, Allentown. "And yes, most of our games take an hour or hour and a half to get to." Bus trips from Allentown to Teaneck and back again are far more representative of life in the low minors than a summer in Falmouth or Harwich.

One of the saddest sights this reporter has seen in some time was that of Haywood Sullivan and Ralph Houk trying to have a good time watching the ballgame. To some extent, I think they were. They both enjoyed teasing Mooney, and like all veteran baseball men, they use any gathering as a swell excuse for some storytelling. But then you could see the realization of their plight set in, and the joy fade from their faces.

Houk said that the only good thing he could see in the strike was "that thank God I'm not a general manager anymore." He felt that having a split season (i.e., holding, in effect, two mini-seasons) would be the most logical way of rescuing what might be left of the year. "Just have a playoff if the two halves have different winners." He said his infielders and outfielders would be in shape, "a lot better than they were at the start of spring training." He'd have his pitchers start out in three-inning stints, as in March. Houk was warming to figuring out just how he'd handle this unprecedented managerial challenge when he suddenly realized that maybe he'd never get the chance. "The worst thing about all this is that you don't know what to do," he said. "You can't plan anything, because you don't know what's going on." After another inning of the college game, he left the premises.

Sullivan stuck out the game,

and invited the regular Boston writers present to an impromptu press conference in his offices afterward. He answered all questions about the strike and the negotiations as candidly as possible, but there was little news in this conference. Sullivan, like the rest of us, does not know when the strike will end, is painfully aware of the damage that has been done to the game, and sure hopes an agreement is reached real soon.

It has to be, if there is to be baseball this year. As Sullivan correctly pointed out, the worst thing that could happen to baseball "would be to have the playoffs and World Series perceived as a sham. If we were to start the season on September 1, people would say we were selling five pounds of potatoes in a 10-pound bag."

They may still say that, if the season doesn't start by, say, August 8, which doesn't leave

much room for peace in our time. Interestingly, Sullivan feels that if things had been left in the hands of the chief negotiators, Marvin Miller and Ray Grebey, the strike might never have occurred, or if it had, it would have been short. "Marvin's too smart, and so is Ray Grebey, to let a baseball issue go this far, but there's a hell of a lot of other people behind this."

Who these sinister forces might be Sullivan declined to say, but it's a fair intimation that he means the assorted player agents, who, he said, would be the beneficiaries of any collapse of the Players' Association.

All in all, it was a gloomy afternoon's end, but amid the confusion, a rational basis for settlement may have emerged. Both sides have now edged painfully to the point where a livable compromise on free-agent compensation is possible. Of course, they then, out of force of habit, threw up the issue of service time, which has emerged as the new Alsace-Lorraine of the talks.


Service time, for those of you who haven't been paying attention to the strike dispatches, is simply a major-league player's length of service. The players want the time spent on strike credited to them; the owners say never. There are some big bucks involved in this issue, as service time determines when a player is eligible for free agency and arbitration.

But there is one thing the owners (and if they're smart, the players) desire even more than victory on the service-time issue, and that's having the Basic Agreement extended past its 1983 expiration date. That's right — this entire horror show is due to begin again in 18 months.

I don't often agree with Haywood Sullivan, but when he says, "I'd love to see an extension of the agreement. It's going to take more time to repair the damage that's been done than we've got; let's let it blow over," he is right on the beam. So there we have the foundations of the Gee Peace Plan: 1) split the remaining difference on compensation; 2) players win on service time; 3) the Basic Agreement is extended three years. See how easy it is when you try? Next week I'm gonna do Lebanon.

Training-camp retirements are always suspect, so I'll reserve judgment on whether Russ Francis is serious or merely executing a drastic version of the old "Havlicek hold-out" maneuver that John used to avoid two-a-day workouts in his autumn years. But I will say this: I cannot understand why anyone would be surprised that a man would retire from pro football. What continually surprises me is that so many men are eager to play it. □

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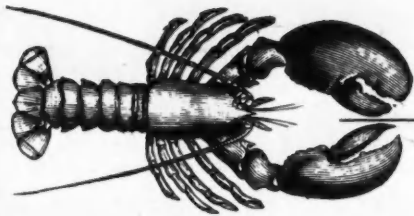
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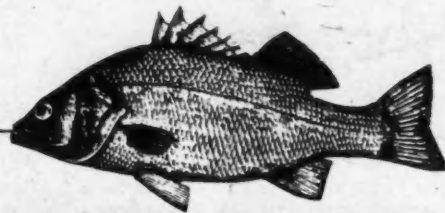
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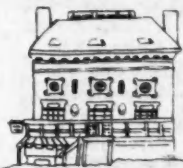
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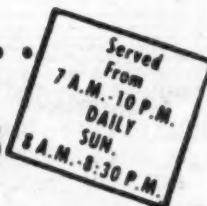
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First person singular: On reading Timerman

by Kit Rachlis

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, Jacobo Timerman's memoir of imprisonment and torture by the Argentine military, is now a pop event, just as surely as "Bette Davis Eyes" and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* are pop events. The notion that one of the most brutish and graceful political memoirs of this century — and *Prisoner Without a Name* is nothing less than this — has become a hit, like a rock song or a kid's movie, might disturb some, but I doubt it disturbs a newspaperman like Timerman. Like all pop events, the success of *Prisoner Without a Name* in this country has been, in part, manufactured. Neo-conservative writer Irving Kristol, in his famous attack on Timerman in the *Wall Street Journal* of May 29, places the book at the center of "a major intellectual and propaganda campaign . . . now being mounted by the left and liberal-left." No one protesting, because Kristol is

right. The liberal press — Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, Jack Newfield of the *Village Voice*, Alfred Kazin of the *New Republic*, among others — has held Timerman aloft. But political columnists, like rock and film critics, rarely have the power their detractors fear, and pop events have a momentum and a life of their own. Whatever propaganda campaign *Prisoner Without a Name* has become associated with it didn't need, because from the time an abridged version appeared in the April 20 *New Yorker*, it spoke to the darkest corner of the modern soul.

When Jacobo Timerman was arrested, on April 15, 1977, he was the editor and publisher of *La Opinion*, an internationally admired Buenos Aires daily. He was 54 years old, married, the father of three. He had lived in Argentina since he was five, his family having emigrated from the Ukraine in 1928. He considered



Timerman: describing the modern nightmare

himself a Labor Zionist, though he was not a practicing Jew, and had supported, at various times, the return of Juan Peron and the overthrow of the Peron (in this case, Isabel) government. In Anthony Lewis's words (May 10 *New York Times Book Review*), this was not "some unlucky social outcast." And in Mark Falcoff's words (his July *Commentary* article is the most detailed of the conservative analyses), this was someone "who had excellent connections." Lewis's point is to show how far the Argentine military descended in arresting such a prominent man. Falcoff's point is to show how Timerman's social status guaranteed that prominent forces would work for his release. Both observations point to why the effect of *Prisoner Without a Name* was so intense and so visible. Timerman seems like a stereotypical *New Yorker* reader: upper-middle-class, cultured, professional, middle-aged, and liberal. Like all great pop figures,

Timerman found an audience ready and waiting to identify with him.

Jacobo Timerman Superstar. Stronger than a military junta. Faster than a neo-conservative columnist. Able to stop a Reagan appointee with a single appearance. I know, I know, it's bad taste to reduce a year in clandestine jails and a year and a half under house arrest, electric shock to the genitals, and extended solitary confinement — all this without being charged with a single crime — to a gaudy cartoon. But almost everyone who has written about *Prisoner Without a Name* has reduced the book to a debate on American human-rights policy and Argentine anti-Semitism. These are important debates — *Prisoner Without a Name* was intended to spur them — but neither gets to the heart of a memoir that was written in the most egocentric, novelistic style. Neither gets to the heart of America's response, which has

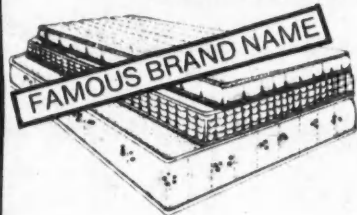
been in the most personal, emotional terms. *Prisoner Without a Name* is a polemic that never feels like one.

Timerman is describing what has become the modern nightmare: terrorism from both the radical left and the radical right that is constant, everyday, commonplace; terrorism that has a pathology of its own, that is beyond political or cultural reasons, because to provide a historical explanation for the "disappearance" of 15,000 Argentines in the last five years is only to diminish the horror. So what one gets from *Prisoner Without a Name* is a world upside down that recalls Hannah Arendt's observations on totalitarianism and George Grosz's Weimar Republic paintings and lithographs and, in the end, resembles nothing but itself. Timerman refers to Arendt's most famous phrase, "the banality of evil" (the true horror of a Nazi like Adolf Eichmann is that he wasn't bestial, that he was utterly normal, like you and me). But what's truly frightening about *Prisoner Without a Name* is not the banality of the evil, but how comic it seems, and how deadpan Timerman describes it all. "One of the most elaborate definitions," he recalls, "went as follows: 'Argentina has three main enemies: Karl Marx, because he tried to destroy the Christian concept of society; Sigmund Freud, because he tried to destroy the Christian concept of the family; and Albert Einstein, because he tried to destroy the Christian concept of time and space.'" A prison guard who has observed Timerman's torture asks him if he would provide a school recommendation for his son, and Timerman doesn't seem surprised. In a scene that's closer to Brecht or the Marx brothers, he tells of an elegant hotel dining room frequented by Argentina's various competing powers. In the same room are colonels, trade-union leaders, land owners, corporate executives, journalists, all plotting against one another — everyone assuming that his table is bugged — and all getting along famously with one another.

Continued on page 26

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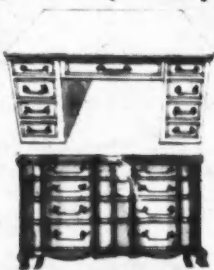
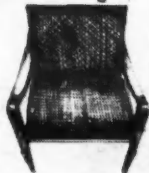
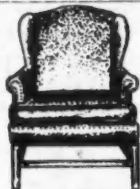
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Timerman

Continued from page 24

What we are witnessing in Argentina, Timerman says, is a struggle between civilization and barbarism that happens to be taking place among 25 million people in the late 20th century. To convey the extent of the violence and the degree of craziness, he resorts to one of his favorite rhetorical devices — the list. A list, it seems, is the only thing that Timerman trusts to order what is as random as a pinball machine and as deadly as a machine gun:

Co-existing in Argentina were: rural and urban Trotskyite guerrillas; right-wing Peronist death squads; armed terrorist groups of the large labor unions, used for handling union matters; paramilitary army groups dedicated to avenging the murder of their men; para-police groups of both the Left and the Right vying for supremacy within the organization of federal and provincial police forces; and terrorist groups of Catholic rightists organized by cabals who opposed Pope John XXIII's proposals to reconcile

the liberal leftist Catholic priests (These, of course, were only the principal groups of organized or systemized violence. Hundreds of other organizations involved in the eroticism of violence existed, small units that found ideological justification for armed struggle in a poem by Neruda or an essay by Marcuse. Lefebvre might be as useful as Heidegger; a few lines by Mao Zedong might trigger off the assassination of a businessman in a Buenos Aires suburb)

To rearrange critic Paul Nelson's phrase, it's as if the Keystone Kops were running Auschwitz.

Irving Kristol, in his column, described *Prisoner Without a Name* as "self-centered," and Kristol, a master of the small truth, is once again right. The book is relentlessly in the first person; Timerman mentions few colleagues or friends and barely acknowledges his wife and children (who, one assumes, suffered enormously, especially during the first six weeks of his internment, when the army would not admit it had even arrested him). The egocentrism of *Prisoner Without a Name* undoubtedly reflects Timerman's strong will, his "ar-

rogance," as he calls it, but it's there for another reason — it may be the only way he can convey his experience. Early in solitary confinement, Timerman says, he discovered that the only way he could maintain his spirit was to erase all desire and memory, to not conjure up his wife or his past, to cut himself off from the possibility, the idea, of tenderness. This must have been a harsh decision, but this is a harsh, Old Testament kind of book. Timerman is bearing witness, and the only way he can talk to us is to talk to himself.

One of the few times that *Prisoner Without a Name* switches from the first person to the more distant third person is in Timerman's description of his torture. It's as if at the moment of his greatest vulnerability, the moment that holds out the greatest possibility for self-pity, he must show us his will by separating himself from the experience: "When electric shocks are applied, all that a man feels is that they're ripping apart his flesh. And he howls. Afterwards, he doesn't feel the blows. Nor does he feel them the next day, when there's no electricity, but only blows." Reading this passage initially in the *New Yorker* was startling, because the *New Yorker* "tradition" is in process, how things work. And here is Timerman applying the *New Yorker's* precise, formal diction to describe the process of being tortured. Whether it's his prose, Toby Talbot's translation, or the book's editors, the entirety of *Prisoner Without a Name* glows with the *New Yorker's*

sheen — that mixture of hard facts and elegant cadences. Rather than diminish the violence, such unruffled language makes it seem even more alien, more horrific: We were not all Jews in those hidden prisons. Many of us were. We Jews continued to be Jews, and being Jewish was a category of guilt, even when we were declared innocent of other offenses and absolved of other crimes Most of those killed were not Jews, and if we continue to feel sorry for ourselves as Jews, we will end up being hated by the non-Jewish victims, by the families of those priests and nuns who were murdered, by the parents of those missing boys and girls who were raised in the Christian faith. But in the solitude of prison, it is so sad to be beaten for being Jewish. There is such despair when they torture you for being Jewish. It seems so humiliating to be born.

The central fact of life in America is the sensation that things are beyond control — there's that slippage in modern life which is measured not only by high interest rates or long unemployment lines, but also by how far American defense and foreign policy are beyond our grasp. How can a layman assess, say, Russia's nuclear capacity? How can a layman judge whether our Latin American policy is successful? We operate on blind, anxious faith. Jacobo Timerman seems to have cut through all this, which is why *Prisoner Without a Name* is a pop event. He cuts through it on the simplest and most selfish terms: if things are out of control in the United States, how bad must it be in Argentina? He cuts through it because he's provided a standard for American foreign policy to Argentina: any policy that ignores the "disappearance" of 15,000 people is wrong. But Timerman cuts through it the way all great pop figures have — with his language. *Prisoner Without a Name*, *Cell Without a Number* is written in the language of someone who has seen his own grave and has come back. It is the voice of someone wrathful, precise, and ineffably sad. "I know," he says, "there ought to be a message or a conclusion. But that would be a way of putting a concluding period on a typical story of this century, my story, and I have no concluding period. I have lost none of my anxieties, none of my ideology, none of my love or my hate." □

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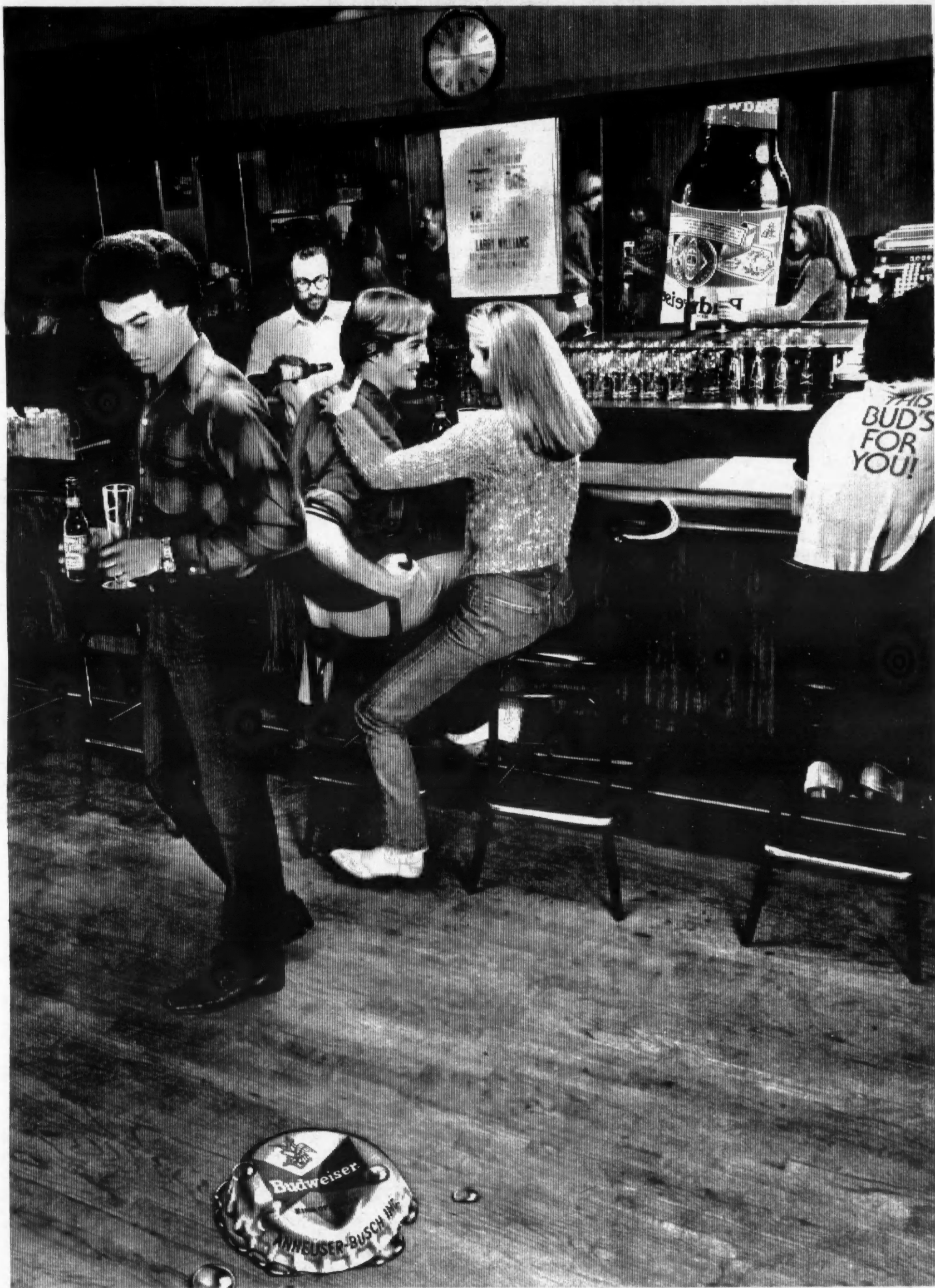
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LIFESTYLE

BOSTON

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Photos by Mitchell Green

Why is Boston so dirty?

by Paul Bradley

It's hard to know what Officer Obie of *Alice's Restaurant* would do if he were on the beat in Boston today: laugh over the happy prospect of nabbing all the nefarious litterbugs inhabiting the city, or shed tears over the filth those litterbugs have left behind. Joseph F. Casazza has done neither, but he feels more like crying these days; as commissioner of Boston's Department of Public Works (DPW), he's "the guy who's supposed to make this city look decent, and it used to be pretty clean, though you probably don't believe me." It isn't easy, Joe. According to the Corporation for a Cleaner Commonwealth, there were about 250 million items (4000 tons) of litter in the state in early summer last year. Since nearly 10 percent of the state's population lives in Boston, some 25 million items (400 tons) of litter remains on Boston streets and sidewalks after the pickup crews have gone through (this is a conservative estimate, since littering increases disproportionately with population density).

Fred Tuffo, superintendent of the DPW's Highway Division, says the department picked up about 76,000 tons of litter in fiscal year 1979-'80. (The statistics for FY 1980-'81, which ended on June 30, haven't been compiled yet.) He worries about the increasing amounts of litter being left on the streets, and he readily admits that large parts of the city are a mess. "The

North End is getting to be a real shit house," he says. "Parts of Dorchester, Roxbury, and the South End are awful, absolutely terrible. People just throw their garbage on the sidewalks too early — before pickups — and without bundling it properly. Then the kids and the dogs and the drunks get into it, and it winds up in the street. I know it's a cliché, and people get mad when they hear it, but the streets will be clean when the people want them to be clean."

* * *

Judging from the way things look, not many people are concerned with keeping the streets clean — not in Boston and not in many large cities. "It's not the people, it's the city," says Jack Levin, professor of sociology at Northeastern University. "People withdraw into themselves because there are too many stimuli competing for their attention. They suffer from urban overload, which is similar to bystander apathy — you pay attention only to things having survival value. Littering is not going to kill you, so you ignore other people doing it and are unaware that you're doing it yourself."

Randy Stokes, an associate professor of sociology at UMass-Amherst, thinks this withdrawal is something more widespread than urban overload. He says that individualism and privatism (as C. Wright Mills called it) have always been valued in the US. "The individual withdraws out of community and national involvement into a private world, a close circle of family and a few friends. So when he throws a few empty beer bottles around in a park, he

Continued on page 4

Urban eye

by Jeanne Kristaponis



Marcia Luce

SMALL GAME

Ever get yourself psyched up for a weekend escape to the beach and find that clouds are forecast through Sunday? Or go on your first wilderness camping trip and discover that analyzing the biting bugs or appreciating the poison ivy just isn't your thing? Well, you can always take your favorite game with you for emergency entertainment.

In this era of mini-computers, compact cars, and space-efficient everything, the game-people are putting out mini versions that can fit into your shirt pocket. The Name of the Game carries tiny working replicas of Scrabble (\$4.99), MasterMind (\$2.99), Boggle (\$7.99), Othello (\$7.99), and the '70s' answer to playing the numbers, Cosmic Wimpout (\$2.99). My favorite game addiction, Scrabble, works just like Colorforms (remember those?), with little plastic letters that stick to the folding board and to the cardboard letter-arrangers. The entire operation comes in a sleek black carrying case — just in case you need to amuse yourself during a dull, uh, board meeting. What's great about a midget game is that no one has to know you're even bringing it along. Remember — big kids get fidgety on a long car trip, too.

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— J.K.

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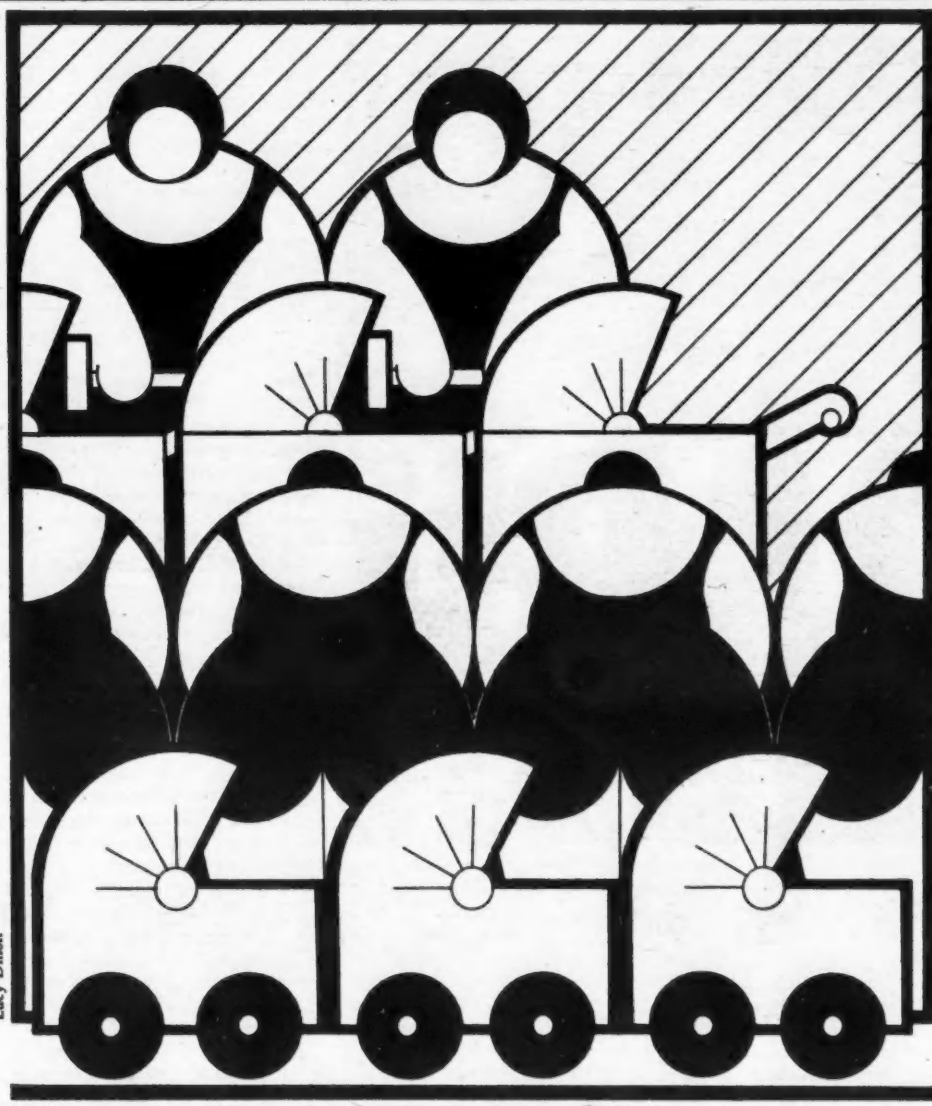
— Ande Zellman



Marcia Luce

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Lucy Dillon

STRETCH MARKS

It's all so exciting, those nine months before the birth of your first child. So much time is devoted to maintaining a healthy diet, quitting cigarette-smoking, learning to breathe correctly for the delivery, and shopping for little Joshua's or Amber's first pajamas.

But what happens when the Event is over? Often the mother is depressed, confused, and left with a misshapen body she no longer recognizes. The reality of a tiny entity that depends on her every minute of the day starts to sink in. This is not to say that the father doesn't have to make changes in his life, too. But the woman's physical ordeal often drains her of the energy she needs so badly just after giving birth.

To help a mother adapt to her new role, and to get her body back in shape, Lamaze has organized postpartum courses. Each course comprises six two-hour sessions (they're held once a week) and costs \$30. The first hour is given over to discussion — first-time mothers can share their problems and frustrations and find other women who are experiencing the same crises or feelings of alienation. The second hour is an exercise class conducted by local dance teacher Bev King. Bev, who has her own studio on Newbury Street (it's called Body Harmonics) with more traditional offerings, leads simple stretches to strengthen the abdominal and pelvic muscles in particular. She also includes basic toning exercises for thighs and buttocks and works in exercises that can be done with babies themselves.

These postpartum sessions are open to women who have just had their second or third child, too. Lamaze can provide babysitting if desired, or the toddlers are welcome to exercise along with their mothers. The problems, such as the need to budget time or work out feeding schedules, may be different, but the needs to talk and to repair one's body image are the same. Certainly, the birthing experience doesn't stop when the umbilical cord is cut.

The class takes place on Fridays, at the Unitarian First Church, 404 Concord Avenue, Belmont. A new session will be starting after Labor Day. To register, call Lamaze at 924-0004 between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m.

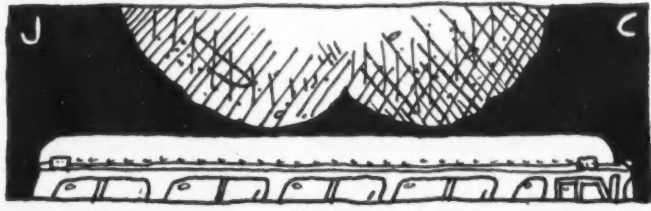
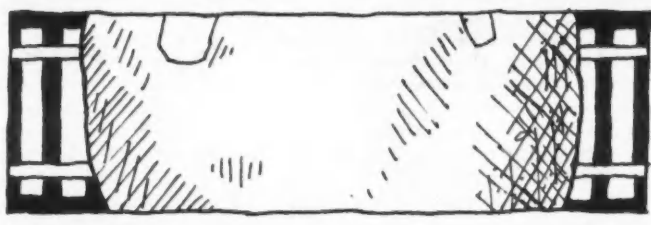
— J.K.

BITING THE BIG APPLE

New York. Just the way I pictured it. Except for trying to board the packed Carey bus to get into the city from one crazy airport. Except for getting crushed while changing from the IRT to the BMT. Except for standing in line for tickets — \$35 tickets — to a Broadway show.

Whatever the hassles, we still go, whether it's to visit Aunt Lucy or the Paradise Garage. And lucky for us, there's a transportation price war in full blast on the Boston-New York/Newark

route. The chart below provides an up-to-date (at press time) survey of plane, train, and bus fares. But price wars being what they are, only a gambler at heart wouldn't call to check times and make a reservation before packing. And remember: Eastern is giving out Trans-Con coupons only until July 31; New York Air will continue giving them out at least until it can't buy any more from Eastern passengers. Send us a postcard.



Jim Carson

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New York Air 800-221-9300	La Guardia	\$29 one-way weekends, and Mon.-Fri. noon and 9 p.m.; other times, \$45
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Piedmont 523-1100	Newark	\$35 one-way daily; \$23 weekends
TWA 742-8800	JFK	\$29 one-way 9:45 a.m. (offered Boston-New York only); other times, \$74
World Airlines 357-9080	Newark	\$33 one-way
USAIR 482-3160	Newark	\$35 one-way
Greyhound 542-2380	Port Authority	\$31.75 one-way; \$41.75 30-day round-trip excursion
Trailways 482-6620	Port Authority	\$31.05 one-way; \$41.75 30-day round-trip excursion
Amtrak 800-523-5720	Pennsylvania Station	\$32.50 one-way; \$42 round-trip excursion (cannot be used from 1 to 7 p.m. Friday or Sunday)

Continued from page 1

doesn't see himself as part of a group. He thinks, 'What the hell? What difference is a few beer bottles going to make?'

Levin doesn't think people understand the effect litter has on themselves. 'It's something difficult to teach, with the same problem existing in anti-smoking campaigns,' he says. 'Just as people can't see the cause-and-effect relationship between smoking and getting cancer 20 years down the road, they don't see throwing a gum wrapper out the window as part of the filth that accumulates over a period of time. You have to multiply the effect of that gum wrapper by 10,000,' and most people aren't that good at arithmetic.

City litter seems to add up more quickly than that in the suburbs and rural areas, and Stokes sees the high number of renters as the reason. 'There's a world of difference between areas where the homes are privately owned and where they are rented, like in city slums. People do take care of their own land, and you can see this in smaller Southern towns where people — usually black — are dirt poor and live in what are practically shacks, which they own. These are poor, working-class neighborhoods — and they are clean.'

Judging from a city-wide litter tour with the DPW's Tuffo, Stokes is right. The cleanest sections of the city, where some of the roads are virtually spotless, are West Roxbury and Hyde Park. 'It's a different ball game here,' Tuffo says, as he drives through West Roxbury. 'The people here want the streets clean. It's mostly single-family dwellings, with driveways for the cars. We don't even have to post signs for people to remove their cars from the streets on the days we clean. They know our schedule, and we can come in here with a mechanical sweeper and cruise through.'

Although West Roxbury residents may want their streets clean, some litterers, Levin believes, want to dirty their surroundings. 'I think it's more than mere stereotyping to talk about the teenagers and their broken beer bottles,' he says. 'It's a safe way of rebelling, of taking a minor poke at society. These are the same people who put gum on the bottom of their seats at the movie theater. The teen years are a period of executing one's independence. They don't want to commit large sins, just safe ones — so they litter.'

'It's also a minor act of aggression turned outward. In Scandinavia there is a higher suicide rate — aggression turned inward — and a lower litter rate. Now I don't want to make a one-on-one relationship between the two but ours is a society of violence toward others, not against ourselves. I think our high litter rate is a reflection, at least in part, of our lack of commitment to society, to each other. We don't have much social bonding in this country.'

Social bonding is a far cry from the commonly held reason why so many people litter so much: laziness. In fact, the only person I interviewed who mentioned laziness was Levin, and he dismissed that reason as taking 'the easy way out.' Diane McGuire, a landscape architect for Harvard University, thinks the litter problem can be traced to improper child rearing. 'We don't teach people to pick up after themselves,' she says, and she may have a point: after years of slobbering around on the high chair and scattering building blocks all over the living room — knowing full well mom would clean up after us (or not giving a damn whether she, or anyone, did) — who can forget the rude shock when we were finally, sternly ordered to pick up our toys or clean up our room?

Stokes also thinks faulty teaching accounts for some of the litter problem: 'We live in an industrial society so far from nature that we have to be taught to respect the integrity of the environment, and we're not,' he says, in trying to explain why people litter parks and reservations, and why wilderness folk are wary, perhaps rightfully so, of urban tourists and people who want to move onto their turf. They see us as not being part of the land, as merely wanting to use it.

But Stokes does not want to impose all the blame on modern society. 'This will come as a shock to people, but in simple societies the way people get rid of their garbage is to just fling it out the window,' he says. 'I'm not talking about shanty towns, but very simple societies — the bush country in Mozambique. They just fling it wherever the hell they can, which makes sense, because the most



Photos by Michael Grecco

TRASH

natural thing is to just throw the crap down behind you. We tend to romanticize the simple cultures, but they aren't so tidy.'

The problem afflicting more complex societies is cultural lag, Stokes says, which means that the social rules and arrangements which exist in a culture always lag behind the problems presented by technological changes. We retain, to an extent, some of the rules from the simpler times, but new technology has made those rules obsolete. 'It's not a problem for those people to be flinging their garbage out the window, because it's not beer cans and styrofoam cups,' Stokes says. 'It's food waste, which decomposes back into the environment. Also, it doesn't hurt, because they don't have a high volume.' It's when our technology offers us high volumes of virtually indestructible garbage that littering becomes a problem, and we have to develop more complex attitudes toward litter.

Changing attitudes is the approach Keep America Beautiful (KAB) Inc. takes in its Clean Community System (CCS) program. According to a spokesman for KAB, cleanup programs don't work because the attitudes of the people who litter remain long after the stuff is picked up, so that after a few weeks the mess is back. The CCS program tries to motivate people to clean up after themselves, and it seems to be working. In Atlanta, Georgia, for example, litter has been reduced 54 percent since a statewide program was begun in 1978 ('Georgia Clean & Beautiful'), and other areas of the state reported litter reductions of more than 75 percent. The program includes extensive public-education programs and strict enforcement of the anti-litter laws, with TV cameras monitoring each subway station of the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA). Anyone caught littering is told by an amplified voice to pick up his garbage before boarding the subway.

'The program is a behavioral-modification technique,' says Daniel B. Syrek, director of the Institute for Applied Research, a firm that has conducted litter studies in 18 cities in the US. 'After all, littering is not a felony but a minor behavioral pattern. The CCS tries to motivate people to take pride in their towns, to get them to break their littering habits.' Syrek says the CCS works, but not as well as the KAB people say it does. 'They have very talented people administering the program, but no one who can measure things in a scientific way. I believe their average figures on litter control, but not their specific figures on litter reduction.' As an example, Syrek points out that the KAB people have measured litter in the summer — when foot traffic and therefore litter are naturally greater — and then again in the winter, when fewer people spend time outside and litter is less. 'They would take the lower winter figure and say littering went down as a result of the System,' he says. 'Or they would first take the reading in the winter, then take it in the summer when it was naturally higher, and

clude that the System wasn't working. They need people who know how to measure properly.'

In his critique of the CCS, Syrek touched on the effects climate has on the litter rate. 'We did a study in Sacramento, California (where his institute is located), that showed a net reduction of 40 percent in the litter rate on a rainy day,' he says. The amount of trash went down 55 percent, but there was a reduction in pedestrian traffic of 15 percent. Syrek says there doesn't have to be a downpour for the litter rate to decrease. 'If the temperature is low, or if it's a gray day out, gardeners don't go outside, kids don't go out to play, and even some construction workers might not work — the fewer people outside, the less litter there will be. Also, when the temperature goes above 90, the trash level goes down, because people are indoors huddled around the air conditioner.'

Pedestrians account for 55 percent of all litter, Syrek says, and he includes 'homeowners who send it out the window, or air-mail delivery, as we say in the business.' Litter thrown from cars accounts for 25 percent, and the remaining 20 percent comes from trucks. The rain lowers the amount of the litter from these last two sources, too. 'In our Sacramento rain study we found that only seven percent of the trucks driven in the rain were open bed vehicles — pickup trucks, etc. — versus 50 percent in dry weather, so there is less chance of debris falling or being blown out of open-bed trucks in the rain. If the rain is heavy, people are less likely to open their car windows to toss out stuff than if it's a dry day. The maximum trash levels exist in the comfort zone, when the weather is beautiful.'

It almost comes down to a choice between beautiful weather or beautiful streets. In fact, Syrek believes the wet climate is why the Pacific Northwest is so clean. 'Places like Seattle and Portland have a lot of rain and drizzly weather, and a lot of their so-called pride in keeping things clean up there may just be the weather,' he says. 'We were up in Portland one summer when there was no rain for a month, and there was a lot of garbage around. You can't say for sure that the people who live up there are naturally more litter-conscious.'

Campaigns like the Clean Community System try to make people more conscious of litter, but in order for the System to work, 'you have to do it continuously,' Syrek says. 'New generations are being born, and people leave the area and new people migrate in; all these new people have to be educated to what the community standards are for littering. Peer pressure has a lot to do with it,' which is why the System doesn't work too well in rural areas. 'It's 'out of sight, out of mind.' People are more likely to litter when no one is watching,' which might explain why we see so much litter but so few litterers. Syrek echoes Levin's idea of urban overload and Stokes's talk about privatism: 'People lose a sense of responsibility in cities, and the peer pressure breaks down,' so we withdraw into

our private worlds. We ignore litter and litterbugs when we see them, or we block out the stimuli entirely as we rush off to our next appointment.

'My heart bleeds for the city,' Syrek says, 'because with all that trash it's such an assault on the eyeball. Ironically, only eight percent of the litter is visible from an automobile and only 30 to 50 percent is visible to a pedestrian — the 50 percent being in parks. People don't look under cars and into the gutters and curbs below eye level for garbage. That's what we do.'

There is more trash out there than meets the eye, and getting rid of it takes more than an annual spring cleanup and an anti-litter ad campaign featuring a weeping Indian. 'It makes no sense to educate people if there are no litter receptacles around,' Syrek says, but common sense and government policies don't always mix.

According to Cornelius W. Doherty, superintendent of the sanitary division of the DPW, there are officially 500 trash cans on Boston streets, 'but with theft I'd say there are probably under 300 still out there.' According to 1980 census figures, there are 562,994 persons living in Boston, so there's one litter basket for every 1877 citizens. By comparison, a spokesman for the New York City Department of Sanitation estimates that there are 20,000 trash containers for that city's 7,071,030 citizens, or one litter basket for every 354 persons. It's no wonder people use the streets for trash cans.

'Our studies show that people will only go to so much trouble to properly dispose of their litter,' says Greg Farrell, executive director of the Fund for the City of New York, a private foundation that conducts litter studies for the Department of Sanitation. 'They are not going to carry their litter for three blocks, and if they see a filled basket, they'll just toss it at the basket anyway and let it fall on the sidewalk or blow away. The litter basket then becomes a litter generator.'

Doherty is aware of these considerations but says he is strangled by Proposition 2½. 'I have 30 baskets in stock, and I can't afford to buy any more,' he says. 'They cost from \$35 to \$65 apiece, and people just steal them. Last year we put 14 containers around the Kenmore Square area, and in two weeks we had four left. The college kids take them and put them in their rooms.' (The New York City Department of Sanitation is experimenting with round-bottomed cans strapped to lamp posts; it's hoping that since the cans can't stand up on their own no one will steal them.)

Even if someone were to donate 1000 trash cans, Doherty says he couldn't use them. There are no workers to empty them out on a daily basis; he can barely keep the ones that are still left clean. According to Commissioner Casazza, as of July 3 there were 437 DPW employees. This compares with 1450 employees in 1968, when he started. (Of that total about 300 employees worked for the Boston Water and Sewer Commission, which became a separate entity in 1978. The Commission now has over 500 employees.) In the last fiscal year, which ended on June 30, DPW lost 275 permanent employees, not including CETA workers, who were federally funded.

The DPW budget currently up before the city council is \$19.977 million; last year's budget was \$34.883 million. It costs the City \$11 million to collect and dispose of rubbish — which is done entirely by private contractors and does not include street cleaning of litter — and \$9 million to keep the street lights lit. Casazza talked with some bitterness about public support for the police and firemen and the lack of same for his department. 'You don't see people marching on the streets for us,' he says. 'We don't make the news unless we don't do something someday, or if there's a snow storm. There's not a lot of pizzazz in public works, and I understand that, but we maintain this city, and I'd hate to see what happens in six to eight months if we stop maintenance.'

Judging from what happened in New York City during its fiscal crisis, things will get a lot worse before they get better. 'From 1975 to 1978,' Farrell says, 'the streets here got quite a lot dirtier. Hundreds of sanitation men were laid off. Things have gotten a little better as some of them have been hired back, but it's still not like it used to be.'

So Boston's future is a trashy one as we enter the era of Prop 2½. Officer Obie, where are you when we need you? □



Fred Tuffo: "The streets will be clean when the people want them to be clean."

My husband and I were recent visitors to your city. Permit me to offer some observations.

We were overwhelmed with the massive amount of trash tossed all over the city, including the renowned universities and historical sites. Furthermore, the lack of trash cans shows the city's indifference to the problem . . .

— letter to the editor, Boston Globe, July 15, 1981

IT'S A DIRTY JOB

"You need consistency in cleaning and enforcement to keep this city clean," says Fred Tuffo, and Boston gets little of either. Tuffo and I are spending half a day driving through Boston; en route, he points out the cleanest and filthiest streets in town and explains why.

The worst street we see is Canterbury Street in Roslindale, near the Massachusetts Youth Services Department building. On the side of the road, mountains of tires, food waste, rotting wood, and paper and metal containers are piled up between the trees and the edge of the road. "People must back up their trucks and dump it," Tuffo says. "As the price of private rubbish disposal goes up, you're going to see a lot more of this. I talked to the deputy, and he's going to catch a few of the people who are doing it. Then the word will get around."

Trash experts agree that the litter laws must be enforced to curb such practices. "It takes about four to six weeks before people start to behave," says Greg Farrell. "We've tried enforcement experiments in certain sections of the city, and at the end of six weeks the areas get quite a lot cleaner. The question we haven't answered yet is, how long will the area stay clean after we stop strict enforcement?"

No one is enforcing the anti-litter laws in Boston. Although New York City has special sanitation police, the Boston Police are responsible for enforcing the litter laws, and with budget cuts in their department, they have more important things on their minds. "You have to ask yourself what the priorities of the department are," says Superintendent Robert H. Bradley, of the Bureau of Special Operations. "At the moment we don't have any tickets for littering. But we'll have to work something out in the future."

Until the beginning of July, the Environmental Task Force of the Boston Police was charged with enforcing the sanitation code, which includes littering laws, proper disposal of rubbish for collection, and the pooper-scooper law. Until the police department integrates the responsibilities of the now-defunct task force (which was established in August, 1977, with CETA funds) into regular department duties, litter violations will go



virtually unpunished. Even when the police are issued litter tickets, don't expect much enforcement.

Tuffo says he has enough trouble now getting the police to ticket cars parked illegally on days when the mechanical sweepers are scheduled to clean streets. "You go on Commonwealth Avenue on a Friday when the sweeper is supposed to go around and it's bumper to bumper. We can't clean the city alone. We have to work with other agencies to make sure street-cleaning signs are posted and cars are tagged when they shouldn't be parked there. It's unfortunate, but people have to be educated through tagging."

In fact, in the dirtiest parts of the city, the North End, Roxbury, and Dorchester, there are too many cars and not enough places to put them. "These multi-family houses were built in the days when everybody didn't have a car," Tuffo says. "A lot of them don't have driveways, so there's no place for people to put their cars even if they want to move them." In the North End, where the streets are narrow, mechanical sweepers can't do much good, and there aren't

enough people left in DPW to send in crews of street sweepers, assuming you can find anyone who'd want the job. "Nobody goes to college to be a street sweeper," Tuffo says. "The days of the hokeyman, with his broom and pail on wheels, are virtually gone. They were Irish or Italian immigrants who took pride in their streets, and the businessmen loved them. Now, when they retire, nobody replaces them." One of the hokeymen left is responsible for Cleveland Circle, and it was clean, down to the trash barrels lined up neatly in a row for collection. "They don't have to do that," Tuffo says, "but they want the place to look good. These guys treat their areas like it's their own house."

Keeping areas clean to begin with is a key component in any campaign to control litter. "If there's already a lot of litter on the ground, people are going to be more willing to throw stuff around. They consider it a norm of society," says Farrell. "Once you get to a certain level of filth there's a relaxation of the social contract that says you don't dirty your own nest, or other people's." In other words,

if we see trash lying around, we assume it's okay to litter. "Of course the slob's are going to litter anyway," says Syrek, "but the litter rate is 30 percent lower in parks cleaned daily as opposed to parks cleaned weekly."

Harvard's Diane McGuire thinks we should reduce the amount of things available that generate waste, like concession stands. "If people bring their own food to parks, they usually have some means of storing the trash until they leave, unlike when food is bought from a stand. Also, instead of offering guide maps or brochures, something that can be discarded, parks should have fixed maps throughout the area that people can refer to. Finally, since so much of our litter is paper, I think it's ironic that your newspaper is publishing an article on litter. In the old days, people communicated verbally and on stone tablets. They didn't throw those around when they were finished."

And if they did, the guy who got hit with them was probably in no condition to complain. People are surprised to hear their fellow citizens complain about their littering. "It's the business of the cops to tell people not to litter," says Stokes. "When someone else tells us to pick up our trash, we think, 'What's a private citizen doing, telling us not to litter?'"

"It's the Victorian attitude that you don't butt into your neighbor's business," says Syrek. To combat this attitude, the state of Hawaii has a litter hotline that people can call anonymously if they catch someone littering. The state will trace the car's registration number "and send you a nice letter asking you not to litter," Syrek says. "After two letters, they send someone out to talk with you. In Ohio they have a similar system where people write in instead of phoning, and to the surprise of the state officials, it's working. They would get angry people accused of littering calling in and saying, 'What do you mean? I'm a clean person.' Then they would ask if someone else in the family drives the car and the answer would be something like, 'Son of a bitch — my son used my car that weekend . . . It really works.'"

But it takes cooperation and effort from many agencies. And when McGuire tells the following story, you have to wonder whether Boston will ever become clean: "I serve on the Horticultural Committee for the Boston Common," she says, "and we noticed that a lot of the litter was coming from the fast-food places along Tremont Street, particularly from McDonald's. So we went to McDonald's and asked them to help keep the park clean. They offered to send people to clean up, but then the union for the Parks employees objected to the idea and that ended it." — Paul Bradley

Trends

Getting blitzed

Strange romanticism, 1981

by D.C. Denison

It's common knowledge, according to some seasoned observers, that there are a substantial number of disenchanted punk rockers, long tired of dog collars and spiky hair, who have been looking for something new — preferably from England. There are also, presumably, a lot of people out there who are tired of scoffing at punks and who are looking for something new to scoff at. For both these crowds there is something new: the Blitz movement, or the New Romanticism, which is about fashion, style, and incidentally, music.

This movement isn't too difficult to figure out, but unfortunately you may not have too much time. A lot of people were surprised, for example, when the Adam and the Ants "pirate look" disappeared before they got a chance to wear it or scoff at it. So here are the basics of the Blitz movement, Cliff Notes style, for those hungry for the latest thing. Read it, quick.

Is the Blitz movement just dressing up, showing off, going to clubs, talking about clothes, and dancing?

An interviewer on the show *Boston ... Live!* posed this question to Steve Strange (ne Harrington), who appeared on the show after the astrology segment and before a visiting veterinarian and an author promoting a book entitled *Why Have Ugly Children?* Steve was sporting his "pensive gaucho" look: two-tone boots, striped gray trousers that bloomed angularly at the thigh like pointy jodhpurs and were held together at the shin with green ribbons, a two-tone shirt with buttons along the sleeves and leather cuffs, a three-tone face (red lipstick, bronze rouge, and silver eye shadow), and a felt gaucho hat.

Steve Strange is one of the leaders of the Blitz movement (named after the London club where it all began). Primarily a fashion designer, he's also a full-time trendsetter and the leader of a

band called Visage; just now he's on a US tour promoting the band's album. Steve told the interviewer that the movement was more than just dressing up, that it was about style, about a positive outlook on life. Why should people sit at home and get depressed and watch television? They should go out and do something — go to a club and dance, for example.

Why is the Blitz replacing the punk look?

We asked Rita Daniels, who used to be known as Rita Ratt and who was a personal friend of the Dead Boys, and who has now traded in her torn black T-shirts and safety pins for a more romantic black-lace-and-feathers look.

"Well, I first started dressing like this when I heard Adam and the Ants," she said. "But then I started seeing all this Blitz stuff in British magazines, especially *The Face*. And then I realized that the Adam and the Ants stuff was too structured; the Blitz stuff was much more independent. You can dress any way you want, as long as it's sort of old, and you don't look like a slob."

Rita and her fiance, Bob White, both Blitzed out, staged a fashion show at Spit last Monday night. They feel that fashion and music are inseparable. "That was one of the problems with the bands in the early '70s," Bob said. "They were ex-hippies and they were slobs. They'd come out in flannel shirts and blue jeans, and they'd look like winos off your basic street. I've always been into Bowie, T-Rex, and Roxy Music. They always looked good."

Where can one go, in Boston, all dressed up?

"Basically Spit," according to Rita and Bob. "The Rat has too many BU students who want to beat you up, and the Paradise (looks of disgust at the mention of the name), well, it depends who's playing." Bob, who was wearing black baggy spandex knickers, stockings, a ruffled



Just dandy: Strange with Lorraine and Perry

tuxedo shirt, a shawl that was once an antique tablecloth, and a jaunty black cap, said that he dressed in a modified Blitz look all the time. "I wear black to work every day," he said, "and maybe just a little eyeliner. But on the weekend, after I get paid, we mostly stay inside during the day getting ready to go out that night. If there's nowhere to go, we just stay in."

Bob and Rita don't think the movement will catch on in the US. "Maybe in the cities," according to Bob, "but everywhere else if you go out like this people are going to beat you up. You get called a faggot a lot." *What's the marketing potential of the Blitz movement?*

Paul Wennik, Boston branch manager for Polygram, Visage's record label, is hopeful. "I think that Boston is ready for something new," he said, "even if it's hollow. I say hollow because it doesn't have to be a home run. It can be a base hit. Something respectable and significant. Nobody's saying that Steve Strange is a fake: they're saying that he's got something unusual, a synthesis of fashion, music, and style that's compatible. And that's significant."

Why did Steve Strange start this whole thing? Did he start out designing his own clothes?

WBCN program director/DJ Oedipus asked Strange this question during an interview. Steve said that he was simply fed up with punk. "It had become a uniform," he said; "kids were just reading the papers and believing everything." He saw the need and the opportunity for something new. Oedipus also asked him whether it was just for the rich; clothes cost money, after all.

"Well, in America you have these great thrift shops," Steve said, "and while some of the things are expensive, you can match them up with a lot of really cheap things from the thrift shops."

Is the Blitz movement going to fly in Boston?

Judging from the crowd at Spit, probably not. Most of the people who attended a party for Steve Strange there still appeared to be stuck in the T-shirt and spandex gear. There were, it's true, a few standouts. A Jackie O. look-alike, for example, and a sheik, but nothing too promising.

How can Steve Strange and his friends act so decadently when there are riots, large-scale unem-

ployment, and general unrest in Britain?

A lot of people were asking this question at the Spit party, so when we got a chance, we asked Steve himself. He told us basically what he told the interviewer from Channel 68: why be down when you can be up? "We're doing something positive," he said. "We're not just sitting around drinking and getting depressed. We're even creating jobs: for artists, musicians, photographers, club people, and so on. We're doing something."

Just after he said this, Steve Strange took the stage and announced that two dancer friends of his, Lorraine and Perry, from a dance group in England called Sponooch, were going to perform their second dance number of the evening. In the first, they had come out in what looked like cave-man outfits and sort of growled at each other as they jumped around. In the second dance they appeared Moulin Rouge style in bloomers, crinolines, and old-fashioned button-up boots. As loud music boomed, they started kicking so high and with so much energy that it looked as if they might hurt themselves. In keeping with the can-can theme they sort of yelped, at the audience and each other. About halfway through the routine, one of them turned around, pulled up her petticoat, revealing her bloomers, and bent over, staying there for what seemed an interminable stretch. At this point, a long-time observer of these sorts of things who happened to be standing right behind me asked an appropriate question. "Is this the future?" Probably only for a while. □



Photos by B.C. Kagan

Life/Sentences Funny girls

by Anita Diamant

When I was little, my father told me that, in general, women lack a sense of humor. I think he told me this right after my mother didn't laugh at one of his jokes, but I was very young and this piece of information from my main man greatly upset me. Did this mean I was doomed to a life of frowning? Or that if I laughed too much, I wasn't really female?

Joan Rivers says, "I don't like funny women." She says this in the August issue of *Playboy* during a bizarre Twenty Questions session that at times makes her sound more disjointed than droll. "Nobody likes funny women. We're a threat." As for me, I don't think I was convinced there were funny women until sometime in 1975.

"Say good night, Gracie."
"Good night Gracie."

Burns and Allen was in daytime syndication when I was a kid, so whenever I was home sick, I got to watch her antics and his perpetual slow burn. I didn't like her. She was too silly. I was offended and impatient. Somewhere in my pre-feminist heart, I knew that this dumb broad made things harder for me.

I couldn't see how Gracie's endless misinterpretation of words and events worked as clever manipulation of reality. How she controlled her environment, her friends, her husband by apparently misunderstanding them. And all the while, she was running a household, right? It was clean. George was fed. She looked neat, unfazed, a little dazed too, but still, here was this complete mishugena who had a nice house, a tolerant, loving husband whose little universe revolved around her.

She was the one who kept life interesting. Balance is boring. And let's face it, George was boring.

The next supposedly funny woman to appear in my living room was Phyllis Diller. (I'm

going to ignore female singers who also told jokes, or the legion of actresses whose humor depended on scripts and situations. I'm talking stand-up shtick here. Direct-from-brain-to-mouth wit.) I didn't understand why Phyllis was always making fun of her appearance. It was obvious to me that if she wore normal clothes, removed the wig and eyelashes, and put down that cigarette holder, she'd look about as zany as Erma Bombeck.

Phyllis really gave me the creeps. Her Bozo-the-Clown honk/laugh was soooo unfeminine. (There I was, a pre-teen in the early '60s, trying to figure out how to laugh feminine.) I actually used to get mad at her. Maybe Gracie really was too dumb to shape up, but Phyllis was too smart to let the likes of Mike Douglas laugh at her.

But just as Gracie's slyness eluded me, so did Phyllis's cartoon of the slovenly housewife who took pride in her failure to excel in her appointed tasks: looking pretty, cooking, defrosting the fridge, being invisible. Ah, Phyllis. Remember her husband, Fang?

Gracie Allen is a memory dim as vaudeville. Phyllis Diller is as *passee* as the rubber girdle. The comedienne of record for the past 15 years has been a Jewish girl, originally from Brooklyn, who wears her Phi Beta Kappa key on a gold bracelet and constantly tells her audience to "grow up." Ever since that fateful night in 1966 when Joan Rivers became the first woman to guest-host for Johnny Carson, she has had the field pretty much to herself.

At first glance, Rivers comes off a little bit like a dressed-up Phyllis Diller, doing lots of jokes about her looks, her unappreciative husband, her aversion to housework. She's noisy and she makes faces. But if you give her a chance you pick up on the underside of the old shtick. "I speak for women and the outrageous-



Rivers: Oh, grow up.

ness of women. And the anger of women," she said recently in her dressing room after the first of four sold-out shows at the South Shore Music Circus (and 90 minutes of autographing copies of her book, *Having a Baby Can Be a Scream* — "Two million in paperback" chimed in her husband of 15 years, Edgar Rosenberg). "Of course I turn it all around," she said, "but it's all about the stupidity of how only looks count. The stupidity of what we're taught to expect out of life."

Rivers's stage persona is instantly recognizable (if you know from New York Jews) as your own Aunt Rose or Aunt Sophie. She talks terribly fast and loud. She singles you out and demands intimate information. During her performance she

points her three-inch sculptured red nails at women in the audience and asks them about their marital status, their children, their diaphragm size.

She's the aunt that used to embarrass you as a kid because she would talk about boobies and farts even when your brother was in the room. "Marry rich!" she warns. "Grab and take from your husbands," she advises. "Make them bury you with your rings on so the next bitch won't get them. God gave women sex so we could shop the next day!"

She gives great gossip. She is honest to the point of being blunt, and she has the guts to say all the nasty things everyone thinks but is too polite to say. "Men don't understand," she says. "The hostages with their 444 days in Iran, those aren't heroes. You and me

making an appointment with the gynecologist and then keeping it. That's heroes!" (Big applause.)

She laughs at her own jokes, doubling over when one gets a big response. She runs around the stage as though she had four windows in her apartment and a neighbor who was all ears in each one. "Can we tawk?" she demands, and without taking a breath launches into delicious attacks on the rich, the famous, the professionally beautiful, the folks we love to hate.

According to Rivers, Liz Taylor is a fatty (so huge that she wears "Orson Welles" designer jeans). Princess Caroline of Monaco is a tramp. Nancy Reagan is a bitch on wheels. Jimmy Carter was a presidential hemorrhoid. Cathy Rigby is the only woman in America who loves her period. Shelley Winters has to blindfold her vibrator. And various swipes at Billie Jean King, Princess Margaret, and the rest of the royal family, Marie Osmond (don't you hate her?), Sophia Loren, Dolly Parton, Mick Jagger and the rest of the rock-star galaxy, Baptists, Jews, stewardesses, nurses, Southern belles. I was writing as fast as I could and I still missed a few.

The cattiness goes over big, and the ensuing laughter implicates the entire audience. The gossip and the gossippes are equally guilty and if the audience balks at a joke too nasty, Rivers turns and snaps "Oh grow up."

Rivers preserves Aunt Sophie's sharp-edged pleasure in gossiping, even as she pushes far beyond the *National Enquirer* and into a Twilight Zone of preposterous venom. She's *People* magazine with gloves off; at the same time, she mocks the mentality that buys and memorizes the life histories of starlets and celebrities.

She also takes the traditional self-deprecation of women comics — I'm so flat-chested — one step further. She tells us her IUD is picking up radio stations. She can open and shut garage doors by crossing her legs. Where else on TV are we getting public recognition of the nitty-gritty garbage of women's lives?

Joan Rivers re-creates the gossip and the schlep in her own image, which includes support for abortion rights, the ERA, and

Continued on page 12

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The great outdoors Fielders' choice

One sings, the other doesn't

by Norman Boucher

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY HANDBOOK FOR BIRDERS: A GUIDE TO LOCATING, OBSERVING, IDENTIFYING, RECORDING, PHOTOGRAPHING & STUDYING BIRDS. Stephen W. Kress. Scribners. \$17.95.

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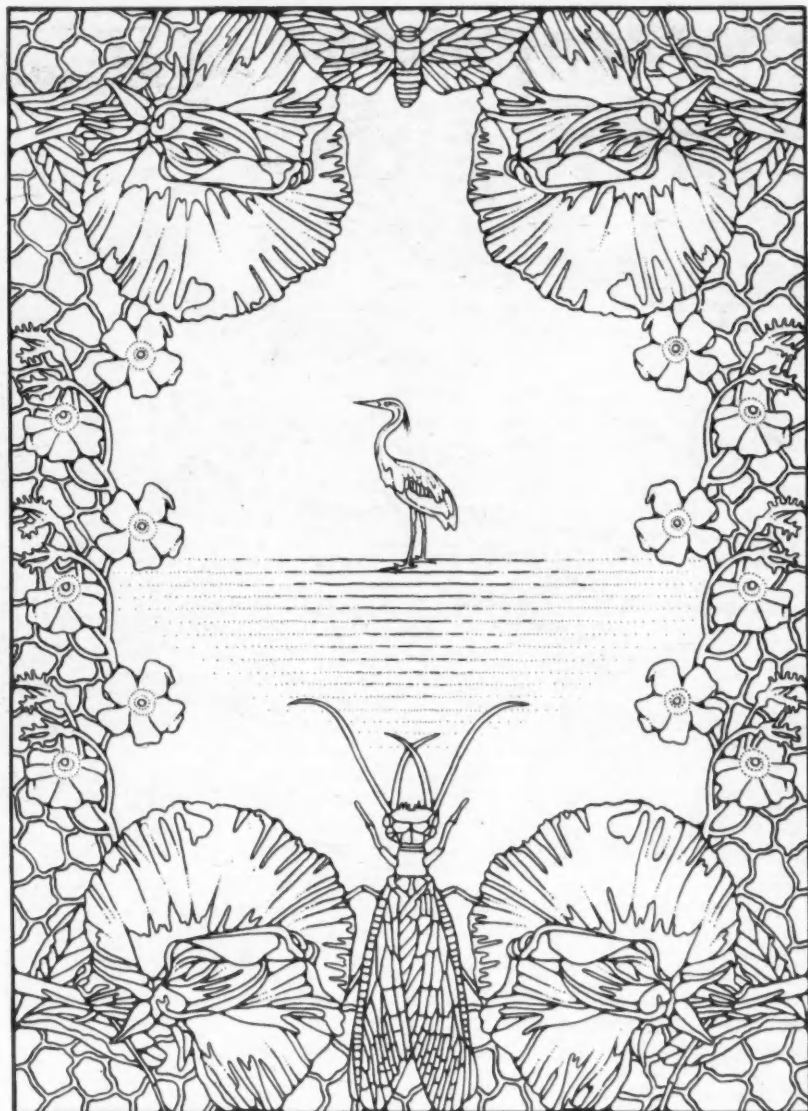
My introduction to birds came in college, when, bored with those fluffy, science-for-poets electives like "Man and His Environment" and "Our Living World," I joined a few of my daring friends and signed up for Zoology 541 — Ornithology. It was great fun. In addition to classroom work and labs, we went on bird-watching trips, which in the spring began just after sunrise. The professor had grown up in an ornithological family, and people with dead or injured birds came from miles around to dump them in his renowned office. He could hoot like an owl, and he often did. I recall on one particularly fine spring morning watching him crouch in a clump of juniper and hearing him sing like a field sparrow until two or three of the birds were swooping at his head. He accomplished such feats with a delighted and boyish smile, and I still remember the time he picked an owl pellet up off the ground and called it "identifying species by feces." It was typical of his humor.

But most of all I was awestruck by his facility for seeing and identifying birds at enormous distances. His eyes were blue and large enough, but only someone with telescopic vision could possibly identify distant specks of dim color with such precision. Once, at the end of a long day of watching birds along the coast of three states, a friend and I, fatigued and suffering from headaches after looking through binoculars all day, rode back to school along Route 95 with this professor. "Keep your eyes open for hawks," he instructed us as he sped off down the inter-

state. We looked out the windows in a desultory way. Suddenly he swerved into the breakdown lane, braked hard, and began to scold us for not telling him about the red-tailed hawk that was perched at the top of a tree in the woods about a quarter of a mile away. When we finally spotted what he was pointing at, we saw neither fierce raptor nor red tail, but only a wisp of white barely visible among some distant evergreens. My friend and I shook our heads in wonder. We still talk about it.

In fact, as we gained more experience looking for birds, we realized the sighting was not that extraordinary. Like all magicians, our professor was using sleight of hand, and Stephen W. Kress, in *The Audubon Society Handbook for Birders*, reveals some of these bird-sighting tricks. (Well, he doesn't exactly give the secrets away, but more about that later.) As Kress well knows, there's more to identifying a bird than looking it over and trying to match what you see against a picture in a book. That's the hard way. The easy way is by knowing ahead of time what to look for and what kinds of birds you're likely to see in the particular habitat you're passing through. That white spot by the side of the road had to be a red-tailed hawk, and our professor knew that without having to see any more of the animal. Red-tailed hawks are the only hawks in this part of the country with white bellies, and they usually sit in an open spot off the highway watching for rodents and road kills.

Kress's book is not a substitute for a good college ornithology course, but it is welcome and detailed. A respected field ornithologist, Kress rightly emphasizes that even once you've seen a bird and know what it is, there's lots more to do than check the thing off on a list. "Take pride in the number of species you can encourage to nest or feed in your yard," he writes, "but beware that bird identification and list keeping do not become ends in themselves." In clear, jargon-free prose, Kress shows how to be more than a mere lister. By emphasizing families as



well as species, he encourages birders to see relationships among different species. Such an approach cannot only help birders when they are in a part of the country or world where all the animals are new to them, it can also begin the important work of turning birders into ecologists and conservationists.

Kress's book is not so much about bird watching as about bird observing. For those who want to get serious and keep track of bird behavior, he suggests ways of keeping notes and journals of observations. He recognizes that much wildlife research, particularly the kind supported by state and federal governments, has focused almost entirely on game animals and endangered species, that there is a shocking lack of knowl-

edge about even some of the most common songbirds. "Do not underestimate the value of your field records," Kress says, after suggesting that birders declare in their wills that their notes be donated to a museum or lab. Although that may seem extreme to some, it exemplifies Kress's serious but not pompous approach and reflects the happy and growing tendency of birders to become amateur naturalists — many of whom have made important contributions to our knowledge of wildlife.

Kress is good on photographing birds and excellent on buying binoculars. (He did convince me that the ones I've been using for 10 years are junk, so if you're satisfied with your cheap ones, better

Continued on page 11

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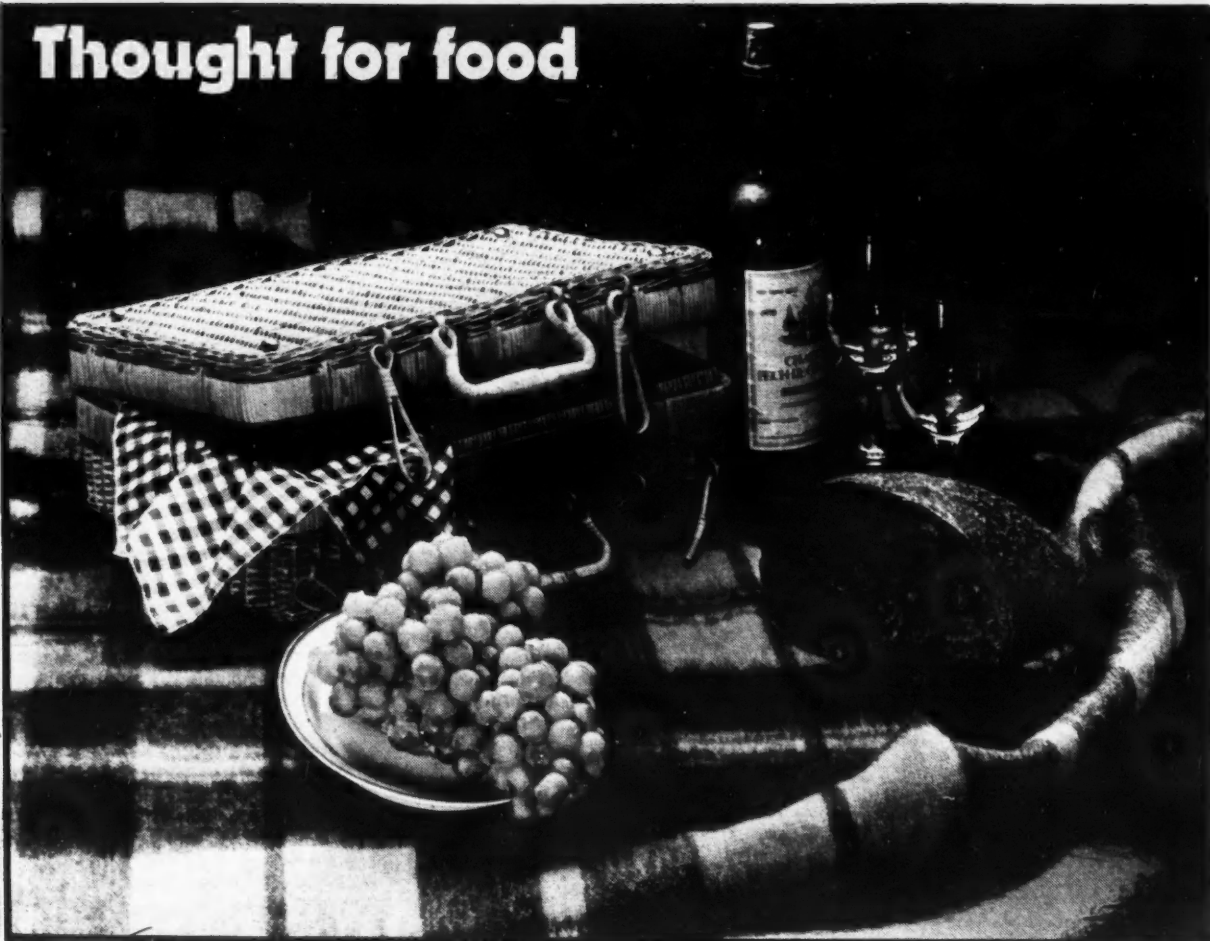
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Packing it in A picnic menu for six

by Sheryl Julian

I have decided, after years of picnicking by babbling brooks five miles in from the road or at state parks filled with many other people with the same idea, that the best picnic spots are right in your own back yard. You can duck inside when it rains, the WCs are close and convenient, and if everyone pitches in and brings along a dish, you can make it quite a feast. Here is a sample menu for six.

Roasted peppers in a shallot vinaigrette

Serves six

There is nothing unusual about a green-pepper salad — but when the peppers are "roasted" first under a flame, they take on an entirely new dimension. If you serve this salad independently of the *pissaladiere*, add the strips of six peeled tomatoes to lend a contrasting color. And if you can find them, use some red peppers along with the green ones,

treating them in exactly the same way.

- 8 large green bell peppers;
- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil;
- 3 tablespoons white-wine vinegar;
- 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard;
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste;
- 2 shallots, very finely chopped;
- 1 clove of garlic, crushed;
- 1/2 cup top-quality olive oil.

Without coring the peppers, rub them all over with the vegetable oil. Preheat the broiler; when it is very hot, set the peppers in a roasting pan and cook them very close to the broiler flame (an electric element works fine as well), so that their skins blister all over. Turn them frequently with tongs.

When the peppers are blistered or charred all over, pile them into a brown paper bag, turn the top down to close it securely, and leave them for 10 minutes to steam in the heat of the bag.

Remove the peppers and peel off the

skins with a small, sharp knife, rinsing them under running water to facilitate this work, and halving the peppers to remove the cores and seeds as you go along.

Cut the halves in half again, and set the peppers in a shallow dish in several layers, skinned sides uppermost.

Whisk the white-wine vinegar, Dijon mustard, salt and pepper, shallots, and garlic together. Pour in the olive oil in a thin, steady stream, whisking all the time. Taste the dressing for seasoning, then pour it over the peppers. Cover the dish with plastic wrap and refrigerate it until serving.

Pissaladiere

(French tomato-and-onion pie)
Serves six generously

Pissaladiere comes from Provence, in the south of France, where the onions are sweet, the tomatoes are ripe and tasty, and delicious olives, olive oil, and anchovies are all over the markets. Every bakery, department store, and corner stand, in fact, sells this tart, usually in small individual sizes, and they vary from being very tomatoey to quite oniony. This one, a combination of the two, is made in a large flat pan (the idea is taken from the book *Julia Child & More Company*). Since anchovies seem to elicit a strong reaction, mostly negative, from all, they are not included in this version, but directions for using them in a lattice

pattern follow at the end of the recipe.

For the crust:

- 3 cups all-purpose flour;
- Pinch of salt;
- 1/2 cup unsalted butter;
- 1/2 cup solid vegetable shortening;
- 2 egg yolks;
- 1/2 cup plus 2 tablespoons ice water;
- 1 tablespoon white vinegar.

For the filling:

- 1/2 cup olive oil;
- 8 large onions, thinly sliced;
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste;
- 9 large ripe tomatoes;
- 15 black olives, halved, pitted and halved again;
- 1/4 cup chopped mixed herbs (fresh basil, oregano, parsley);
- 1-1/2 cups freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

For the crust: sift the flour and salt into a large bowl. Cut up the butter and add it to the bowl, along with the shortening. Use a pastry blender or metal palette knife to cut the fats into the flour until the mixture resembles bread crumbs.

Stir the egg yolks, water, and vinegar together and add them to the pastry all at once, then continue cutting them in with the pastry blender or palette knife until the flour has absorbed all the liquids. Turn the mixture out onto the counter and add a few more drops of ice water to the dough if it seems dry. Knead it lightly to form a smooth mass, dust it with flour, and wrap it in plastic. Chill this dough for 20 minutes.

Very lightly grease an 11-by-16-inch jelly-roll pan and set it aside.

For the filling: heat the olive oil in a very large skillet and cook the onions over a medium-low heat for 25 minutes, or until they are soft and translucent but not browned. Stir the contents of the pan occasionally, and lower the heat if the onions are sticking. Add salt and pepper to taste, but *omit the salt* if you are latticing the top with anchovies.

To line the pan: dust the counter and the rolling pin with flour and use the pin to flatten the dough and shape it into a neat, flat, oblong cake. Then roll the dough on a lightly floured board, dusting the pin with flour when necessary, until it is one and a half inches larger than the pan.

Pick the dough up onto the rolling pin and ease it into the pan, letting the excess overlap the edges. Then gently press the dough into the pan, so that it hugs the bottom and sides all around.

Use a scissors to trim the edges so they are three-quarters of an inch larger than the pan. Cut squares from the corners. Turn the dough down inside the pan to form a border. Dip a fork in flour and press the tines along all four sides to make a neat pattern. Then prick the bottom all over. Refrigerate or freeze the pan for 15 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 425 degrees. If you have a large, flat baking sheet, put it into the oven on the lowest shelf to get hot.

To finish the filling: core the toma-

Continued on page 10

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Our restaurant critic says ciao

by Michael Gee

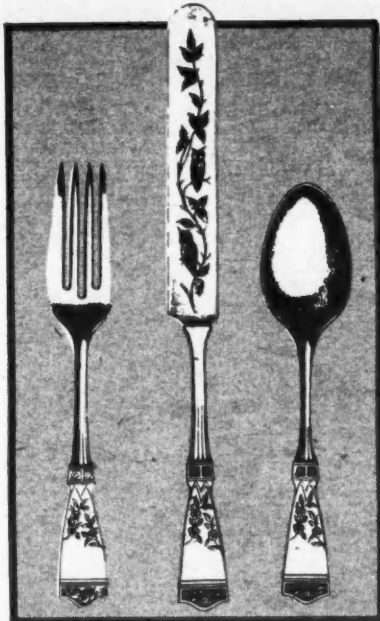
They said there was no such thing as a free lunch, but for almost a year I proved them wrong. Lunch, dinner, brunch, high tea, I hit them all, and the *Phoenix* signed the check. Well, goodbye to all that. Starting next week, Mr. Robert Nadeau, whose knife and fork have touched bottom for many a Boston publication, will be occupying this space.

Already this decision has brought cries of anguish from those people I promised free meals to who now won't get them. One of these people, a vengeful sort, proposed my last column be a memorable one. "Take 10 or 12 of us out to your biggest advertiser, run up the biggest bill you can think of, then write a column ripping the shit out of them."

As you can see, I didn't. Aside from cowardice, the reason is that I don't feel bitter about leaving the *maitre d'* beat at all. My emotions are mixed, because sometimes writing this column was tremendous fun, and sometimes I hated it. Not the writing, or the eating, for I had only a few really bad meals in my tenure. No, I grew to hate having to go out.

I'm not Nero Wolfe, I enjoy eating out. But on deadline, it's not nearly so enjoyable. Especially if one has another full-time deadline. This column is, or ought to be, a full-time job. I gave it everything I had, but there were plenty of times I'd face a Saturday night with dread because I had to go eat Chinese or Italian or whatever, when all I really wanted to do was sit home with a tuna-fish sandwich and watch the *Mary Tyler Moore* show.

Going out to eat, like any leisure-time activity, has to be voluntary to be totally pleasurable. Most times my business visits to restaurants fit my social calendar and desires and all was well. But more often than you'd think, a meal became



just something else that had to fit into an overcrowded calendar. I remember particularly the last week of February, when I had to hand in three reviews before leaving for spring training. Eating six meals in a row in restaurants is bad for your taste buds, your digestion, and your figure.

So, gang, the grapes were a teeny bit sour after all. Which isn't to say writing this column wasn't both entertaining and informative for me and, I hope, for you, too. In parting, I'd like to just mention some general and specific findings of fault and merit about the restaurants I visited in the past 10 months.

First, and perhaps oddest, my one general complaint about the restaurants here is that they serve too damn much

food. I am a person of largish size and healthy appetite, but many times I've been served helpings that were far beyond my capacity. This leads to guilt, for those of us brought up in clean-your-plate households. Guilt impedes digestion and will spoil any restaurant's atmosphere. As a city, we seem especially fond of massive desserts, with salads a close second in the heaping-helping derby.

Another general complaint is that far too many of Boston's restaurants refuse to take reservations — even restaurants so popular they'd still be filled every night. Not taking reservations is just plain greedy. My father has for years practiced the admirable custom of not eating anywhere that won't take a reservation. Now that I've hung up my badge, I will revert to this eminently sensible procedure.

As a general salute, let me point out that the service I received, while sometimes incompetent, was at least always human. Hosts, waiters and waitresses were people trying to help other people have a meal, not cult leaders defending their shrine from infidels. From *haute cuisine* to neighborhood eatery, this area's restaurateurs appear far less stuck on themselves than their counterparts in other cities.

Mao says that self-criticism is good for you, so I'll confess to a few of my own shortcomings. I gave short shrift to those of you of the vegetarian persuasion, I'm afraid. This is the result of my own prejudiced belief that man did not crawl to the top of the evolutionary pile on a diet of lentils and grains, but I do recognize that people like the editor of this section are as entitled to good eats as we carnivores are.

I also neglected the out-of-towners. There are numerous good restaurants in the suburbs, but I didn't get to many of them, for which I am sorry. In my defense, I'd like to point out that I live in the city and therefore just naturally gravitate to places a short distance away. The fact of the matter is that there are far too many restaurants in a place as big as Boston for one columnist to try and be all-seeing and all-knowing.

One thing I'm glad I did do was to concentrate on places where people actually eat, as opposed to the big deals and new sensations. If the government ever adopted a rational policy toward expense

accounts, the fancy restaurants would die on the spot, while the neighborhood joints would never even notice. I'm partial to places where people spend their own money.

The best meals I had were at Henri IV and the Daily Catch. The worst were at Ciro and Sal's and Changsho. The vast majority of places in between were good, if not memorable, and offered good value for a fair price. That's not a bad trademark.

It may gladden you or depress you, but I'll be back in this paper from time to time on the subject of food. Sooner or later, I hope to convince all of you that eating, like sex or golf, is far too important to be taken seriously. □

Picnic

Continued from page 9

toes. Peel them (boiling them for 10 seconds or so will loosen the skins), in half through their equators, and squeeze the seeds from each half. Coarsely chop the tomato flesh and pile it into a colander, sprinkling a little salt between the layers. Set it on a plate to drain for 10 minutes.

Spread the onions in the bottom of the chilled pastry, so that they form an even layer. Make a layer of tomatoes over that and scatter the olives on top. Sprinkle this with the herbs and dust the entire *pissaladiere* with the Parmesan cheese.

Set the pie directly on the hot baking sheet (if using) or on the lowest rack of the oven. Bake it for 40 minutes, or until the filling is bubbling at the edges and the pastry is browned at the sides.

Remove the pan from the oven, leave it to cool for 15 minutes, then cut the pie into large squares for serving.

To make an anchovy lattice:

Spread the anchovies from four cans on a large plate. Spoon about three tablespoons or so of milk (enough to moisten all of them) over them and leave them to soak for 10 minutes to remove excess salt. Split the anchovies lengthwise along their natural lines and drain them on paper towels.

After sprinkling the tart with cheese as directed above, use the anchovies to make long rows (spaced about two inches apart) down the long side of the tart. Then make another set of rows on the

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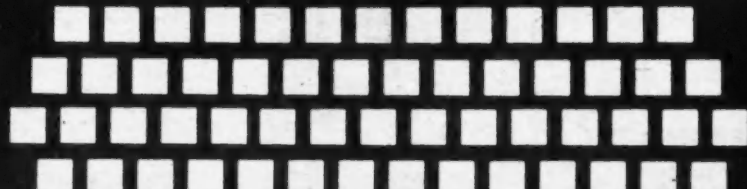
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diagonal, so that the lattice is diamond-shaped.

Bake the pie and serve it as directed above.

Jeannette Pothier's gateau breton
Serves six

This very simple buttery cake comes from Brittany, in northwest France. It is fine on its own, or it can be accompanied by fresh fruit and whipped cream.

- 1 cup unsalted butter;
- 3/4 cup sugar;
- 2 eggs;
- 1 egg yolk;
- 1/4 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract;
- 1/3 cup blanched ground almonds;
- 1-2/3 cups all-purpose flour;
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch;
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder;
- 1/4 teaspoon salt.

To finish:

- 1 egg yolk;
- 1 tablespoon milk;
- Confectioners' sugar (for sprinkling).

Grease a nine-inch round cake pan, line the bottom with a circle of wax paper cut to fit it, and grease the paper as well. Then sprinkle the pan with flour, tapping out the excess. Set the oven at 350 degrees.

Cream the butter in an electric mixer until it's soft and light. Add the sugar, eggs, and egg yolk and beat everything constantly for eight minutes. Add the almond or vanilla extract and beat this just to mix.

Combine the almonds, flour, cornstarch, baking powder, and salt. With the mixer set on its lowest speed, add them to the batter in three batches.

Pour the batter into the prepared pan, smooth the top, and tap the pan once, hard, on the counter to settle any air pockets.

To finish: mix the egg yolk and milk together and brush them over the top of the cake. Make a lattice pattern with the tines of a fork and bake the cake in the preheated oven for 30 minutes, or until the top is browned and the cake pulls away from the edges of the pan.

Let the cake cool completely in the pan, then turn it out, peel the paper away from the bottom, and set the cake right side up. Sprinkle it lightly with confectioners' sugar and cut it into wedges for serving. □

Books

Continued from page 8
skip that chapter before your bliss is shattered by knowledge.) But the real value of this handbook lies in its second half. Kress has assembled enough annotated lists and bibliographies to satisfy any conceivable question or need of any birdwatcher. His last four chapters are a gold mine of titles and addresses. He covers correspondence courses and university and non-credit courses. He gives information about birding tours from the Cape to Siberia. He lists organizations looking for volunteers or summer help. He discusses all the birding magazines and ornithological journals. (My favorite is *The Auk*, which has run short notes on "Osprey Trapped by Water Chestnut" and "Male Pintails Defending Females from Rape.") Best of all, he guides the reader through the flood of bird books now available, and as far as I can tell from my own limited reading, his judgments are sound, with a heavy and appropriate slant toward such classics as Bent's *Life Histories of North American Birds*. (Some of his choices are fun to quarrel

with. I don't agree, for example, with his preference for Robbins's *Birds of North America* over Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds*, but his argument is a good one.)

Even though they will have to be updated from time to time, these superb annotated bibliographies and lists make *The Audubon Society Handbook for Birders* truly indispensable for amateur naturalists, serious birders, and anyone leaning that way. It does, however, have one important disadvantage — its price. Beginning or casual birders not interested in studying behavior in a systematic way or unlikely to do detailed reading in bird behavior or biology would probably be better off spending \$17.95 on a couple of paperback field guides. It's a shame. Shaving five bucks off the price would have made this a book for everyone.

I think it was not long after that ornithology course — or maybe it was before — that I found, on a sale table in my college bookstore, a hardcover volume by one Henry Hill Collins Jr. called *Complete Field Guide to American Wildlife*. The price was right, and the book was a guide to mammals, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, seashells, and other marine invertebrates all in one, so I bought it. Ten years later it is still among the best, most useful, and attractively written field guides I own. Collins, who published the book in 1959, included a bit of everything in his species descriptions, and it was always delightful after consulting Roger Tory Peterson on birds, for example, to sit down and read the lively, entertaining things Collins had to say. In fact, I liked what he said so much that I copied some of it into my Peterson *Field Guide to the Birds*, thereby producing an ultimate bird guide.

With Collins there was plenty of natural-history information to satisfy even the most serious amateur, but there was more, too. Take owls, for example. The great horned owl was described as the "most powerful of our owls, savage; hunts by day as well as by night, often sails on fixed wings; sometimes soars like a Red-tail." At the end of his descriptions, Collins always had a last friendly word. For the great horned owl it was "Archduke of the Deep Dark Woods" — pure Collins. After the hawk-owl description, he wrote, "If you have never seen this bird alive, neither did Audubon." There was humor in these chatty observations. On the barred owl: "Reputedly the only bird with a southern idiom: *Who cooks for you? Who cooks for you-ALL?*" Often he quoted Audubon or some other naturalist-writer; at the end of his description of the long-eared owl, he quoted from Gray's *Elegy*:

*Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain*

Clearly, this was a field guide that was written, and by a man of humor, culture, curiosity, and knowledge. It was that rare thing — a field guide with living character.

Collins is dead now, but Harper & Row has just issued a revised version of his book. The words "assembled by" have been ominously added before his name. Although the book's range has been expanded, although species names have been brought up to date, and although some of Collins's wordiness has been edited and the plates have been improved, still *Harper & Row's Complete Field Guide to North American Wildlife* is a disaster, the worst example yet of the

Continued on page 12

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Books

Continued from page 11

"assembled" field guide, pawed over by committee and stripped of personality.

The book begins with a snow job. We are breathlessly told about the decision to revise Collins's book, about the "boards of consultants" who "reviewed exhaustively each and every entry, revising, rewriting, and bringing the content into conformity with scientifically attested descriptive information and the latest taxonomic thinking." We are assured that this new, modern version was "more than 15 years in the making," and that "fifteen of the country's outstanding wildlife artists were brought in to work on the projects." Good grief.

All this sounds very impressive, of course, and plays right into the average woods walker's ready reverence for the latest in scientific anything. But if it took the "boards of consultants" 15 years to check the Latin names and classifications in this book, Harper & Row needs a field guide to consultants — and fast.

Look at what's been done. The plates are clearer but are as cluttered as they were in Collins's original version. At a time when range maps are finally being perfected and becoming genuinely useful (as they were in last year's revision — by Peterson — of the Peterson *A Field Guide to the Birds*), all the solid and

useful range maps in the original Collins have been removed from the Harper & Row revision, a serious mistake. And all this talk about bringing Collins up to date is misleading. Most of the changes are hardly noticeable, and many of them are hardly exhaustive or even an improvement. Take the great horned owl again. Here are the most radical changes. Collins: "This is our only very large owl with ear tufts." Harper & Row: "A very large owl with ear tufts." Collins: "Habitat: deep woods." Harper & Row: "Habitat: Woodland edges, woods." And notice this one. Collins, it will be remembered, wrote "most powerful of our owls, savage; hunts by day as well as by night . . ." Now Harper & Row has removed the word "savage." Why? Probably the editors figured it was an anthropomorphism, and I suppose it is. But it's Collins, pure Collins, and it's delightful, and does it really deal such a severe blow to "scientifically attested descriptive information and the latest taxonomic thinking"? And just what does "scientifically attested" mean? Collins was a naturalist and a literary man, a combination and a noble tradition that is apparently too primitive and unspecialized for the latest thinking: the biggest change of all in the great horned owl description is that Collins's "Archduke of the Deep Dark Woods" has been deleted.

It is this removal of Collins from the guide that I find most objectionable. There is no more of his quoting from

poets and naturalists, no more closing with a last, sprightly phrase, a neat aphorism. Why is his name still on this new version? And why must field guides be devoid of humor and thought? Why must they be dry, computer-like collections of data? Look at the beginnings of the two books. Harper & Row: "A bird is an animal with feathers; most, but not all, birds fly." And Collins: "Birds have long excited the imagination of man. Icarus, in the Greek legend, fashioned wings so he could travel through the air as they did."

We look at nature because it excites our spirit, because in it we do find legends and ghosts. This in no way interferes with science, with the important need to collect more information about the behavior and biology of the wildlife that's left. In fact, it adds to this knowledge, sensitizes us to the central place animals have had in the imagination of all cultures and civilizations. More than ever we need people like Collins to remind us of that, but the "boards of consultants" have taken him out of his own book. □

Humor

Continued from page 7

gay rights. She says she's thrilled when she hears a woman has been appointed head of a movie studio but hopes no other woman comes along to challenge her hegemony as The Lady Comic — at least not

until she gets her 13-year-old daughter Melissa through college." And then Mommy will say, "Okay, now I'll go sell hats in Macy's."

No article about the current state of funny females would be complete without a mention of Lily Tomlin. Joan Rivers says, "Lily Tomlin: you just want to put your arms around her and laugh and protect her at the same time." Tomlin creates a menagerie of zanies in her stage performances and TV specials that conveys both a fine appreciation for the full range of human kookiness and a compassion for same. Tomlin treats her subjects with so much respect, the audience, at times, forgets to laugh. And this holds true even when she's impersonating a swaggering man.

But even Saint Lily has roots in feminine comedic tradition. One of her characters in particular, the obnoxious know-it-all Susie Sorority, who constantly flips her hair and upbraids the rest of the world for not following the rules, is presented without redeeming qualities. There's a certain element of getting even by laughing at that uptight creep, in this characterization of mocking the little goody-two-shoes behind her prissy back that lets us know that Lily's one of the girls after all. Post-feminism can be catty too, you know. What's a matter? You think those streaks in Gloria Steinem's hair are natural? Oh grow up! □

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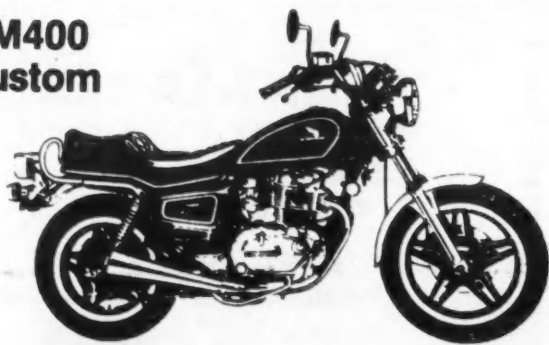
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2. All entries must be received at the *Phoenix* office (addressed to Puzzle, *Boston Phoenix*, 100 Massachusetts Avenue, 02115) by noon on the Monday following the issue date.

3. In the event of disputes or ties, the judges' decisions will be final and arbitrary. Hey, we only have 10 T-shirts to give away, so if there are more than 10 winners we'll have a lottery.

4. All entries must be accompanied by the Puzzle page. Anything to sell papers. When possible, the answers should be entered on the Puzzle page.

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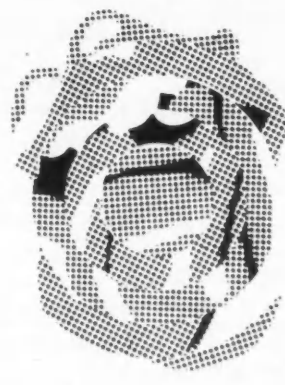
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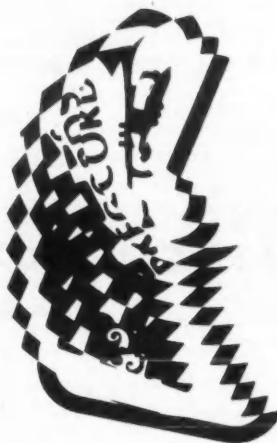
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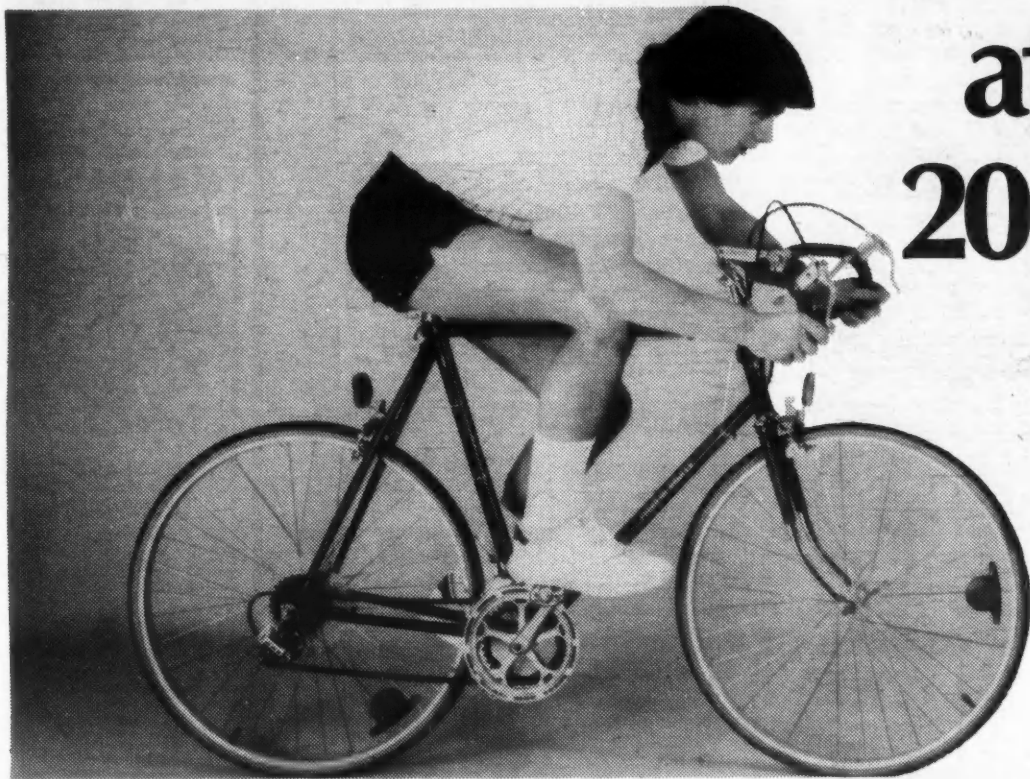
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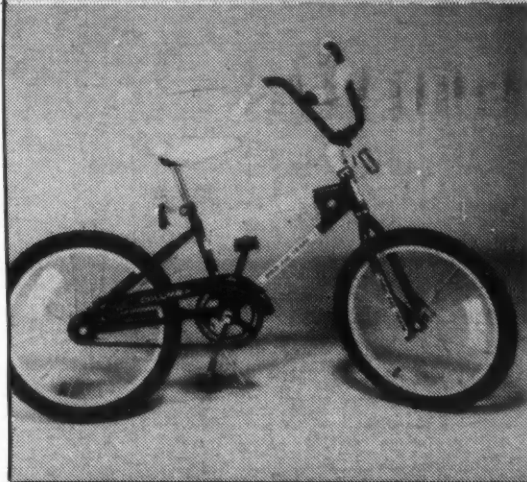
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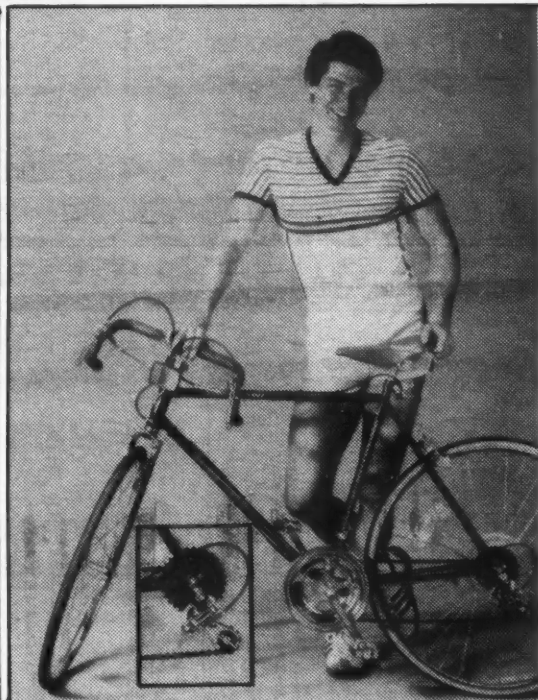
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BOSTON AFTER DARK

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Blowing the house down

Modern architecture and the big bad Wolfe

by Jane Holtz Kay

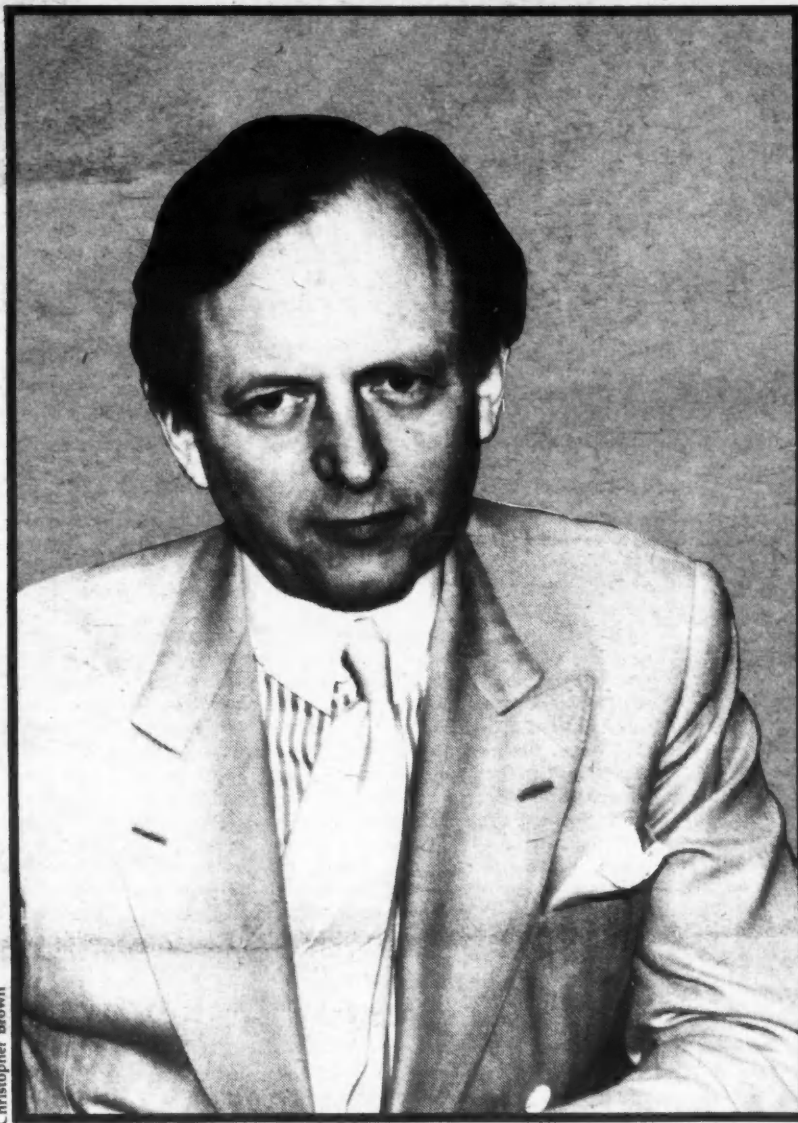
Tom Wolfe, stellar astronaut of the New Journalism, has just landed on the planet Architecture. When last seen, our hero was staking out the turf as his own. In two *Harper's* installments (to be published in book form in October), Wolfe has been telling us that the modern buildings we love to hate are... hmmm... hateful. So what else is new? With flourishes of his sable brush and \$95 S.T. Dupont pen, Wolfe is black-washing the way we build. But the picture has already been painted bleak, if not black, by countless critics, both in and out of the profession. If stylistic assaults mattered, the glass boxes that he is stoning would already be fractured and sinking in their steel caissons, and any architects who had ever designed in International Style simplicities would be hiding their heads in their Ghurka briefcases.

Unabashed by the overkill, Wolfe adds to this literature of abuse with the spit-and-polish prose of "From Bauhaus to Our House."

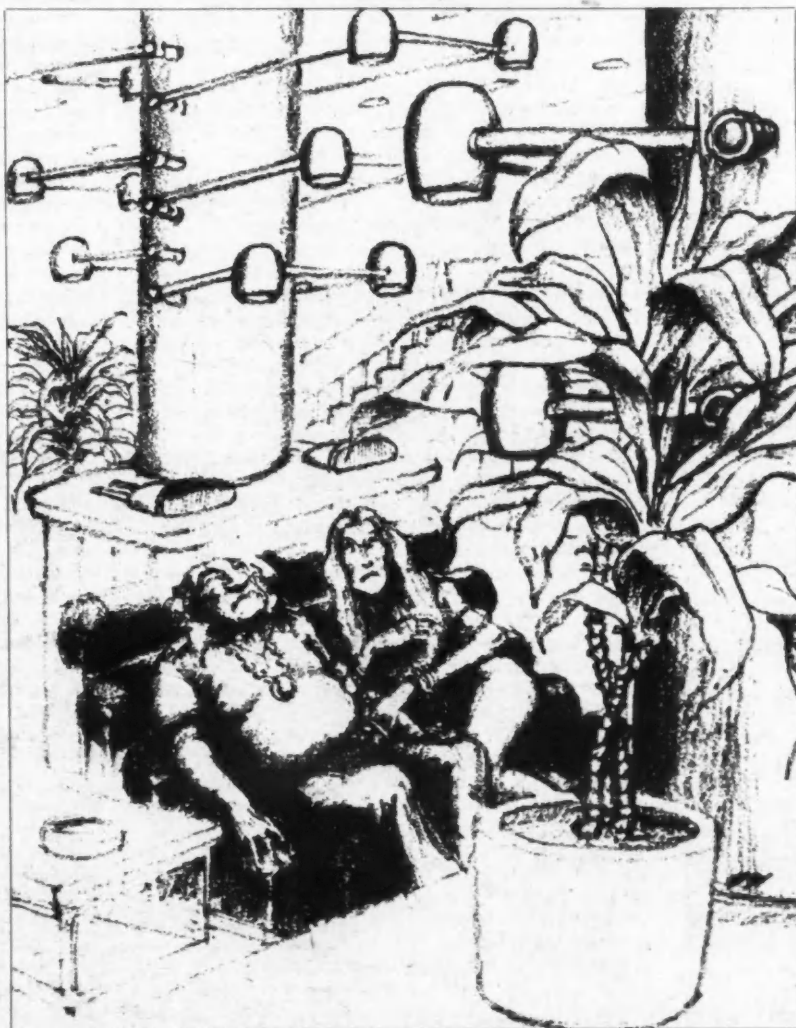
Part one, *Harper's* June cover piece on "Why Architects Can't Get Out of the Box," traced the start of it all — from modern design's emergence from the 1920 Bauhaus, the German design-school and source, to the arrival of its heroes, Walter Gropius, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, et al. in the United States during the late 1930s. Part two, this month's "Architecture for Architects Only," brings us up, or down, to date. (It is counterpointed on the newsstands by a *New York Review of Books* reprint of Ada Louise Huxtable's spring speech at Radcliffe: "Is Modern Architecture Dead?" Yes and no, she says.) In the two segments, Wolfe covers half a century of design the way most journalists covered Three Mile Island: by asking where we went wrong.

It is hard to argue with the question or sulk about his style. Contentious and deliciously polemic, our premier guide to the Art of Eating with the Right Fork has stabbed a profession that deserves it. A look out anybody's window reveals that much — most — of what has passed for architecture in the last generation is evidence of mean-spirited intentions and soul-less visual inventions. The incredibly shrunken aesthetic of the glass box reminds us, says Wolfe, of Edgar Allan Poe's narrowing chamber in "The Pit and the Pendulum."

Wolfe's descriptions are apt. "Always the ceilings are low..." he writes, "the



Tom Wolfe



"Great moments in contemporary architecture: the clients' first night in the house," from *In Our Time*, by Tom Wolfe. © 1979, 1980 by Tom Wolfe. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

hallways are narrow, the rooms are narrow... the walls are thin, the doorways and windows have no casings, the joints have no moldings, the walls have no baseboards, and the windows don't open." He engages us with the pertinent details of disaster in modern design — for example, the policing and regimenting of clients at Mies's Seagram building. Here curtains could be set only at open, closed, or halfway. Uniformity *ueber alles*. For corroborating evidence closer to home, one need only consider the autocracy of Philip Johnson's addition to the Boston Public Library. Here the architect forbade the hanging of any clocks: the BPL was timeless until the staff protested.

To architectural observers, then, most of Wolfe's treatise is familiar history — or, more precisely, it is Wolfean history — "tarted up," as he would put it, in behalf of a rather peculiar polemic: that the Bauhaus evolved, and the design revolution called "modern architecture" occurred, because a small phalanx of architects had a large antipathy to middle-class values. No, it was not these early designers' visual impulses. No, it was not their dog-good urges. No, it was no set of economic, political, social issues. All that is the stuff of straight architectural history. The Bauhaus's origins — the start of the most momentous visual revolution in centuries — was a matter of social mannerisms.

According to Wolfe, design went from historic copycatting to "contemporary" because the German aesthetic elite wanted, above all, to avoid the bourgeois: worker housing should have flat roofs because middle-class people had pointed ones; objects should be sleek and streamlined because middle-class curlicues and antimacassars were anathema. And so on. Later, vanguard America would hate architect Edward Durrell Stone for finding favor with the middle classes, and then, in a turnabout, it would admire Robert Venturi's complexity for its distance from them. This is vintage Wolfe. Remember the chic folks Wolfe wrote about at Leonard Bernstein's soiree? They would understand why design was re-wrought: *epater le bourgeois*.

After crossing the continent, we are told, Bauhaus purism overcame America because of another social tic — a "colonial complex." Americans were dazzled by the shimmer of Walter Gropius, the "Silver Prince," because of a sense of aesthetic inferiority. Gropius, founder of the Bauhaus (and the Architects Collaborative here), and his peers were "received like white gods come from the sky." They took over the schools and spread the gospel. Soon the Museum of Modern Art show of the International Style, arranged by Henry-Russell Hitchcock and Philip Johnson in 1932, had completed the taking of America: "The course of American architecture changed overnight. For the next 30 years American architecture — of every sort — would be based on design and concepts devised by German worker housing of the 1920s." All this bankrolled, of course, by the affluent patrons of the Museum of Modern Art: "Oil men, rubber-tiremen, dry-goods jobbers, and wives," writes Wolfe.

In Wolfe's tale of why modern architecture failed, the irony of ironies is that "the American century" succumbed to the sway of "the compound aesthetic of the Silver Prince and his Colonial Legions." How strange that in the "century of the rising sap," docile Americans sheared their fuzzy rugs into flat, beat their Victorian rockers into tubular-steel chairs, smoothed and polished off the enchanted peaks of their Chrysler buildings, and tinted their Park Avenue facades brownish amber to match the Four Roses bottle color chosen by Seagram to launch the avenue's building boom.

What a strange assessment this is — as if Wolfe envisioned post-World War II

Continued on page 2



The Boston Public Library

Blowing the house down

Continued from page 1

America as a Polynesia where, in his words, "some young lad . . . could take a piece of marble and carve you a pillow that looked so full of voluptuous downy billows you would have willing tried to bury your head in it." This lad, alas, simply bowed to Bauhausler Josef Albers, who told him to cut pieces of paper into works of art at Yale.

No wonder, in this Wolfe-eyed view, that the silly rules of modern architecture failed. For soon the high-rise hives of steel, glass, and concrete held not the chic continental worker, the Socialists' darling, but America's downtrodden black masses. The disaster that followed at Pruitt-Igoe, the 1955 St. Louis high-rise project by Minoru Yamasaki, was predictable: in 1972, it was deliberately blown to smithereens, taking with it the reputation of modern architecture.

In its wake, we now, know, have come the tortured seeking, the trends and counter-trends that account for the eclecticism of contemporary design these days and the critical exploration under the ambiguous word "post-modernism." It is, admittedly, hard to label or understand post-modernism's complex of styles — from a neocubism to applied ornament — but Wolfe goes at them with the same cocktail-party criticism: inevitably, he finds the current waves frivolous. Whether he's discussing architect Robert Venturi and his "U&O" (an exploration of the ugly and ordinary), or a group called the Whites (who re-exalt the purity of Le Corbusier), or the current searchers for a new historicism, it is all a "loony battle" — a struggle not to be bourgeois.

What should the summer-sated reader make of all this? Obviously, it is good fun; in fact, it is the kind of play with words that the Bauhaus geniuses (Klee, Kandinsky, and Schlemmer were there with the architects) enjoyed in art while trying to spread Beauty before World War II claimed them. Indeed, one wonders whether it is worthwhile to penetrate the miasma of semi-demi history to correct the facts or tone. (For instance: Le Corbusier did not invent the chair. Frank Lloyd Wright was never "an Andrew Wyeth" of architecture. And, no, alas, the corporate executors of the glass rowhouses on the Avenue of the Americas wouldn't describe theirs as a "Rue de Regret." They don't "stare up at the barefaced buildings, those great hulking structures they hate so thoroughly." It doesn't make "their head hurt." In fact, they like them. They build them everywhere.)

As a journalist, at any rate, Wolfe does not have the

right stuff — at least not at the right time. His arguments against modern architecture have been around so long that last month a *Progressive Architecture* critic simply took to calling them the "M.A.I.D." (Modern Architecture Is Dead) cliché. One is hard pressed to understand why *Harper's* chose to double-blitz the world with such stale fare, especially when a similiar piece, "The Folly of Modern Architecture," by critic Peter Blake, held forth in much the same manner on the cover of the *Atlantic* back in September of 1974.

Even the mid-stream post taken by Ada Louise Huxtable is more topical reflecting the next step: the Sage Reacts to a Cliche. The *Times's* critic whose pleadings for preservation helped bury the Modern Movement now feels she must quell too much of the same clamoring. In chaffing Wolfe and also Robert Hughes's more knowledgeable invective on PBS's "Shock of the New" for too strident revisionism, she sails on in a rather boringly lofty fashion.

In all this media muchness, I must admit I find Wolfe's intemperate, if dated, verve more amusing than Huxtable's delicate attempts at balance.

Perhaps, then, it is sufficient to be able to smile and watch the jostling, the polemics, the word play. See Wolfe caricature Le Corbusier, for instance, the genius pierced by the social observer's lance:

Le Corbusier was a thin, sallow, nearsighted man who went about on a white bicycle wearing a close-fitting black suit, a white shirt, a black bowler hat. To startled onlookers, he said he dressed in this fashion so as to look as neat and precise and anonymous as possible, to be the perfect mass-producible wire figure for the Machine Age."

Or watch him broadbrush the follies of New York design aficionados:

The Barcelona chair commanded the staggering price of \$550, however, and that was wholesale. When you saw that holy object on the sisal rug, you knew you were in a household where a fledgling architect and his young wife had sacrificed everything to bring the symbol of the godly mission into their home. Five hundred and fifty dollars! She had even given up the diaper service and was doing the diapers by hand. It got to the point where, if I saw a Barcelona chair, no matter where, I immediately — in the classic stimulus-response bond — smelled diapers gone high.

All this is vastly entertaining. And it is fine on a scale of seriousness somewhere between Doonesbury and Garfield the cat (less than the first, more than the second). Yet obviously that is not enough. For good or ill, those of us bothered by the sterile state of the landscape can and must look for "whys" — at Government Center or the John Hancock as seriously as at Three Mile Island — and feel dismay. How did the great dream of the Germans get so corrupted? Where did we/they fail? How, now, can we build afresh or repair the damage?

In the end, Wolfe's approach matters, because it reflects what is wrong with contemporary architecture — both are skin-deep and self-serving. Wolfe, like modern design, suffers from a surfeit of facades, a concern for appearances on the most shallow level. Despite his comments, modern design was a disaster not just because it was stripped and glassy. It was a disaster in urban terms. Translated into an order to strip our cities of their rich disorder for the purity of a Radiant City, modernism created a landscape of high-rises surrounded by rapidly green suburbs and pernicious superhighways. It offered a rationale for an energy-exhausting and technologically grounded environment that replaced the same pedestrian city of the 19th century. In America, the Bauhaus' joy, its manifestoes, its visions were transformed into an

argument for simple solutions. Such solutions were and are always partial ones.

The same must be said for Wolfe's narrow, aesthetic approach to today's architecture. "The first response of the design profession to the alienation of users was a superficial one," said Richard Stein, an energy expert, at last month's American Institute of Architects' convention on the subject of energy. "Deal with the surface, change the decoration, make an historical reference to a less visual complexity of the surface," he went on. "These various tendencies that have been preoccupying our magazines, critics, and architectural schools for the past five or more years deal with the symptoms but not with the actuality of the problem."

The problem — ranging from anemic and drafty high-rises to popping window panes to building that consume 40 percent of America's energy — is more than Wolfe's too-white walls or unornamented buildings. But even if lack of decorative detail were the issue, Wolfe's narrow gaze would miss the point:

There was no circumstance under which a client could have prevailed upon them to incorporate hipped roofs or Italianate cornices or broken pediments or fluted columns or eyebrow lintels or any of the rest of the bourgeois baggage into their designs. Try as they might, they could not make the drafting pencil describe such forms.

Try as you may, we all know, you cannot find the carpenter to create the broken pediments or fluted columns — or plug your uncaulked windows. Even on the subject of architectural frosting, Wolfe, the pundit of social life, ignores the multi-dimensional causes of our architectural malaise. The growth of an ever-more industrial world amid a plethora of political, social, and economic issues went far beyond the power of any designer's drafting pen to alter.

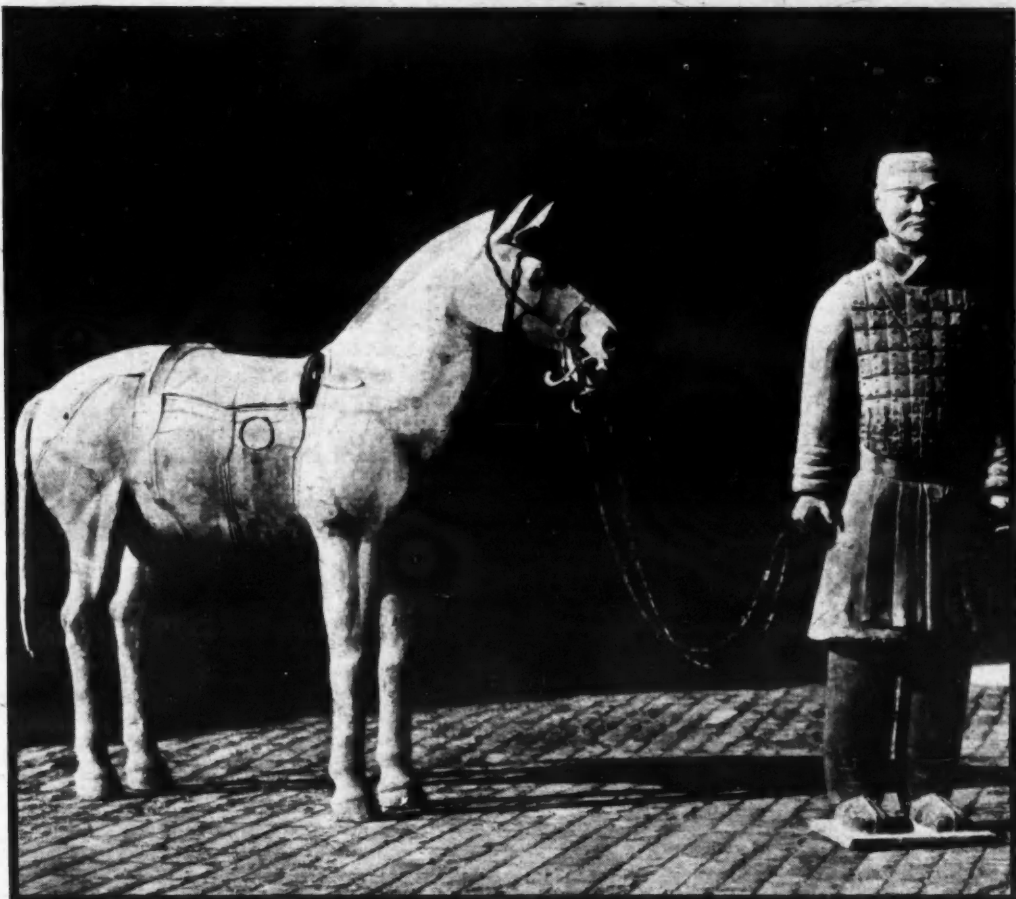
For all their faults, then, contemporary architects are the wrong villains, and in blaming them so exclusively for our mean streets, Wolfe forgets that a scant five or ten percent of our built environment ever "suffers" the touch of a professional designer's hand or admits a philosophical thought beyond profit and loss. Architects as gods? Designers as "Silver Princes"? As Huxtable says, "Most of the time (the architect) is rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic." Ask those poor courtiers around Harvard Square just who commands and who serves.

Only this month, designer Breuer died. Breuer was the last of the Bauhaus expatriates and in many ways the symbol of the dulled knight in armor. His Cesca and Wassily chairs are superb staples; the houses he executed in New England, some with Gropius, are boxy but earth-bound classics; his Whitney Museum is a granite masterpiece. Yet his overblown concrete-sculpture forms for big business and big institutions are the epitome of artistry overreaching itself and its surroundings. And his plan to top Grand Central Station with a tower was monstrous. Where did he — we — go wrong? Wolfe, visually astute even to the point of being a better-than-amateur caricaturist, has the capacity to explore why. The pity is, he hasn't done so.

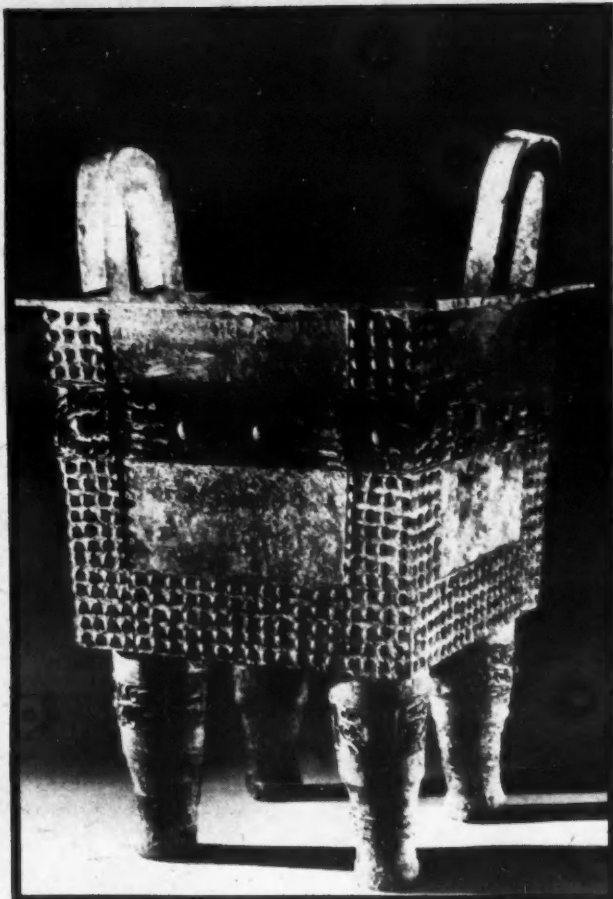
"Man comes and goes, the building, the street, the town remain," Breuer also wrote. "To build, in final appraisal, is not to play a role, not to take a vote, not to give an opinion; it is a passion, basic . . . the bread we eat. The final significance of architecture is surely beyond pure form, beyond pure use, beyond just a roof over our head, beyond just human sentiment, beyond just the product of the market." The men and women of the Bauhaus had such heroic dreams, and the passion to do nothing less than right the world through design. If the passions became trendy fashions and the visionary impulses narrowed, they deserve to be mourned and probed more than belittled. It is a time when we could use more Silver Knights trying, however foolishly, to save the world through Beauty. Instead, we have Wolfe, like the facade-firsters whom he attacks, blinding us with the flash of high style. And when his comet falls, the night is just as dim.

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A cavalryman and his horse



A massive cauldron: decoration or communication?

On the western front

Checking out the new wing at the MFA

by Kenneth Baker

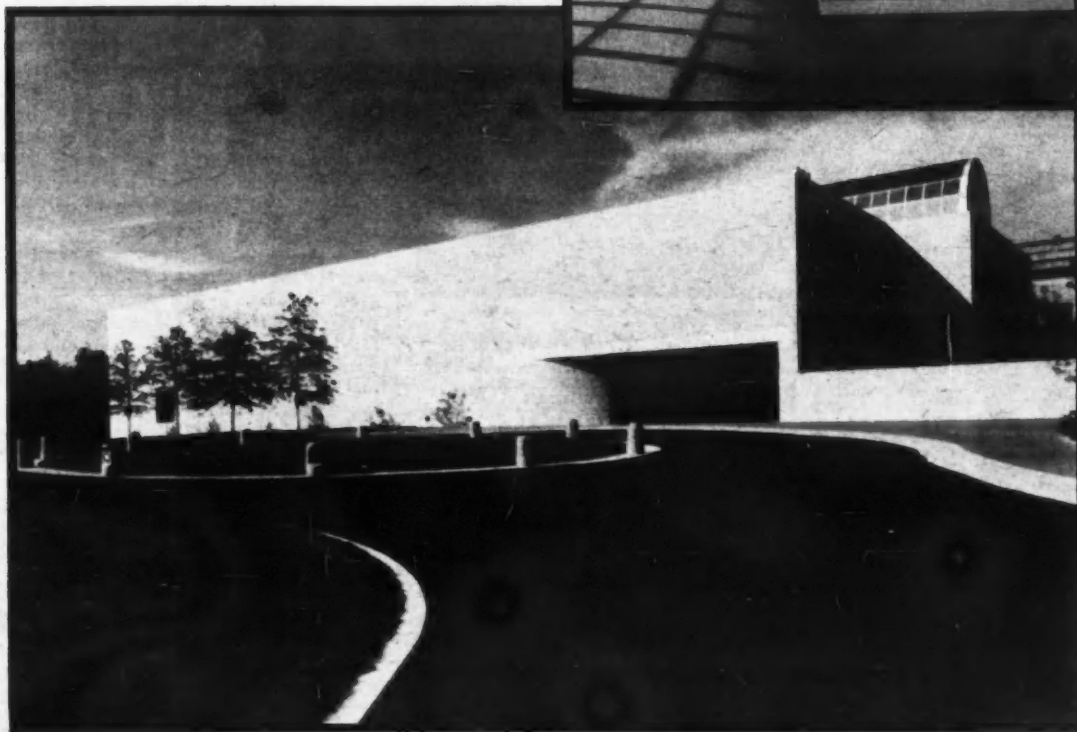
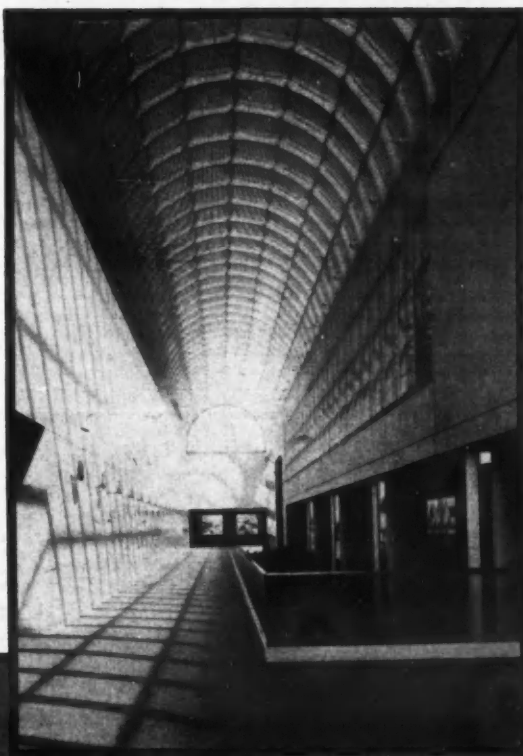
On July 22, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts opened to the public its new West Wing, the first phase in the museum's \$22-million revitalization plan (the second phase is the installation of climate control throughout the original building). Designed by I.M. Pei, the West Wing adds 80,000 square feet of exhibition space to the museum, incorporating an expanded bookshop, a new restaurant and indoor cafe, the offices of the Education Department, and a lavish new auditorium where an extended schedule of concerts, lectures, and film screenings is planned.

The design of the new wing reflects the museum's announced intention to attract more people to its special exhibitions and related events. With independent climate control and security systems, the West Wing can be kept open for long hours at minimal cost.

I have visited the new wing twice, but I have yet to see how well it will accommodate large numbers. With only a few people there the space is dramatically generous and airy — I can't imagine it ever seeming congested, even by a big crowd. One explanation for this impression may be the 52-foot-high glass barrel vault that runs the length of the building and connects various access points. The daylight that pours through the vault dispels the stuffy institutional atmosphere traditional to museums and associated with the Boston Museum's main structure (especially in summer).

Daylight is also the key to the superior design of the new Graham Gund Gallery. Here the ceiling is divided into square coffered skylights, with special glass screens that filter out the ultraviolet rays so dangerous to art objects. Tracks around the perimeter of each skylight al-

low for the addition of artificial fill lighting to supplement the abundant daylight. The installation of cool-white fluorescents above each skylight's glass produces a daylight effect even during evening exhibition hours and



affords consistent viewing conditions. From the museum's point of view, this lighting system may be the most important design feature in the building.

Seen from the outside, the West Wing has the cool, corporate look we have come to expect from I.M. Pei — the exterior is so monolithic that one is relieved to see how articulated and understated the interior is. I hope the food served in the new restaurant and cafe can meet the expectations raised by the comfortable and uncluttered finish of the environment.

The installation of "The Great Bronze Age of China" should convince the most skeptical visitor of the effectiveness of the new Gund Gallery's design. I cannot recall having seen an exhibition more perfectly integrated into an institutional space. Part of the brilliance of the skylight system is that it precludes the contrived theatricality that museums so often resort to when they mount exhibitions intended to have the broadest possible appeal. The soft, even daylight within the gallery calls for a clean and open installation, which is just what the Chinese bronzes have been given.

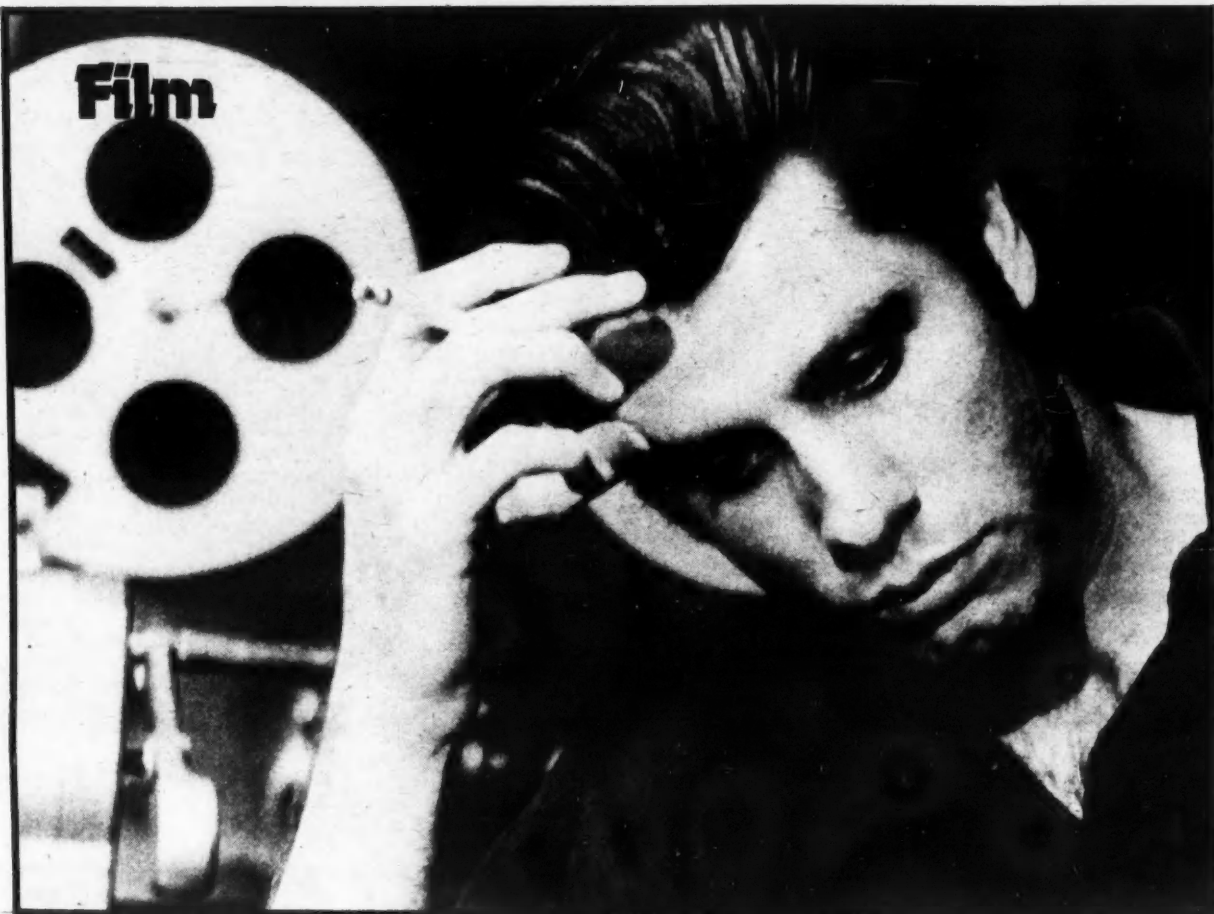
"The Great Bronze Age of China" collects some of the most remarkable Chinese archaeological discoveries of the past decade, dating from 2000 to 200 BC. Many of these artifacts were apparently ritual or ceremonial objects, having been found in the tombs of ancient Chinese rulers.

One thing that makes these bronzes grist for a mass-audience exhibition is their status as artifacts without meaning. Except to scholars of Chinese culture or people literate in the Chinese language, they are nothing more than ancient and beautiful curiosities. The troublesome issues of interpretation simply don't arise very often in this show, and where they might, they are handled by explanatory labels and wall murals. A handsomely produced (and reasonably priced) catalogue provides a more considered and scholarly treatment of the artifacts for anyone who wants academic detail; but for most people, the wealth of visual riches presented by the objects themselves will be amply absorbing.

The central experience of an exhibition like this (apart from the enjoyment of astonishing craft) is the contact we make with the objects. What aspect of our own culture can we feel reflected in the food and wine containers unearthed in ancient China? Perhaps only the impulse to make and to decorate. The most remarkable features of the Chinese bronzes — to those of us who have not tried our hands at bronze casting — are their decorative details. Scholars are still arguing over whether the nearly abstract patterns that adorn the most ancient of these objects are pure decoration or whether they have symbolic or communicative significance. No resolution is in sight, but the ingenuities of design are a wonder regardless.

Occasionally, an exhibition label provides information that affects the way you see the object. You may have recognized the Anyang axhead decorated with a stylized human face for what it is, but your response is apt to be much more visceral when you learn that it was apparently used to perform human sacrifices (it was found among the remains of 48 decapitated victims). Such information reminds you just how remote these objects really are.

Exhibitions like this one (part of a cultural exchange between the United States and the People's Republic sponsored in part by the Coca-Cola Company) always make me wonder just what people are expected to think. Are they supposed to regard this as another form of entertainment? As education? Are they supposed to thrill to the rarity and preciousness of these objects? I cannot help feeling that such exhibitions are tacitly intended to instill and sustain that awe of the official that keeps so many people in this society from taking their own lives and perceptions seriously. □



Travolta listening

The sound and the fury

Brian De Palma gets serious

by Stephen Schiff

BLOW OUT. Written and directed by Brian De Palma. Photography by Vilmos Zsigmond. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Dennis Franz, and John Lithgow. At the Cheri, the Chestnut Hill, and the Sack Somerville, and in the suburbs.

"What is he? A Peeping Tom?" We're hearing the voice of a woman, a woman held in the arms of her lover, on a solitary river bank. Above them, on the bridge, the Peeping Tom stands, a dab of white against the night sky. He's not watching, really, but listening, a long microphone in his hand and a tape recorder strapped to his side. The woman and her lover leave, and the man with the microphone listens to the wind. He hears a thudding gulp, and in the foreground, we see a frog slither into the water. An

owl hoots, and as the microphone sniffs the air, the owl appears, looking quizzically out at us; it, too, is a Peeping Tom, a watcher being watched. And then there is a screech, and an oddly muffled crack; the owl turns to look, and so does the microphone man. And so do we. A car comes hurtling out of the night, skidding and twisting desperately, like an animal in a stampede. It crashes through the railing on the bridge, past the Peeping Tom and into the water below. And the voyeur leaps in after it. As the car sinks, gasping and bubbling like a creature in a tar pit, the Peeping Tom finds himself looking through its window at a strange and thrilling sight: a girl in the front seat, half-drowned but still alive, and, in the back seat, a dead man. And then the Peeping Tom does what no Peeping Tom ever does. He breaks through the win-

dow into the world he has been watching, and he saves the girl. It's a moment of mad courage and commitment, a life-changing, ruinous, rapturous moment. As the girl emerges through the car window and into the man's arms, her dress swirls around her like some magical raiment, and she rises to the surface, billowing, like an angel. What the voyeur doesn't know is that she wasn't really supposed to be there, and that the man in the back seat is Governor McRyan, the front-running candidate for the presidency of the United States. And what he only suspects now — and what his tape recording will later confirm — is that the accident was no accident. The Peeping Tom has seen — or, rather, heard — a murder.

The story calls to mind a half-dozen

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Ice cream noir

by Alan Stern

CUTTER'S WAY. Directed by Ivan Passer. Written by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. Based on the novel "Cutter and Bone," by Newton Thornburg. With Jeff Bridges, John Heard, Lisa Eichhorn, Ann Dusenberry, and Stephen Elliot. At the Nickelodeon.

The strange case of Ivan (*Intimate Lighting*) Passer's *Cutter's Way* could serve as a warning to any director who presumes to buck the strictures of genre. For this is a thriller with muddled motivations and an ambiguous resolution, an angry rant that's too flip, funny, and scrumptious-looking to be taken seriously. The ad-men never did figure out how to sell it, and when the film opened in New York last March, under the title of *Cutter and Bone* (the movie is based on Newton Thornburg's novel of the same name), the daily reviewers — expecting maybe a story about a surgeon and an osteopath — didn't know what to make of it. And so, in the wake of *Heaven's Gate*, petulant notices and public apathy caused United Artists to withdraw the film after a two-day run. Had not *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *Village Voice* rallied to the cause, *Cutter and Bone* would probably have disappeared, following a short stint on Home Box Office. It's now back in circulation, re-



Jeff Bridges and John Heard

leased through UA Classics — the United Artists distributing arm set up to handle "highbrow" films — and gussied up with a new title.

It ought to come as no surprise, then, that *Cutter's Way* is neither a masterpiece nor a disgrace. It is an original — a film that attempts to resolve opposites, confound expectations, and set its own quirky, syncopated rhythms. The tone of the movie is reflected in the extraordinary cinematography. The atmosphere, as rendered by Jordan Cronenweth's camera, is almost palpable: day scenes are photographed through the gauzy Santa Barbara haze, interior light filters through Venetian blinds and thick clouds of dust,

and in the night scenes, the glare of neon is diffused through downpour, drizzle, or fog. The images should be harsh and remote, but instead they're soft and rich-hued. The *noirish* compositions are filled in with an ice-cream palette; the alienating subject matter is made attractive by intimate lighting. It all might induce dread — if it didn't look quite so yummy.

It takes a while to become attuned to the film's frequencies, so if the new, Proustian title attracts a more patient audience, the repackaging may have been worth it. And this sense of limbo is exactly what *Cutter's Way* is about. Alex Cutter (John Heard) and Richard Bone

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Second sight

Escape to 'New York'

by Owen Gleiberman

NEW YORK, NEW YORK. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Written by Earl Mac Rauch and Mardik Martin. With Robert De Niro, Liza Minnelli, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, and Mary Kay Place. At the Nickelodeon.

When Martin Scorsese's *New York, New York* opened in 1977, the film struck me as a bizarre cinematic mutant. Using '40s musical-comedy conventions as an ironic backdrop to a darkly contemporary story, Scorsese created the sort of moody, idiosyncratic movie that most people couldn't even be bothered to ponder — much less like. Well, like it or not, *New York, New York* is back, and Scorsese has added something new — a lavish, splendidly shot musical production number, featuring Liza Minnelli and a chorus of high-stepping dancers. Entitled "Happy Endings," this extravagant sequence is, by itself, something of a marvel, and it lends the movie a pleasing thematic symmetry. (It also extends the film's length to a whopping two and three-quarters hours.) Scorsese's original notion was to demonstrate how the myth of the "happy ending" had become a painful, heart-wrenching lie; at the same time, he reveled in the stylistic frosting that helped make the myth so attractive in the first place. In the altered version, after good-natured, vulnerable Francine Evans (Minnelli) and paranoid bebopper Jimmy Doyle (Robert De Niro) have put each other through the emotional Cuisinart for a couple of hours, it's hauntingly beautiful to see Minnelli in an anachronistic song-and-dance number, bright-eyed with optimism. Scorsese's bittersweet vision of Hollywood sentimentality finally comes to life; before, it seemed something of an academic conceit.

Still, with or without "Happy Endings," *New York, New York* deserves — no, demands — a second look; it may be one of those strangely conceived films that a single viewing simply can't do justice to. Although maddeningly flawed, *New York, New York* brims with raw emotion. Scorsese guides his two lead performers through an astonishing spectrum of feelings, evoking the ups and downs of an actual love affair (and how many movies can you really say that about?). And De Niro's performance gives off a complex assortment of weird vibes. In *Raging Bull*, he was just a self-punishing son-of-a-bitch, begging to be crucified. Here, he mixes Jimmy Doyle's self-destructiveness with a sense of hope and desire; even his most sadistic tantrums strike a note of sympathy.

As an experiment in form, *New York, New York* still sounds better on paper than it looks on film. The playing of volatile scenes against obviously fake studio sets seems an arty mannerism, and the film's most lighthearted, "movie-ish" bits (like the protracted opening pickup sequence) pall quickly. But the big surprise (to me, at least) is how compelling the picture is as tumultuous melodrama. Scorsese begins with old-movie clichés — such as the classic bit about a married couple's clashing over the woman's burgeoning career — and turns them into poetic psychodrama. Although Jimmy Doyle never reaches the psychotic extremes of Travis Bickle or Johnny Boy, De Niro is still a wizard at communicating how it feels to be trapped inside a cloud of rage. Jimmy is an intuitive yet tortured soul, too self-possessed to love anyone completely. Francine Evans is a simpler character, but just as fully realized; like De Niro, Minnelli isn't afraid to reveal her character's innermost workings. It's the contrast between the pair's convoluted dreams and the rather simple romantic plot that makes the movie such involving drama.

Along with Coppola and Spielberg, Scorsese is probably our most "musical"

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It's not enough

by Carolyn Clay

THAT'S ALL THE LOVE I GOT . . . by George Tibbles. Directed by Sheldon Keller. Set designed by Gene McAvoy. Costumes by Eileen Olsen. Lighting by Noel Catherwood. Music by Leon DeLyon. With Kaye Ballard, Marisa Pavan, Frank Loverde, Lisa Mordente, and Vincent Guastafarro. At the Charles Playhouse through July 26.

That's *All the Love I Got . . .* is a sitcom set in the urban jungle, in which the lion lies down with the lamb — on a whoopee cushion. Actually, the lion here is a juvenile-delinquent couple bent on stealing televisions (as opposed to stealing plots from television, a crime of which the play is guilty), and the lambs are two Italian sisters closer in age to stewing mutton. The foursome is brought together, in the midst of an attempted robbery, by the ladies' brother, a karate-chopping priest who thinks inner-city terror can be combated by love and cheap laughs. The whole thing is so inane that you begin to suspect the muggers in playwright George Tibbles's neighborhood are performing free lobotomies with their switchblades.

Thank God (who figures importantly in the plot) for Kaye Ballard, who proves once again that she has more talent than taste in material. (Remember *The Mothers-in-Law*?) Ballard plays Pina Bazzuzzi, a black-draped, tough-talking widow with legs like Italian sausages and an accent like Chef Saluto's. Pina lives with her spinster sister Amalia (Marisa Pavan) in "a tenement apartment in a rough neighborhood." But there is no sisterly love lost between the two, who haven't spoken for five years — except when necessary for the sake of the plot — and have the apartment divided into two equally tacky enclaves. The decor is defined by dueling carpets. And the place is barricaded as if it were Fort Knox. After all, you never know when the "youngie punkies" will find a good fence for religious statuary and praying-hands pictures.

Among Pina and Amalia's differences is their attitude toward the menace outside. Pina carries an umbrella with a point like an ice pick, her plan being to skewer anybody who messes with her "right in the tortellini." If she has to live in the jungle, she says, she'd rather be a tiger than a chicken. Amalia, on the other hand, clucks on about civilization and her discontent but refuses to resort to violence. It wouldn't go with her outfits, which are lavender, pink, and prim.

When their brother the Father (Frank Loverde) shows up, Pina and Amalia describe their terror. To hear them tell it, they're living in the middle of *West Side Story*. And maybe they are, because the next thing we know, there's a knock at the door and in bursts Chita Rivera's daughter, Lisa Mordente, who plays Maria (as in "I just met a girl named . . ."), the female ripper-offer. She and boyfriend Romo (Vincent Guastafarro) just want to filch and run, but the priest, who was a chaplain in Korea, fells Romo with a few quick chops "just-a like-a



Marisa Pavan, Kaye Ballard, Vincent Guastafarro, Lisa Mordente



Christian Clemenso, Grace Shohet, Nick Wyse, Christopher Randolph

Bruce-a Lee." After which they call the police, right? Or they throw the bums out? No, what they do is give them baths and dress them up funny, Maria in a turquoise bathrobe and boots, Romo in a priest's caftan and pink slippers with little puffs on top. Then, of course, they hear the story of the would-be thieves' sad childhoods. (It turns out that the priest had baptized Romo and conveniently remembers all his multisyllabic middle names.) It is the priest's plan to hold the crooks captive so they will get to know the people they pillage, see the error of their ways, and presumably sign themselves into reform school or the CYO.

The only one who seems to think this is a crock is Pina — this endears her to us

immediately. Begrudgingly, she goes along with the crackpot plan because brother Carlo convinces her that Jesus will jinx her otherwise. But she never misses a chance to poke Romo in the toes with her parasol or to threaten Maria, who responds by offering her a joint disguised as a Marlboro. Pina, who smokes incessantly because "I gotta do something with my lungs," thinks the "Marlboro" is just fine. "I used to smoke Camels, now I'm seeing 'em," she muses into the pleasant fog that surrounds her. All this is very silly, of course, but Ballard sucks what comedy she can from it — like a nicotine addict making the most of a low-tar cigarette. Even the way she says "Marlboro" is pretty funny.

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cent Paul Mahler is natural and likable as Noah, a well-meaning but insensitive know-it-all whose intelligence enables him to dominate the others. John Hickok, as the vagrant con-man and dreamer who promises rain but delivers the hope of love, is a triple-threat romantic lead who can sing, play guitar, and take off his shirt. He is less convincing when displaying his supposedly miraculous powers, because he doesn't project the casualness of a person to whom magic is an everyday affair. Among the supporting players, Charles Harper is a gracious and shrewd sheriff, and he supplies a strong tenor voice from offstage. Philip Hebert and Thom Carroll are funny and endearing as Klutzo Lover and Dumbbell Little Brother, respectively.

On the night I attended, however, the general illusion of rainlessness was severely hampered — the theater's back door was open (to air out the place and provide another exit for the actors), and outside, life was not imitating art. On the contrary, the rain was splattering like

'B-Flat' is sharp

by Alan Stern

SUICIDE IN B-FLAT by Sam Shepard. Directed by R.J. Cutler. Lighting and set designed by David van Taylor. Costumes by Ellen Bach. Special effects by Peter Miller and Steve Freilich. With Stephen Drury, Christian Clemenson, Christopher Randolph, Nick Wyse, Grace Shohet, Brian McCue, and Bonnie Zimmering. Presented by the Harvard Summer Theater Ensemble, at the Loeb Drama Center, through July 26.

Sam Shepard is everyone's favorite shaman of the theater, and maybe that's what's bugging him. True visionaries aren't supposed to be appreciated in their lifetimes; their heightened sensitivities, their ability to see beyond the trappings of tradition, tend to make people nervous and angry. Of course, life in the real world is no picnic for the visionary, either; eventually there comes a time for a little psychic housekeeping, for roots to be severed and old inspirations discarded. As *Suicide in B-Flat* tells us, ritual exorcism is called for.

Apparently 1976 was Shepard's year to be obsessed with such issues. In *Angel City* (which the Court Theater produced last spring), the artist — a medicine man named Rabbit Brown — is summoned to save a major film studio from disaster, but he unleashes a disaster-movie Armageddon instead. In *Suicide in B-Flat*, which is being given its Boston premiere by the Harvard Summer Theater Ensemble, the artist's task is even more pressing: his own soul is at stake. Niles, perhaps the most paranoid of Shepard's author-clones, is a jazz musician whose specialty is music of such high frequency that not even dogs can hear it (that's why he can't sell it). But after pioneering a series of musical breakthroughs — inventing notes that "not even the Chinese have heard of," doing away with dominant sevenths, experimenting with "visual music" — he experiences an artistic crisis. Voices, he says, are crowding him, clogging his brain, keeping him from doing anything new. And so, with the help of Paulette, a gun moll or netherworld tour guide (take old identity, to kill those voices and cut all ties with the past. He dresses in a cowboy outfit, she shoots an arrow into his back, and — poing! — there goes the American folk-myth connection. Next comes black tie and tails, a shot in the dark, and — BAM! — he's free of the '30s supper-club influence.

Meanwhile, on some other level of theatrical existence, Louis and Pablo, a couple of inept gumshoes, have been ransacking Niles's apartment, where a corpse has been found with its face blown off. Speaking in an amalgam of hard-boiled clichés (i.e., "you're as fishy as a cat in heat"), they circle around the chalked outline of the body and bicker until two members of Niles's combo arrive for their practice session. The detectives — who represent, I suppose, repressive society — and the musicians are on such different wavelengths, they can't even agree on basic facts. Petrone, a spacy saxophonist

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Stormy weather

by Andy Gaus

THE RAINMAKER by N. Richard Nash. Directed by Arthur B. Feinsod. Set designed by Paul Dedell. Lighting by Richard Fairbanks. Costumes by Sherry Stidolph. Sound by Edmund Watts. With Barry Doe, Vincent Paul Mahler, Thom Carroll, Sarah Kindleberger, Philip Hebert, Charles Harper, and John Hickok. At the Peoples Theater, in repertory with "Pins and Needles," through August 30.

The *Rainmaker*, N. Richard Nash's '50s romance of a Western farm county thirsting for rain, a young woman thirsting for love, and a vagabond dreamer who promises to address both needs, is decidedly a potboiler: a soap opera with musical-comedy char-

acters so bluntly typecast they could be called Smarty, Dummy, and Ingenue. But it's a well-crafted potboiler, with no shortage of turns and twists to the action, and the Peoples Theater ensemble, directed by Arthur B. Feinsod, performs it as if it mattered a lot. As a result, this production is both funny and gripping. All it needed on the night I attended was less real rain and more recorded thunder.

As Lizzy, a less-than-gorgeous young woman about to resign herself to spinsterhood, Sarah Kindleberger commands our sympathy with an expressive, articulate face that's hard not to read loud and clear. Barry Doe, as Lizzy's dad, also has an arresting face; you think maybe you glimpsed it once long ago, behind a counter in the diner of your dreams. Vin-

machine-gun fire, with earth-shaking thunderclaps every now and then, and it was hard to ignore the stage manager's opening and closing the door and helping the actors with their umbrellas. This went on through the first act and much of the second. Then, when the real rain finally stopped and the dramatized rain arrived, it was accompanied by a "thunder" sound-effect so feeble that it might qualify as a fart.

In spite of all this, the audience was clearly hooked, individually and collectively. At times, its audible disapproval almost prevented characters from voicing unpopular sentiments; and when the sheriff and his deputy arrived to take Mr. Romance away, I thought they might need tear gas to deal with the onlookers.

The Rainmaker runs perhaps a bit long at two hours and 40 minutes, but only the love scenes sometimes feel slow. The production has got to be better on a clear night, though. Call weather information (936-1234) before reserving tickets. □

Music



Alan Gratzner, Bruce Hall, Kevin Cronin, Gary Richrath, Neal Doughty

REO steps on it

Will success change Big Mack boogie?

by Deborah Frost

Q: What is the sound of America munching?
A: Oreos Speedwagon.

Until it came up with this cookie (romantic vanilla squeezed between power-chord crackers), REO Speedwagon was what you said when you meant "Big in the Midwest." For more than a decade, it was an amorphous American band with a "Have guitar will boogie" card. And before *Hi-In-fidelity*, 1981's platinum success story, REO seemed likely to keep pushin' the same heavy bar-band hash it'd been pushing for 10 years until it rolled with the changes and boogied on out into oblivion. As big in the Midwest as REO supposedly was, it took the band seven albums before one went gold. Live, REO was dependable. And consistent. Unfortunately, the best rock 'n' roll doesn't have a whole lot to do with either of those qualities. Perhaps because REO was formed as a party band, its standard operating procedure was, "Let us entertain you" — as opposed to excite, maybe, or

educate, even. Its eagerness to please was always a contradiction to the terms of the music — consequently, REO's bombast didn't slap, only tickle. But being nice guys kept the members working — audiences didn't talk back, headliners didn't pull plugs. And if REO did manage to entertain, it wasn't because the band's recitation of rock ABCs was grand, extraordinary, or even virtuosic — only that it was so familiar.

Still, how can we resist one of these "hard work ultimately rewards the middle-class hero" tales — even if the end result has all of the challenge of a fornicator? *Hi-In-fidelity* is the upbeat coda to REO's travelogues of woe, the vindication of the morale boosters and fighting anthems that sustained eight preceding albums and Lord knows how many one-night stands: "Roll with the Changes," "Only the Strong Survive," "Ridin' the Storm Out." What's funny, though, is that REO remains in many ways as undistinguished as ever, perpetuating every dreary rock cliché (from the smoke that makes Alan Gratzner's drums look as if they were sitting over a sub-

way grate to Gary Richrath's fretting and Kevin Cronin's frontman *manque*). The only thing we want to know is how this regional bridesmaid finally caught national stardom's bouquet.

REO's early records are reminders of the days when any long-hair could walk down Hollywood Boulevard and come back with a recording contract. But unlike most of the era's one-shots, the band that tried to impose "Sophisticated lady, trying to change my ways/Just because you're caught in a social mess" upon a Leslie West guitar gridlock refused to roll over and die. If the members weren't committed to any better cause, they were, despite some personnel turbulence, committed to each other. What you wonder, as you listen to *A Decade of Rock and Roll*, a compilation released in *Hi-In-fidelity's* wake, is what happens to bands this crude today. What you hear are all the mistakes REO made as it grew up on vinyl. Perhaps "grew" is the wrong word — "learned to boogie" is probably better. The photos that accompany *Decade* are instructive, too. These aren't style- or trendsetters — or even men who've been

digesting the influences of novel places, cultures, events. What we see are slightly goofy, smalltown hippie rockers turning into LA musicians. And *Hi-In-fidelity* is the closest REO Speedwagon has come to making the Eagles record it's been gunning for ever since it moved to California.

Live at the Garden last week, REO didn't come off like the pop confectioners who've dominated the charts and radio for months. The effect was closer to giant gypsy-moth caterpillars pupating in one's ear canal. The sound was God-awful. When Kevin Cronin talked, he might have been Mr. Rogers on helium, gaily chirping, "We're a band that likes to keep the party going onstage and off!" His satin suit was the one everyone who wanted to be Rod Stewart went for in 1974. Unlike many prime-time rock acts, REO in its show replicated the ambiance not of a pricy studio but of a big garage. You figure, though, that these guys probably haven't heard themselves in 11 years — what do they care? The staging (and this, too, is odd in the major leagues) was strictly from the Theater of No Imagination. But one look at the composition of the crowd confirmed what I felt the first time I heard Cronin blow out, "He's hot" on "Don't Let Him Go," the single that started *Hi-Infi's* snowball: REO Speedwagon knows what girls like.

Girls, I'm talking about. Not women. I haven't seen so many girls at a concert since I don't know when. And they weren't screaming or tearing off their underwear, any of the usual things, just sitting there in those jeans Brooke Shields pushes, mouthing the words of the songs that have been killing them softly all year long: "Keep On Loving You," "Take It on the Run," "Tough Guys." Oh, there were boys, too. And the boys who were there seemed, for the most part, to be with girls — all of which is supposed to be the way it is in regular life but usually isn't at most rock shows.

The key to REO's current popularity is how it's turned its recorded sound and its attitude around — both have become sensitized. The best songs are acoustically centered — with the melody way out front. And instead of trying to seduce, Cronin seems to be identifying with the woman — whether it's telling the tough guys to get lost or accepting the other men in "Keep on Loving You" (a little morality wrench I find kind of interesting). And though the band has learned a trick or two from the Eagles — the oohs and ahs, the punching in of accents — as well as trying to write character sketches and third-person scenes, it's not quite as clever, or as glib. REO sticks to the speed limit, not the fast lane. It seems to talk directly to its audience, not from above them. Too bad we all can't reduce everything to the same snap decisions. As for the guitar solo, I missed it. A boy was bothering some girls in the ladies' room. He quit when I told him. I think he thought I was the teacher. Or something. □

Jazz by the book

by Bob Blumenthal

Despite the efforts of Midwestern music collectives and foreign record companies, New York remains the center of the jazz universe. When jazz suffered a slump in the period around 1970, Manhattan activity dropped off accordingly. In the last half-dozen years or so, however, it has once again become the case that when the aspiring wish to be discovered, the absent wish to return, and the established wish to validate their achievements, they all do it in New York. The New York critic has an unmatched array of musics competing for his attention. Studios, lofts, and other performance spaces house the new music; bars and supper-clubs feature vocalists and piano or guitar soloists in intimate settings; tourist spots on West 54th Street have become permanent beachheads for mainstream veterans; and various neighborhoods generate their own appealing fusions (Latin jazz in the Hispanic sections, for example). If the jazz critic happens to have the beat for a major New York publication, he (sorry, no "or she" applies) is also swamped with recordings, domestic and foreign, new and reissued, legal and bootlegged, from artist-producers and small jazz labels and major companies. From this wealth of re-

sources, the New York critic can compile an essential chronicle of the jazz that contemporary musicians perform and contemporary audiences enjoy.

This potential might be justification enough for the appearance of Gary Giddins' *Riding on a Blue Note* and Whitney Balliett's *Night Creature*, two collections of jazz criticism recently published by Oxford University Press. (Jazz critics are already fighting over the remaining Duke Ellington tunes — the loser will get "The Mooche.") Giddins (in the *Village Voice*) and Balliett (in the *New Yorker*) have written about the late '70s jazz renaissance on a regular basis in their respective publications, but it is not simply regularity that has placed these writers in such high esteem. Listeners have come to rely on Giddins and Balliett for their depth of knowledge, expository elegance, and a passionate commitment to at least some facets of jazz.

Giddins and Balliett are master stylists in a field heavily populated by opinionated non-writers. Style is not everything, however, because verbal eloquence can often disguise questionable taste. With so many options available to the New York critic, selectivity and emphasis become especially telling. The complete jazz critic

must cover the important publicized events but also direct attention to performers of merit with less name recognition, must approach supposed new waves and new messiahs skeptically yet remain open to various trends that shape the public perception of what jazz is, and must bring perspective and an overriding aesthetic to the music without settling for grandiose oversimplification. On these counts, Giddins registers strongly, Balliett better than expected.

Riding on a Blue Note: Jazz & American Pop is the first collected volume that Giddins has produced, and it draws mainly from pieces that have appeared in the *Voice* since 1973. The three dozen essays are only a fraction of the "Riffs" and "Weather Birds" Giddins has produced during this period, and they have been arranged in four categories: "Singers," "Instrumentalists," "Composers and Movements," and a series of interviews/profiles entitled "Adventures in the Jazz Trade." Within these bounds, Giddins shows off his musical and literary skills. He reports on various encounters with Cecil Taylor and on a Sarah Vaughan concert series; affectionately eulogizes Ethel Waters, Joe Venuti, and Charles Mingus; displays his knack for revealing the essence of his subjects, whether in interview (especially the hilarious Red Rodney article) or in more personal reflections (like those on Art Pepper and Frank Sinatra's *Trilogy*). He is also willing to plead the case of the under-appreciated and the forgotten, and

his profiles of such figures as Otis Blackwell, Jack Teagarden, and Donald Lambert are among the finest in the book.

Giddins is also fond, in his own words, of "listening beyond categories and trying to make connections" — in other words, drawing his own conclusions about familiar music. After 30 years of praise for Charlie Parker's "Embraceable You," it was Giddins who discovered that the solo's main motif is probably borrowed from "A Table in the Corner," a negligible ballad recorded by Artie Shaw in 1939. The connections are discussed most extensively, and register most impressively, in "Singers," where the influence of black music on popular white entertainers is traced over the course of the century. With the disdain that jazz critics have traditionally shown for white imitators, Giddins labels this borrowing "minstrelsy," but he goes on to note that "aesthetically, it is the key with which some of our more intelligent white performers unlocked the doors to their own individualities." Thus he ties Bing Crosby to Ethel Waters and Louis Armstrong, and considers the debt Elvis Presley owed Otis Blackwell. He also recognizes that commercial pressures inevitably create counterforces through which blacks tone down their act for white consumption, as in the unsuccessful marketing of Bobby Bland. This larger vision, looking beyond single artists and performances, provides a thematic coherence one rarely finds in anthologies.

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Cellars by starlight

The hills are alive with C&W

by Doug Simmons

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO — The Jamboree in the Hills, sponsored by WWVA (Wheeling, West Virginia), the East Coast's dominant country-music station, has become the C&W extravaganza of the summer. According to the station, more than 50,000 people turned out last weekend for its fifth annual two-day event, 18 hours of music and more than 30 acts. The crowd gathered 15 miles west of Wheeling, in the 150-acre Brush Run Park, a reclaimed strip mine that has been shaped into a broad grassy amphitheater, with a large stage (resembling an open-sided barn) built on the lowest edge of the basin. Most of the people sat on lawn chairs, coolers, and blankets on the slope in front of the stage, and they in turn were surrounded by a perimeter of canvas awnings, under which the older folks and children sat. The sun was hot, the air moist, and the breeze slight. There was one relief: drinking.

I've never been to a bigger beer blast, and, frankly, acres of drunken rednecks intimidate me. Rebel flags waved listlessly alongside the red, white, and blue, and early on in the first day, inebriated patriots were already clotting the aisles. It's fair to say that most of the people there were feeling the brew, and, to a lesser extent, the reefer. These people, in other words, were royally fucked up, but they were also there to enjoy the music. I didn't see a fight. Casual conversations quickly established that this was a crowd of working people in their late 20s/early 30s — many of them coal miners, steel workers, auto workers, and truck drivers — who felt comfortable in the rowdy milieu. Most men were shirtless, and many women wore swimsuits. From a distance, the gathering appeared to be a big mass of white, sweaty, rollicking flesh. (I saw only one black the entire weekend.)

The crowd was so happy with its own sense of solidarity that the music itself (the reason why I was there) was of little consequence, merely the excuse for the party. In fact, it was embarrassingly easy to excite the crowd. One of the first acts, Helen Cornelius, who only five or six years ago saw "I Don't Want To Have To Marry You" banned from many stations because it approved of pre-marital sex, used the same song to rally the youthful crowd. But then she overwhelmed everyone, young and old, with a simple "God Bless America," which caused the first of what would be many mass patriotic outbursts. (My favorite button in the crowd read: "Iran Still Sucks.") The people stood, removed their hats, waved them in the air, and sang their hearts out. Their intensity was unsettling, but at the same time I couldn't help being moved. (In contrast, West Virginia governor Jay Rockefeller was

tepidly received and even booed.) Many of the performers, when their shows lagged, would push the red-blooded button; only a few could raise spirits without demagoguery. Hoyt Axton's set — a honky-tonk joy from his first song on — reached every lunch-box toter and housewife. ("Work your fingers to the bone and whaddaya get?/Bony fingers/Bony fingers.") Tom T. Hall, one of the least pretentious and most genuinely light-hearted acts, united the crowd in a sing-along of "The Beer Song." ("I like beer/It makes me a jolly good fellow.") Everyone went nuts.

For the most part, however, the music was one Holiday Inn act after another, albeit on a much larger scale. Even people I was excited about seeing, like Conway Twitty and to a lesser extent Billy "Crash" Craddock, were nothing but show-biz clichés, ingratiating pretty boys. Twitty, whose voice, rock-hard but capable of soaring, is one of country's most distinctive, has become an avuncular sex symbol only a few years shy of being a dirty ol' man. Unlike Elvis's or Jerry Lee's, Twitty's bursting libido seems smarmy, as witnessed by the man who held up a sign saying: "My wife loves Conway." Another sign, paraphrasing one of his hits, proclaimed: "Conway, you can lay me down anytime." Craddock, on the other hand, can still pass as youthful in his white-suited, narrow-waisted, blow-dried manner, and the women packed the stagefront to watch this former Elvis Presley imitator gyrate his hips. But in both instances, the aroused action near the stage was more fun than the performers were.

But even lesser acts created a sensation. The bubbly and vacuous Margo Smith earned her cheers with a dazzling yodeling segment, but she stole even more by sucking up to the moms and dads with Mandrell sister cutesiness. At her press conference, she mentioned several times that she'd been a cheerleader in high school and college, and she told us that she believed it was an entertainer's responsibility to look good. ("After all, the first word of show business is 'show.'") Although funnier, Ray Stevens was just as empty. His show, like his career, depended on his novelty songs — "Ahab the Arab," "Gitarzen," and "The Streak." (When he makes an album, he told us, "I look at what I got and take whatever is the most commercial.") His act is essentially a Johnny Carson spot stretched to an hour, and it was all the more regrettable because he was the replacement for no-show George Jones, which is something akin to arriving at a Richard Pryor show only to find out David Brenner is filling in.

(Jones's absence, of course, was no

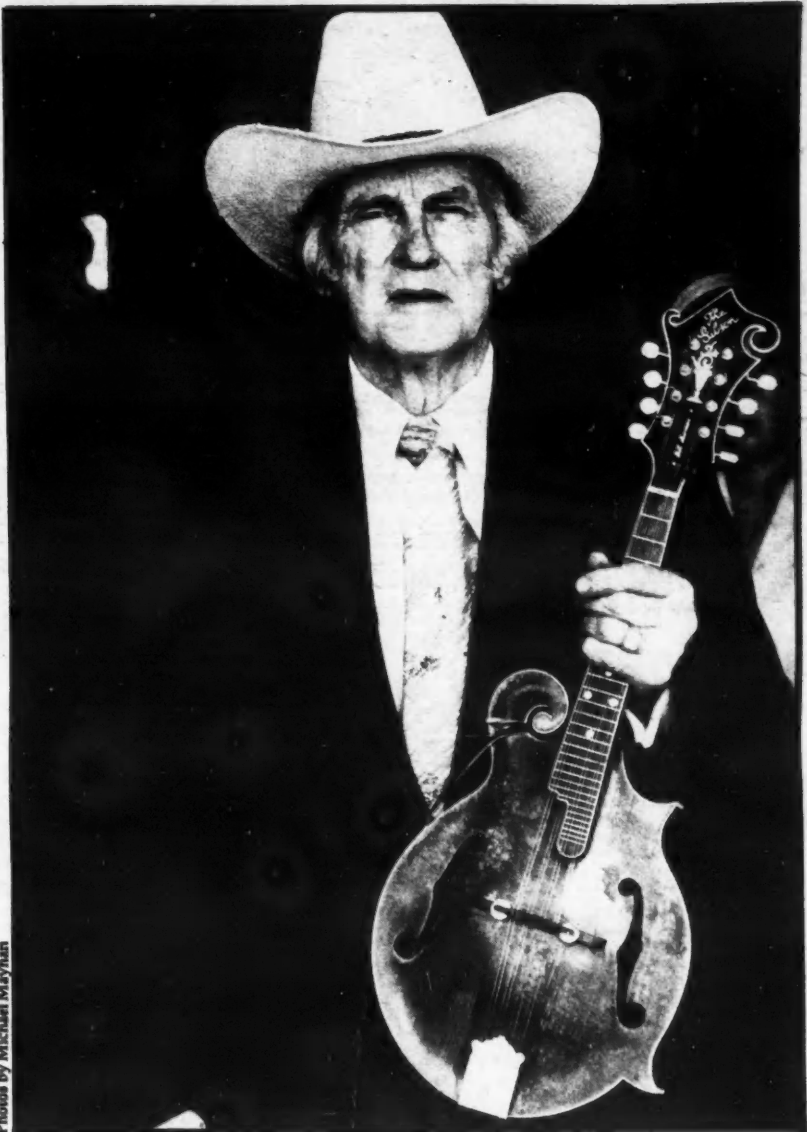


Photo by Michael Mayhan

Bill Monroe

surprise, since he's famous for drinking himself into stupors and blowing gigs. WWVA said he had been hospitalized — a half-truth. According to his publicist, Kathy Gangwisch, he left the Texas hospital weeks ago. "He's in Nashville and feeling okay. He has been ill, not feeling well in general. His manager and booking agent have canceled all his shows through August. Lately, he's been vacationing with one of his daughters." She said that Jones has been booked at the Chateau de Ville for September 11, so cross your fingers. Jones's ex, Tammy Wynette, also didn't show at the Jamboree, because, Gangwisch said, she has yet to recover from the abdominal surgery she underwent in June.)

The crowd reacted hesitantly to 69-year-old Bill Monroe, the father of bluegrass and the senior performer at the Jamboree. He was introduced as the "Living Legend," and no doubt the rowdier folks in the drunken mass were thinking "Just barely." Since it was Sunday, his set included a lot of gospel numbers — a bit of a wet blanket on those out for a stomping, beer-guzzling orgy, though some people weren't put off in the slightest. One paunchy, shirtless man was standing at stagefront holding up a sign: Show Us Your Tits. (This cry, incidentally, judging from Mardi Gras and the Jamboree, is now standard partying redneck behavior.) But for the most part, the crowd sat and listened politely and got roused only by a few numbers (his classics, "Uncle Pen" and "Blue Moon of Kentucky"). Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys fulfilled their function as staunch elder statesmen. (His new album, *Master of Bluegrass*, on the other hand, kicks up the dust with some dazzling three-part mandolin harmonies.) Still, you couldn't miss the sigh of relief at his exit, as if the crowd had been dragged to a museum.

The only performer who went against the grain of the Jamboree was Merle Haggard. Not once did he address the crowd. Not once did he plug his new album, *Rainbow Stew/Live at Anaheim Stadium* (MCA). Not once did he even say thank you for the tumultuous cheering. (He was much more ebullient, oddly enough, when I saw him a few months ago at Carnegie Hall.) As usual, Haggard couldn't give a shit what people thought. Only Tom T. Hall, who also can be moody and disdainful of his audience, dressed as casually as Haggard, who wore faded jeans and a yellow sleeveless T-shirt, no doubt much to Margo Smith's chagrin. But for all his between-song gloominess, the music he and the 12-piece band played did not suffer.

He began the set with "Misery and Gin" and "I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink," which won the crowd over immediately. His deep voice and lazy, penetrating delivery became less tight-lipped as he went along, and the band loosened up as well. Even his older hits, like "Mama Tried" and "It's Been a Great Afternoon," had their surprises. No frontman tests his band the way Haggard does, and the Strangers, one of the best groups I've ever seen, have to keep their eyes on him because he'll take a song sideways on a whim. Anything but formulaic, he decides on the spur of the moment who will take the solo. On one song, he'll quickly point his guitar neck toward guitarist Roy Nichols. On another, his fiddle bow will blur toward mandolin player Tiny Moore, a Bob Wills alumnus. Perhaps it's my imagination, but by the end of the set the crowd seemed to be higher than it had been (or would be) all weekend. When he sang, "We don't smoke marijuana in Muskegee," every longhair and crewcut became ecstatic. The acres of flesh were howling for more when the WWVA DJ ran out and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for superstar Merle Haggard." The description made Haggard wince.

Getting Haggard to the press conference, especially to those promo-hungry WWVA tape recorders and TV cameras (Twitty and Tom T. spurned them), was not easy. When he finally arrived, his expression was dour and his manner hesitantly polite. He stayed for five minutes of questions:

Why is country music more popular nowadays? "All of a sudden, there's a lot of patriotism in our country again." Do you think the increase in popularity represents people's wishes to explore their roots? "I hope it does, for my sake." Does the record company ever pressure you to put certain material on your albums? "No. It's in my contract. I've got complete artistic control." Do you think Western Swing is getting more popular? He shrugs, as if the question were absurd — "It's a cult music."

There was a tone of pride in his use of the word "cult." In fact, compared to the others at the Jamboree, he's not even an entertainer — his relationship to music is introspective, meditative. The man likes to drink alone.

The rest of the show was smooth sailing, with most acts pointing their compasses toward Las Vegas. If anything, this jamboree needed more rough waves. Although most of the acts were received well by everyone, only Emmy-

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Merle Haggard



BOSTON'S MOST PURCHASED ALBUMS

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	ARTIST	TITLE	WEEK(S) ON LABEL
1	1	KIM CARNES	Matthew Mullally	12 EMI/Liberty
2	2	MOODY BLUES	Long Distance Voyager	7 Threshold
3	3	SQUEEZE	East Side Story	7 A&M
4	4	KENNY ROGERS	Share Your Love	1 EMI/Liberty
5	5	BILLY SQUIER	Don't Say No	10 Capitol
6	6	RICK SPRINGFIELD	Working Class Dog	7 RCA
7	7	THE TUBES	The Completion Backward Principle	7 Capitol
8	8	AC/DC	Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap	15 Atlantic
9	9	RICK JAMES	Street Songs	9 Motown
10	10	VAN HALEN	Fair Warning	9 Warner Bros.
11	11	RUSH	Moving Pictures	23 Mercury
12	12	TOM PETTY/HEARTBREAKERS	Hard Promises	10 Backstreet
13	13	FOREIGNER	4	1 Atlantic
14	14	AIR SUPPLY	The One That You Love	1 Arista
15	15	OZZY OSBOURNE	Blizzard of Oz	10 Epic
16	16	PAT BENATAR	Prologue	1 Chrysalis
17	17	PSYCHEDELIC FURS	Talk, Talk, Talk	4 Columbia
18	18	THE COMMODORES	In the Pocket	1 Motown
19	19	YOKO ONO	Sessions of One	5 Geffen
20	20	JOE PERRY	I've Got the Rock & Roll Again	1 Columbia
21	21	JOE WALSH	There Goes the Neighborhood	6 Elektra
22	22	GEORGE HARRISON	Somewhere in England	6 Dark Horse
23	23	SANTANA	Zabop!	10 Columbia
24	24	STARS ON	Stars on LP	5 Atlantic
25	25	GARY U.S. BONDS	Deflection	12 EMI/Liberty

WBCN'S MOST PLAYED ALBUMS

4	1	JOE PERRY PROJECT	I've Got the Rock & Roll Again	5 Columbia
5	2	PAT BENATAR	Prologue	3 Chrysalis
7	3	VAN HALEN	Fair Warning	11 Warner Bros.
3	4	TOM PETTY/HEARTBREAKERS	Hard Promises	11 Backstreet
11	5	BLUE OYSTER CULT	Fire of Unholy Origin	6 Columbia
—	6	BILLY SQUIER	Don't Say No	11 Capitol
—	7	JOURNEY	Escape	1 Columbia
14	8	NEW ENGLAND	Walking Wild	5 Elektra
6	9	FOREIGNER	4	5 Atlantic
2	10	MOODY BLUES	Long Distance Voyager	8 Threshold
—	11	SQUEEZE	East Side Story	6 A&M
1	12	THE TUBES	The Completion Backward Principle	7 Capitol
10	13	CLASSIX NOUVEAUX	Classix Nouveaux	3 EMI
15	14	DURAN, DURAN	Duran, Duran	2 Capitol
20	15	THIRD WORLD	Rock the World	2 Columbia
19	16	AC/DC	Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap	14 Atlantic
12	17	THE RAMONES	Sampler	2 Sire
17	18	DAVID JOHANSEN	Here Comes the Night	2 Blue Sky
—	19	THE GO-GO'S	Beauty and the Beat	1 I.R.S.
—	20	MICK FLEETWOOD	The Visitor	1 RCA

WBCN'S MOST PLAYED SINGLES

STEVIE NICKS	Stop Dragging My Heart Around	Modern
REX SMITH/RACHEL SWEET	Everlasting Love	Columbia
THE KINKS	Better Things	Arista

WBCN'S MOST PLAYED LOCAL MUSIC

THE ATLANTICS	Pop Shivers	Ace of Hearts
MISSION OF BURMA	Signals, Calls, and Marches	Star-Rhythm
CITY THRILLS	EP	
BIG MATTRESS SONG OF THE WEEK: MENAGE A TROIS:		
THE COMMODORES	Lady	Motown
THE RAMONES	Nine to Five World	Sire
STEVIE NICKS	Stop Dragging My Heart Around	Modern

WITH A BULLET

Selected by WBCN DJ Carter Alan

Signals, Calls, and Marches (Ace of Hearts EP) — Mission of Burma
This new 12" disc from Mission of Burma is a triumph. While many of Boston's upper crust bands are struggling to land the ultimate recording contract, this trio isn't wasting any time and has released six songs on the local Ace of Hearts label. Superbly recorded and produced, this package spotlights a new recorded version of "This is Not a Photograph," "That's When I Reach for My Revolver," and "Fame and Fortune." The latter song refers to success as a game and Mission of Burma certainly takes its music more seriously than fame. Still, if the band continues putting out songs as good as these, success seems inevitable.

New Toy (Stiff-Epic EP) — Lena Lovich
This Lovich EP is just in time for terminal "New Toy" freaks eagerly awaiting another teddy bear. The hit is accompanied by four new tunes and an instrumental. Actually, this disc could be entitled "The Cinematic Dreams of Lena Lovich." "Savages" could be part of the Tarzan soundtrack, "Never Never Land" is the product of opiated fantasies in Oz, and "Special Star" is about the dizzying star ride of a movie queen. Grab this sucker because there is no new Lovich product scheduled to be released in the near future.

Records

Gloria Gaynor
I KINDA LIKE ME
(Polydor)

She seemed a budget Aretha Franklin, chosen by DCA Productions because she came cheap, but it wasn't so. Gloria Gaynor could phrase like hell, could ring out disco's clarion call till it sounded inevitable. Just consider her accomplishments. When disco was scarcely a twinge of pride, Gaynor, an unknown, stepped forward, loving disco and proud of it. Other disco-born successes shunned their parentage; Gaynor created a pageant that toured discos, not concert arenas, wherein she'd sing her hits to a rock 'n' roll quartet that did Beatles songs, and the quartet would drop the Beatles songs and sing Gaynor's. Having "defeated" rock, Gaynor drew the blueprint of female disco singing — Etta James to Ethel Merman, funky to foudroyant, and side street to boulevard. In *Never Can Say Goodbye* (1974), with her producers' floor-wise supervision, she unveiled her style, a parabolic upswing from sharpened, smooth transition words to peaking syllables.

When in 1978 disco's overexposure threatened to disgorge on the faddish pages of *People* — or to indict itself through the alienating ironies of Donna Summer — Gaynor arrived again, with "I Will Survive." This was true pop success, a resolve no less compelling than one of Aretha's retorts. Indeed, Gaynor's song spoke for more than disco's self-worth; it helped focus people's grudges at inflation (it may even have helped retire Jimmy from office).

But after announcing arrivals, what? Gaynor has been trying to sustain the momentum ever since. She rightly considered her masterful entrees as her admission to pop security, but she wrongly thought pop security meant doing away with street smarts. The act of arrival never stops — the need to boast, to challenge rivals, to reply to detractors. None of which can be found in Gaynor's complainant *I Have a Right* (1979) and *Stories* (1980). Not to mention the tempo misjudgments of *Park Avenue Sound* (1977), when what was wanted was the Munich Autobahn Sound, or the bitchy producer-star rivalry of her Gregg Diamond-arranged *Glorious* (1977). These mistakes no longer matter, because with *I Kinda Like Me* Gaynor has at last adjusted to following up on success, to singing about her place in pop music.

To begin with, there's the title, the operative word being "kinda." This word calls for patience and sensitivity to detail, suggests that the days of plain proclaiming are over. Instead of singing higher than her music and in front of it, she teases confidently in the plush middle and liquorous low of her range; rapping the title song, she slinks on Jimmy Williams's spiky bass licks. She surrenders the song's peaks to horns and strings; bequeaths its drive to her rhythm section. But why not? The band plays the music she established as disco's second nature, so that when she talks to fans about her up-and-down career, as if it were a lovers' quarrel, she also talks to the snarled cruise of the music.

In "Let's Mend What's Been Broken," she lets producers McFadden and Whitehead (Gamble and Huff proteges) put down a sturdy Philly strut. And in "Yesterday We Were Like Buddies," she lets them spin a Philly soul sob symphony. Now Gaynor's emotional battle tales pertain to her accomplishments, her stardom. She indulges her subtler inflections — the streetwise cool bass and the surprise sharp note, the snicker and the crying quiver — against the thrust of "I Can Stand the Pain," arranged as an optimistic Philly hymn. She goes to the heart of any entertainer's combat with fan fickleness in "Chasin' Me into Someone Else's Arms." In sum, she exploits the rise and fall and return of Gloria Gaynor as the history of disco. At last Gaynor has a pop-secure album of within-bound tension.

—Mike Freedberg

Roomful of Blues
HOT LITTLE MAMA
(Blue Flame)

Only two members of Roomful of Blues have weathered the departure of original singer and guitarist Duke Robillard. Pianist Al Copley keeps rolling the triplets with a light touch, and drummer John Ross keeps swinging behind the band's trademark horn-section blues. The rest of the old line-up — alto saxophonist Rich La-taille, baritone saxophonist Doug James, and tenor saxophonist and now lead singer Greg Piccolo — sounds uncertain and dispirited without Robillard to hold down center stage. With the proliferation of brass (trombonist Porky Cohen and trumpeter Danny Motta have joined), there's just too many horns for the band's arranging skills. Too often, the horns clog Roomful of Blues's lifeline — R&B jump-band tunes. Johnny Otis's "New Orleans Shuffle" creeps along and feels like a lot of work because the bridges between the horn solos are shaky. A disastrous combination of disorganiza-

tion and misjudgment provides painful versions of Duke Ellington's "Caravan" and "Jeep's Blues." The undercurrent of parody in "Caravan" is broadly brought out without the redeeming fantasy and sly menace of the original. Cohen's trombone part, though gruff and spirited, is a dime-store trinket next to Juan Tizol's. The sequence of solos on "Jeep's Blues" is abrupt, and the blowing harried. These covers expose Roomful of Blues as a first-rate bar band attempting to scale jazz classics without high-altitude equipment.

It takes surer steps on the lower slopes. "Sufferin' Mind," done in a comfortable Bobby "Blue" Bland style, features a guitar solo from Ronnie Horvath that's a tight progression of brushing and bruising passages. Good thing, too, considering that his unfathomable Chuck Berry cliches fracture "Two Bones and a Pick" (a T-Bone Walker tune!) on the second side. Piccolo's vocals also show peculiar lapses; on "Hot Little Mama" he sounds like a beery, low-rent version of Robillard, though "Something To Remember You By," a more demanding song, gets a graceful interpretation full of wistfulness and wit.

There's a deep-seated discouragement, a hang-dog disappointment, underlying *Hot Little Mama* (the band's third album) — the kind journeymen musicians develop after one too many rounds of hard luck. It's simplistic to hang everything on Robillard's contribution to Roomful of Blues, but when he debuted with the band two years ago on *Island* (after nearly a decade of club work), his classy, impassioned singing and guitar picking embodied the group's optimism, the assurance that, with proper exposure, big-band blues could stake out a new young audience. After losing Robillard, Roomful has started thinking small, with grand-standing solos and crowd-pleasing eclecticism. Obviously, Roomful of Blues can still take charge on stage, but it has to marshal yet another approach to its material to prosper on record.

—Milo Miles

Sho-Nuff
TONITE
(Malaco)

Indecision plagues Sho-Nuff, a snappy eight-piece band whose debut album, *Tonite*, illustrates the confused state of Southern soul. Half the selections reflect the region's tradition of country-flavored heart-throb ballads, while the other half embraces the mixture of New York strut and Memphis horn flavorings embraced by old hands like the Bar-Kays. Producers Jim Veal and Joe Shamwell make this stylistic split so programmed they almost erode the group's personality. Unlike such veterans as Clarence Carter and Denise LaSalle, who now use urban textures to offset their down-home ethos, Sho-Nuff restates rather than reshapes the sounds of the warring camps. No group member emerges as a dominant figure, and lead singer and principal composer Lyn Chambers's rhythm songs are mostly disco cliches that fail to explore the potentially exciting dialogue between hot Southern funk and cool urban grind.

Sho-Nuff's promise surfaces through the contributions of individuals, especially flashy trombonist Nathan McClam, trumpeter Edward Sims, and percussionist Al Bell (son of the former head of Stax). Only two songs, "Let's Love" and "What Am I Gonna Do," show off the group's cohesion. Both songs feature the flowing arrangements, switching moods, and vocal tension that characterized the great work of the now almost-forgotten Soul Children. On "Let's Love," Chambers glides above the background chorus, letting his sighing lead register affirmation, but not towering over the group. He echoes the techniques of Southern soul veterans like Z.Z. Hill on "What Am I Gonna Do," exaggerating his delivery with each repetition to emphasize pain. He strains his voice in an attempt to maintain some dignity yet still sound agitated; his approach falls somewhere between the resigned view of a blues singer and the cry for freedom of a soul man. As the other Sho-Nuff members' voices sway in the rear, Chambers concludes with a crushed shout, one that brings the song to a suitable if not wholly satisfactory ending.

Unfortunately, Sho-Nuff seems unable to transfer the commitment and intensity of these two numbers to material with more invigorating musical foundations. "Tonight" boasts a wonderfully swaggering bass line and Willie Mitchell's classic bass drum/teasing cymbal riff, but the vocals lack punch. "Dancin' Funn" could be a humorous takeoff on party people if it didn't plod. These songs only reinforce the notion that Southern soul is threatened by the oncoming strength of New York strut and is unable to devise a sound that can compete. Still, the power of "What Am I Gonna Do" makes me hesitant to dismiss Sho-Nuff too quickly. Perhaps Chambers and company have chosen to wait until the war is over before taking sides. If so, they are retarding their progress in this effort to remain neutral.

—Ron Wynn

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Books Seeing crimson

Amanda Cross takes on Harvard

DEATH IN A TENURED POSITION.
By Amanda Cross. E.P. Dutton. 156 pp.
\$10.50.

by John Hubner

The first tenured woman professor in Harvard's English department has turned out to be a disaster. The boys who run the department had seen it all coming. They would never have voted to tenure a woman if some silly millionaire hadn't offered \$1 million to endow a professorship in English provided the chair was held by a woman. The all-male search committee had certainly done its best. It had weeded out the libbers who believed in faddish nonsense like women's studies, and it had rejected women whom it suspected of entering menopause — God knows, a hysteric woman can destroy a committee meeting. In the end, the committee had settled on Dr. Janet Mandelbaum, a beautiful and brilliant scholar who, given the unfortunate circumstances, seemed perfect. In addition to having written the best book on 17th-century poetry since T.S. Eliot's, Dr. Mandelbaum did her best to forget she was a woman.

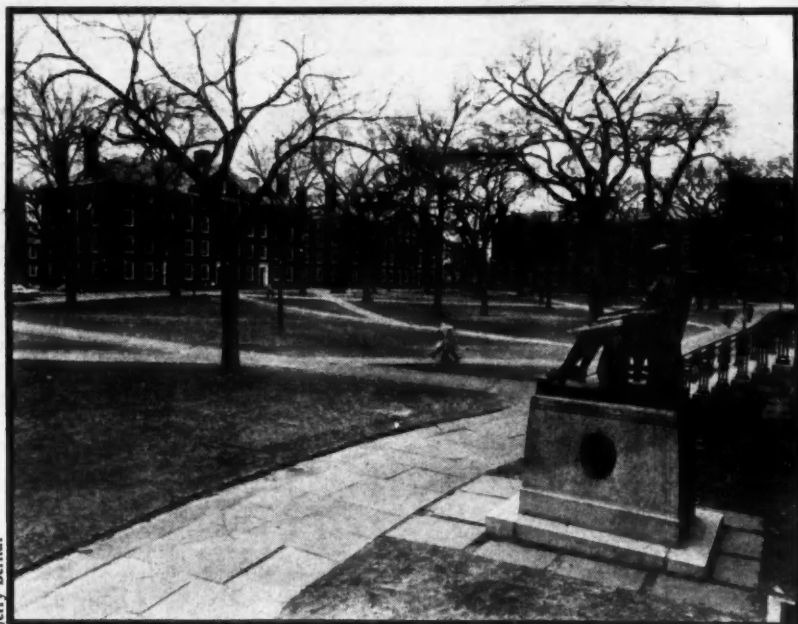
So what did Professor Mandelbaum do to repay the faith the search committee had placed in her? She got drunk and ended up soaking fully dressed in the mahogany bathtub in the ladies' room at Warren House, the former mansion that houses the English department, with — and this was by far the worst part — a woman who belonged to a radical lesbian commune on Hampshire Street. All bad enough, but apparently Dr. Mandel-

baum learned nothing from the dreadful experience. A few months later, she was found in a stall in the Warren House men's room, dead of cyanide poisoning. What a scandal for an institution that does its best to avoid trouble; what a trial for Mandelbaum's colleagues in the English department. Her death provoked an almost Promethean suffering, one that only English professors who have deeply immersed themselves in the humanities are capable of.

"The whole idea (of tenuring a woman) was ill-advised," sighs Adam Clarkville, a professor of Victorian literature and the person who found the body. "Poor woman; poor, poor woman. So out of her depth."

Dr. Kate Fansler teaches Victorian literature at a New York university (presumably Columbia, where author Carolyn Heilbrun — aka Amanda Cross — teaches English). Fansler and Mandelbaum were graduate students together 20 years earlier, and had disliked each other since. It is a measure of Mandelbaum's isolation and despair that, after the bathtub incident, she asked for Kate's help. It appears that Mandelbaum was set up.

Professor Fansler takes a semester's leave and accepts a fellowship in order to ferret out Mandelbaum's tormentors. Fansler, you see, is as famous for her sleuthing as she is for her scholarship. Sounds unbelievable, right? English professors don't solve mysteries; they read them. But Amanda Cross's characterization of Kate Fansler is so deft, all doubts are erased early. Kate's interest in crime is a product of her marriage to Reed Amhearst, an internationally



Jerry Berndt

Harvard Yard

known expert on police procedure. Even a cloistered English professor like Kate has plenty of opportunities to immerse herself in "the dramas of death and passion" because, and here Cross uses an apt quote from Doris Lessing, "what we see around us becomes daily wilder, more fantastic, incredible." But most of all, Kate is attracted to crime because academia is no longer a challenge. She has begun to question whether language and ideas really matter; she is sick of sitting on committees dominated by pompous men.

"I came (to Harvard) ... because I'm bored," Kate confesses to friends. "Whether because we've lost our audience for literature, or because one can't teach *Middlemarch*, even *Middlemarch*, forever, or because I think the political movements, the social movements, are important now the way the humanities were important when I was beginning to teach"

Death in a Tenured Position is not a conventional, heavily plotted mystery where the fun comes from pitting yourself against the author's technique — can the author keep you guessing until the end? This book is a serious attack on Harvard and academia. Harvard, like wealthy Republicans, the *Boston Globe*, and the New York Yankees, is easy to hate. One tends to condemn each of these for being rich and arrogant without giving it too much thought, but Amanda Cross has given a great deal of thought to why she hates Harvard. The fun comes from watching Cross build a case against the institution. Every time Kate, her voice in the book, nails Harvard, the reader nods, grins, and thinks, "Good shot. Do it again."

"Harvard is hideously complacent," Kate says early in the novel. She thinks Harvard is a men's club. The institution has very few tenured women professors because it has always been the best with-

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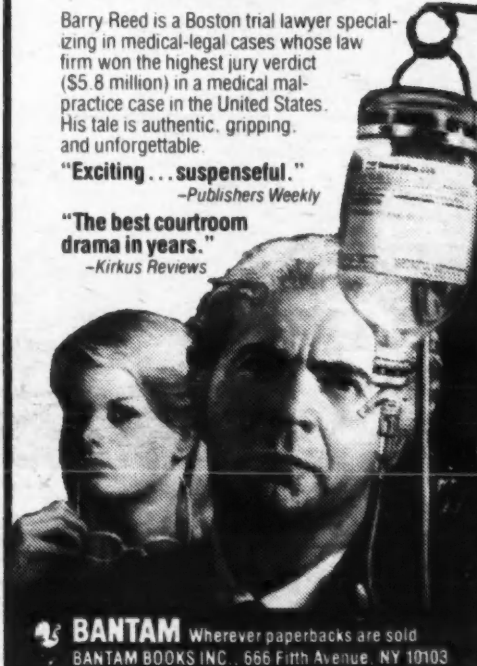
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out women, and at Harvard, things are done the way they have always been done. Harvard's insularity, the presumption that little or nothing that happens off-campus is worthy of note (unless it is done by a graduate), is shown in an exchange between Kate and Adam Clarkville, two Victorian scholars with national reputations.

"Are you interested in Browning?" Clarkville asked.

"I'm a professor of Victorian literature," Kate mildly answered.

"Oh yes," he said. "Some university in New York."

Only the fools among the faculty and students are comfortable at Harvard; everybody else hates "how badly the students are treated, how snotty the professors are, endless things." Kate keeps asking people why they are there. The answers she gets reveal the utilitarian relationship that keeps Harvard going: the institution uses its students and faculty, and they use it. Students and teachers jump at the chance to go to Harvard because they are ambitious and because Harvard offers matchless prestige.

"That's what Harvard lives on, (its) reputation," says the level-headed wife of an English professor. "If some of the best of you, teachers and students, would say no and mean it, even Harvard might begin to guess it ought to change. But power can always buy what it wants."

Beneath the attack on Harvard is an analysis of the academic system that is more complex, and even more interesting. What Cross sees as the ills of higher education are embodied in Janet Mandelbaum. Her end is highly symbolic: Cross is clearly suggesting that tenure is a form of death.

Mandelbaum's problem, and therefore higher education's, is that she has willfully cut herself off from the world. She has assumed that her PhD has given her the right — the obligation, even — to live vicariously through language. Mandelbaum cares about her career and 17th-century poetry and very little else. She is very self-righteous about her limited interests. The narrower a scholar's interests, the more "serious" the scholar. Mandelbaum is dull. She has "beauty and brains," Kate says. "And (is) about as conventional and unimaginative as John Livingstone Lowes, who counted every word Coleridge had ever read."

Mandelbaum is dull because she has

refused to live. She has existed in the academic vacuum, first as a student and then as a teacher. She has no experience against which to relate the poetry she teaches. She has not explored and defined herself as a woman because she has been convinced that being a scholar transcended being a woman. She considers the women's movement "nonsense," bristles when a young female student suggests she is a role model, and "doesn't even want to be associated with women graduate students."

"Why should I be more interested in men than women?", Mandelbaum asks Fansler. "I'm interested in good 17th-century scholars; the sex is irrelevant."

When Mandelbaum finds that sex is not irrelevant, that her male colleagues will not accept her into the brotherhood of professors simply because she is a woman, she is devastated. She has no resources to defend herself as a woman because, as Kate points out, "she was never a woman professionally speaking." When a sexist colleague attacks her in a meeting, all Mandelbaum can do is cry. Poor, poor woman indeed.

So Mandelbaum ends up dead in the men's room, and the point is not who did it, but that, spiritually, she was suffocated before the cyanide hit her. Instead of bringing happiness, tenure brings death. Kate muses that to live is to learn "that the prize just ahead, the next job, publication, love affair, marriage always seemed to hold the key to satisfaction but never, in the long run, sufficed. However one tried to savor one's gifts... one always ended up peering ahead, to the next chance."

Tenure takes away the chance to take "the next chance." Once you're tenured at Harvard, there are no challenges left, except perhaps government, and God spare us the Rostows and Kissingers. Professors should stay in the ivory tower, where they can be smug and dull together. Let them out and give them power and they become downright dangerous.

Death in a Tenured Position has its flaws. The minor characters, particularly Moon Mandelbaum, Kate's first lover and Janet's former husband, are plot devices and are completely unconvincing. The diction is excellent, except when Kate refers to the Mandelbaum affair as a "caper." Caper always rings false; even Bogart couldn't make the word sound right. There is not much action. Why

Janet died is interesting; how she died is not.

But all that is secondary. What matters is that *Death* is a non-polemical attack on academia that is written with wit and style. Academics should read it. They won't, of course. And if they do, they will dismiss it. *Death* is a mystery, and as everyone who has passed freshman English knows, mysteries aren't to be taken seriously. □

'Cutter'

Continued from page 4

(Jeff Bridges) may make an unlikely pair of buddies, but they're both shell-shocked veterans of the '60s, prototypes of this generation's lost generation. Cutter, a raging cripple who came out of Vietnam missing an eye, a leg, and an arm, has a lucid, un sentimental vision that's alienated most of his friends and driven his masochistic wife, Mo (Lisa Eichhorn), to pills and drink. Bone, an Ivy-educated beach bum who feeds on sexually frustrated older women, is dislocated literally as well as emotionally: for him, the closest thing to home is the Cutters' messy but convenient house, nestled in the Santa Barbara hills, where he comes occasionally to crash on the couch and pine after his buddy's wife. In a way, these two make a perfect team: Cutter plays lunatic comedian to Bone's straight man; Bone brings out Cutter's sexual frustration. But when Bone becomes implicated in a sex murder that he thinks was perpetrated by a local oil tycoon, they reach a divergence: while Cutter jumps at the chance to wreak vengeance on the older, corrupt generation that screwed up his life, Bone refuses to put himself on the line and play out Cutter's risky scheme. And Passer's direction reflects this dichotomy: we're never sure whether we're unraveling the mystery or plunging deeper into Cutter's paranoid web of fantasy.

Unfortunately, the subtle rhythms that Passer attempts are dampened by some maudlin melodramatics by Lisa Eichhorn and some bewildering elisions in the characterizations. Believe it or not, this seemingly gutsy film tries to reform and romanticize its characters, and straightened out they just don't fit into the plot's convolutions. The centerpiece of the story involves a scheme, cooked up by

Cutter and Valerie Durant (Ann Dusenberry), the sister of the murdered girl, to entrap the tycoon (Stephen Elliot) through blackmail — if he pays, he incriminates himself. This makes no sense: since they've already accumulated enough evidence to warrant a police investigation, there's no reason why they should commit a felony and risk their lives in the process. Perhaps the police are too corrupt or incompetent to follow through, but that's a leap of faith we shouldn't have to make — a scene, or even a line, could have been added to establish the situation (and a five-second shot might have been inserted to explain why Valerie disappears three-quarters of the way through the film). In the book, Cutter, Bone, and Valerie never approach the police because they want to leave themselves the option of keeping the money they extort. The three of them feel that they've been fucked over by the establishment and see this as their opportunity to get even, to drop out permanently on some tropical island paradise. But in Jeffrey Alan Fiskin's screenplay, it's clear that they intend to turn the money over to the police, and this attempt to make them more sympathetic robs them of their complexity, and of what's left of their sanity. Thus a searing tale of two contemporary losers degenerates into *The Hardy Boys Meet Nancy Drew*.

This soft-headedness also works its way into the acting, so that the characters seem less desperate than dreamy. Heard gives a galvanizing performance as Cutter, but in the end he undermines the man's anger with a tendency to cuddliness and one too many Long John Silver "Ahoy matey!" flourishes. Bridges is perfect as an amiable, tired stud, but he fails to suggest the free-floating anxieties that have left Bone psychologically paralyzed. Still, Heard and Bridges play well together, because Fiskin has given them some vigorous, punchy dialogue to throw at each other. Eichhorn's Mo, on the other hand, is desperate. Straining for realism, she becomes the movie's killjoy: with jaw clenched and a bottle clutched in her hand, she spits out her lines with an unwarranted vehemence that clashes with the film's oddly phlegmatic tone.

Cutter's Way deserves to be seen — it's probably the best-looking, most ambitious American film of the year. What's disheartening is that, after daring to be original, the movie is done in by its own timidity. □

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Jazz

Continued from page 6

All critics are collections of likes and dislikes, of course, and if *Riding on a Blue Note* can be faulted it is because Giddins has focused too singlemindedly on his particular passions. It's hard to quibble with the favorites (Betty Carter, Sonny Rollins, Arthur Blythe, Dizzy Gillespie), but some of the more pervasive forms of '70s jazz deserved a bit of his

attention as well. Even given his dislike for fusion, I would have preferred more than the companion pieces on Wes Montgomery and George Benson, and the sections on Ornette Coleman regarding Prime Time, that he offers. I recall Giddins doing quite a job on Keith Jarrett in the *Voice*, one that deserves to be between hard covers. Inevitably, there are points on which reasonable listeners might disagree (I'm less fond than Giddins of Coleman's *Skies of America* and Ellington's Sacred Concerts, and

more tolerant of Anthony Braxton), but that, as they say, is what makes horse races.

Unless, of course, your own taste and that of a critic lead to separate tracks, which is the way I've felt about Whitney Balliett's writing in the past few years. *Night Creature*, which collects reviews and "shorter biographical pieces" published between late 1975 and mid-1980, disabuses me of this notion. What a pleasure to realize that Balliett still responds to Mingus, Steve Lacy, and Cecil Taylor, and that among the later

players he shows genuine enthusiasm for Joanne Brackeen, the Revolutionary Ensemble, George Lewis, and the World Saxophone Quartet. Balliett was even willing to take in a 1977 series of four AACM concerts that marked the impact of the Chicago avant-garde upon the New York music scene, and because he is willing to question the long-windedness and intentional grating that proponents of the new music take for granted, his writing is open-minded and often pointed. (Like Giddins, though, Balliett has little time for jazz-rock, unless he runs into it during his annual coverage of the Newport-New York Festival.)

Balliett's passions remain more problematic. In recent years he has tended to idealize four veteran piano players — Tommy Flanagan, Ellis Larkins, Dave McKenna, Jimmy Rowles — yet, Flanagan's case excepted, none of his elegant prose has succeeded in outweighing the evidence of my

ears: that these are interesting, formerly neglected, but now almost overrated talents. It's also hard to accept the notion that Michael Moore is the best of the new bassists. All this reflects a sensibility that, while hardly closed-minded, prefers jazz's classic forms. Thus, the longest profiles in the book are devoted to Jimmy McPartland, Nellie Lutcher, and Benny Goodman, three decidedly pre-bop figures.

A second limitation is revealed by *Night Creature's* subtitle: *A Journal of Jazz, 1975-1980*. The format is that of a diary, with each entry identified by date and many only a page or two long. One wonders: does Balliett prefer this format or is it dictated by the frequency with which the *New Yorker* allows him to write? Within the journal confines, however, he remains a literary craftsman, one whose ability to blend the vernacular and sounds of jazz with reportorial prose has influenced many younger critics.



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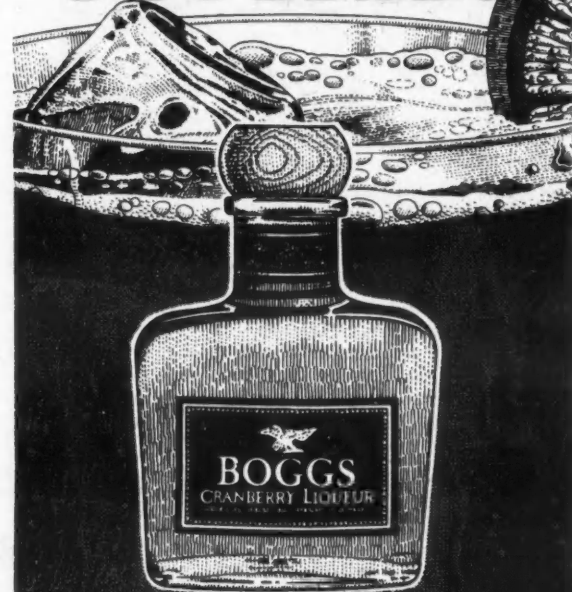
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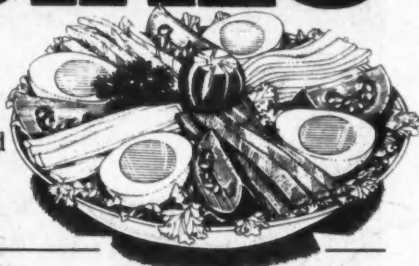
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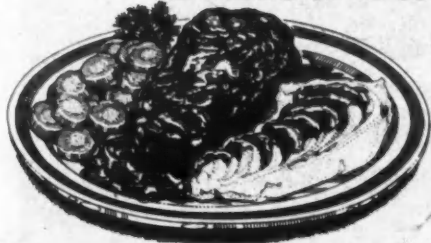
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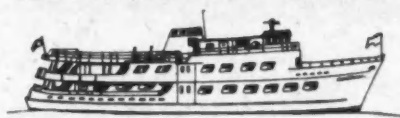
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("The best of the teasers was Harry Edison, whose solos came in three basic flavors: beep beep beep, beep beeeep beep, and b'beem'm b'beep." Who wrote it, Balliett or Giddins?) And the journal approach does allow Balliett a great deal of range, so that Erroll Garner, Jimmy Knepper, Steve Lacy, Nat Cole's piano playing, and Louis Armstrong's classic Bluebird recordings can all be addressed within one stretch of 10 pages.

Among his strengths is Balliett's willingness to buck fashion; this leads to some of his most insightful and most infuriating pronouncements. He is not swayed, for instance, by current received wisdom that Max Roach is the premier drummer of all time (Balliett would surely vote for Sid Catlett), and he makes a telling point about Roach's deficiencies as an accompanist. He also claims that "Roach has never got a good drum sound," and that "he doesn't swing," two assertions that might have stunned me if I had not already realized that Balliett uses the phrase "hard bop" only as a pejorative. Balliett's occasional wrongheadedness in either praise or derision will surely jar those jazz fans of the post-Parker generations, yet on balance *Night Creature*, his 10th hardbound volume, is well worth reading. Still, I'd much rather ride with Gary Giddins. □

Cellars

Continued from page 7
 lou Harris had built a reputation through a young audience. (One of the most touching moments was her slowed-down version of "Save the Last Dance for Me," which was dedicated to the hospitalized Jerry Lee Lewis.) Despite the band's Eagles-ish sound, her pretty, lightly nasaled voice had a hungry edge, and it felt good after sitting through hours of bloated entertainment. Harris closed the two-day show, and WWVA admitted that booking her had been a concession to the younger audiences that are tuning in, but the station short-changed us. If anything, this festival needed more new blood as an antidote to the casino-scarred battleships that slogged about the stage. In other words, where were Guy Clark, Ricky Skaggs, John Anderson, and Joe Ely? I suppose that in the current C&W climate of blue skies, green money, and yellow programing, they're still paying dues.

ODDS N' ENDS. Last Monday at Jonathan Swift's a federal marshal served 50-page subpoenas to Planet Street. As you may recall, ABC-TV has threatened to sue the band if it doesn't recall its single "General Hospital"/"Choose Your Weapon." The network is claiming that the 2000 copies of this



Emmylou Harris

single already sold have irreparably damaged its popular soap opera of the same name, and its demands include \$500,000 for compensation. The band has retained a lawyer to fight the behemoth. To help defray legal expenses, there will be a series of

benefits; the first, with the lineup still being planned, is August 3 at Swift's The 28th is a tough choice. Tiny Tim's at Jonathan Swift's and the Bay City Rollers are at the Paradise The Outlets, the city's best young band, at 1270 on the 29th

The Atlantics and Planet Street at Swift's August 1 I notice that Metro has added a laser to its already dazzling light system There's a new *Free Lunch* out, and Otto Guatemala's at it again. He's my second-favorite local columnist. □

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'Suicide'

Continued from page 5

("I'm part of the scum of the earth"), insists that Niles has neither died nor disappeared but has only gone out to get some toasted English muffins (music may be the food of love, but according to Shepard English muffins are the food of creativity — rumor has it that he keeps his refrigerator stocked with them whenever he's working on a play). Laureen, a tough, short-tempered bass player, recommends that the detectives commit suicide. The conversation segues from murder to music, and Louis offers a moving plaint of the unimaginative: "All this free-form stuff is disturbing to my inner depths. It leaves me feeling nauseous . . . I'm a Republican by nature! I'm entitled to a little dance music!"

This is free-form, high-frequency playwriting, and sometimes even audiences can't comprehend it (though, as someone in the theater remarked, "this is the most enjoyable incomprehensible play I've ever seen"). Of course, the verbal improvisation of *Suicide* is meant to be experienced rather than analyzed. Shepard uses words less for their meanings than for the way they sound and the associations they

trigger when juxtaposed against one another. The play is filled with verbal riffs and word progressions (a typical one goes from "physiology" to "physiognomy" to "psychology" to "paraphernalia"), and each character takes at least one solo, the topics ranging from music to identity. These monologues offer some startling, powerful, and frequently hilarious images. Perhaps the most jarring is Niles's description of his childhood in the South Seas, when his mother took him to a drive-in during a monsoon to see *Song of the South* and armed herself with a revolver to ward off any Japs who happened to peer through the window.

With its long monologues and its dissonant lines of action, *Suicide* is an ambitious play for a fledgling theater company to attempt, and the Harvard Summer Theater Ensemble comes off respectfully. The tension builds effectively, even if it does flag toward the end. Not surprisingly, director R.J. Cutler is more successful staging the buffoonery of Pablo and Louis than the dress-up ritualism of Niles and Paulette. This outcome derives partly from the acting. Christian Clemenson is phenomenal as the blustering, zealous Pablo, and, as the more sensitive Louis, Christopher Randolph is almost as good. The musicians, however, are variable.

As Petrone, Nick Wyse — emaciated, monotonic, strangely accented, and charismatic — makes a compelling new-wave saxophonist, but Grace Shohet's Laureen is merely monotonous. And though Brian McCue certainly gives an impassioned performance as Niles, he seems less visionary than hypochondriac.

After such a broodingly nihilistic work as *Suicide in B-Flat*, one might have expected Shepard to fry his brains at last or else go on to conquer new theatrical dimensions (the kind even the Chinese haven't heard of). But three years later, he wrote *Buried Child*, a more conventional play that copped that most conventional of awards — the Pulitzer Prize. You figure it out. □

Gr-ouch!

by John Bush Jones

DYSKOLUS, adapted from the play by Menander. Book, lyrics, and music by Bruce Cohen. Directed by Bruce Cohen. Set designed by Roger N. Dunn. Costumes by Renee Bucciarelli and Cynthia Watts. Lighting by Hal Stuhl. With James Kilfoyle, Julia Lopez, Elizabeth Engelberg, Lisa Mould, Cynthia Watts, Nancy Rommelmann, Christopher Lanier, Bruce Cohen, Frank X. White, Terry Sims, Hal Stuhl, and John

Spodick. Presented by the Musicomedy Players at the Inman Square Alley Theater, Tuesdays through Saturdays through August 1.

To paraphrase classical scholar and mush-master Erich Segal: how do you tell the story of a 2000-year-old play that died? Well, to begin with, Menander — author of *Dyskolus*, the only surviving full-length example of Greek New Comedy — was no Plautus. True, his Athenian sitcoms laid the groundwork for the more polished Roman comedy that followed. And his relative crudeness should perhaps be forgiven, inasmuch as he was flying blind, without Neil Simon or even the *Mary Tyler Moore* show to crib formulas from. His situational farces of clever slaves, limpid ladies, and sons in love against their fathers' wishes were actually new at the time, owing virtually nothing to the acerbic, topical, often filthy Old Comedy of Aristophanes and his cronies.

But neither is Bruce Cohen, who has turned Menander's play into a musical, any Stephen Sondheim, Larry Gelbart, and/or Burt Shevelove — the trio who transformed the collected works of Plautus into *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. Cohen, whose only excuse is that he's 19, is solely responsible

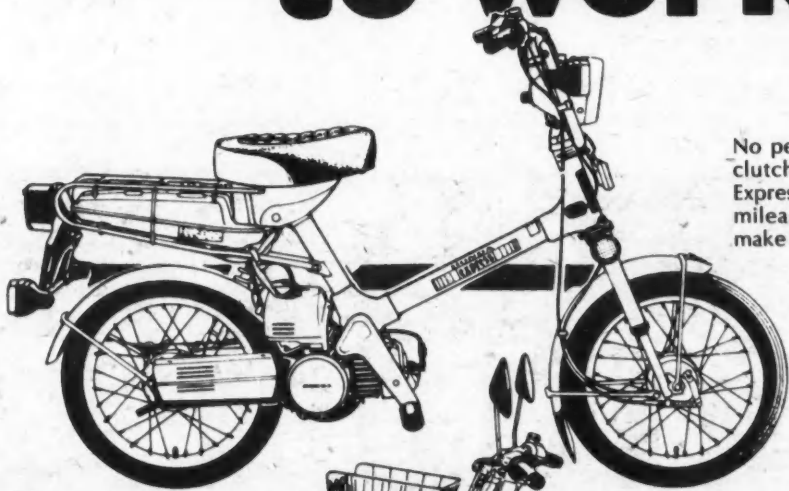
for *Dyskolus*'s book, lyrics, and music, not to mention the pretentious retention of its Greek title, which means "The Grouch." The Grouch, in this case, is not a scroungy muppet who lives in a Sesame Street trash can but a grumpy old goat who tries to keep a certain young man's hands off his daughter and the public off his land — which is conveniently located on the way to Pan's shrine.

Respect for one's elders is nice, but it hardly justifies Cohen's adherence to Menander's antique comedic form, an adherence that necessitates an interminable prose prologue between Knemon (the grouch) and a neighbor widow who finally cons him into marrying her — this before both the overture and the opening chorus (sung by a listless group of vestal virgins ludicrously clad in black bikinis under transparent blue baby-doll pajamas). After this verbose beginning, dialogue is kept to a minimum, and *Dyskolus* becomes almost operatic. Not that the songs are any better than the speeches, Cohen's lyrics being as prosaic as his prose.

The score runs the gamut of imitation; from Strauss (Johann) to Schwartz (Stephen), with here and there a dab of Debussy, a country-and-western tune, lots of ragtime and soft rock, and a generous sprinkling of Gershwin's blues tones. Musically, Cohen's most distinctive characteristic is the radical shift of tempo midway through a song; and he likes to indulge in weak half-rhymes like "caress/blessed," "down/around," "home/alone."

Cohen not only perpetrated the script and score, he also directs *Dyskolus* and appears in it as well. And his own unabashed overacting helps explain the frenetic staging, with performances to match. The production has been brought to the Boston area by the Musicomedy Players, a student group from Wesleyan University, where *Dyskolus* was first presented. And though very little can be said for the young company, its members do possess one important trait for aspiring thespians: they aren't afraid to be bad. □

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'Love'

Continued from page 5

Unfortunately, Tibbles jumps his laugh track, such as it is, somewhere in the second act and sinks into a bog of sentiment so phony that you wish he'd go back to tossing *Welcome Back, Kotter* with stale linguini. Romo, sent out onto those mean streets in his dress and slippers to walk an elderly neighbor to the mailbox, fails to return (surprise, surprise). And Pina and Maria, staring at each other suspiciously, suddenly see the daughter and mother they have respectively lost. Pina bullies, Maria balks, and love blooms.

Without intending disrespect for a playwright who has written, as his biography informs us, not only for television but also for Don Ameche and Ann Sothern, I'd have to say that *All the Love I Got*... is hack work along the lines of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. The director (Sheldon Keller) and the actors attack it the only way possible: broadside. The worst thing that can be said of them is that they chose to do it in the first place. But then, one is inclined to show some Christian charity when one sees that Jesus, in statue form, sits through the whole silly shebang night after night. He probably wishes He were on Calvary. □

'New York'

Continued from page 4
 filmmaker. For him, images are like tone colors. With *Mean Streets*, which may well be remembered as the greatest rock 'n' roll film ever made, he seemed to take his jittery cutting rhythms right from the '60s-rock soundtrack. In *New York, New York*, the burnished images (captured by cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs) melt into each other with the seductive, sugary grace of a big-band serenade. Visually, it's a gorgeous film. And several of the musical numbers are spectacular. (I was especially pleased to get another look at Minnelli's adrenalin-charged "Theme From *New York, New York*," Frank Sinatra's off-key warbling having all but obliterated it from memory.) It's obvious that Scorsese burns with twin creative fires. He wants to make lyrical, rapturous films and at the same time cut to the gritty realities of daily experience. He couldn't have it both ways in *New York, New York* — not quite. But if this movie is any indication, he may not be too far away from putting it all together.

'Blow Out'

Continued from page 4
 others: *Rear Window*, *The Conversation*, and *The Parallax View*, and there are shades in it, too, of *Watergate*, *Chappaquiddick*, and the Kennedy assassination. It does not particularly resemble the baroque fantasies of Brian De Palma, which run to telekinetic teens and transvestites that go bump in the night. But De Palma it is. The movie is called *Blow Out* (to evoke *Blow-Up*, of course), and for its writer-director, it's a great leap forward, a bridge to a richer, deeper style. In last year's *Dressed To Kill*, I think we saw the apotheosis of what will someday be regarded as Early De Palma (his first few films, *Greetings* and *Hi Mom* and the rest, might be classified as inspired juvenilia). Early De Palma movies were flippant, perverse, and brilliantly crafted, and they plundered dozens of sources, toying with sexual and violent imagery in ways that no one else had dared try. They had no characters, of course, and they weren't

long on plot; in fact, except for *Dressed To Kill*, which was a sort of Dr. Feelgood's prescription for movie-watching, they didn't mean much of anything. The cool, aestheticized scenes of mayhem went beyond any real depiction of sex and violence and became something close to pure visual play. Calm and maniacal at the same time, De Palma brought Peckinpah's slow-motion ballet of violence to a new, absurdly languid plane, where bodies and colors and screams of pain all floated past in a strange, gaseous space, and the result was sometimes funny, sometimes horrifying, sometimes weirdly poetic.

But De Palma has gotten more ambitious and more sure-footed with each successive film. Even before he set to work on *Blow Out*, he was hoping to film the factual best-seller *Prince of the City* (since filmed by Sidney Lumet); he must have realized that the thrills of glossy sadism were no longer enough. I talked with him in New York last week, and he acknowledged that *Blow Out* was a stepping stone to something new. "I'm interested in building out the characters more now. I'd like to learn to make a movie like *Bridge on the River Kwai*, where you get all different kinds of views of a big subject like war, and yet it's an action-adventure. I don't think I'll be accused of form for form's sake on this movie." He won't, it's true. Clumsy and uncertain though it often is, *Blow Out* is a splendid, moving thriller, and it's also remarkably restrained. There is violence, but no gore, and very little sex. And though De Palma's visual designs have lost none of their sensuous beauty, they're all firmly harnessed to the story. He has evaluated his gifts and decided to get serious with them, and in *Blow Out*, he's made a movie about that decision. It could be subtitled: "In Defense of Voyeurism."

Voyeurism, of course, has always been a naughty little joke among filmmakers. Peering through their lenses at the agonies and ecstasies of their characters, filmmakers have known the voyeur's guilty delight, and the work of De Palma and his mentors is laced with Peeping Tom references — what, after all, are moviegoers but civilized peepers, getting their vicarious kicks? But in *Blow Out*, De Palma is no longer flirting with the subject — he's making great, bold claims for it. To him voyeurism is a sign of life in a deadpan age; it restores us to concern, and to justice. *Blow Out* opens with a juicy parody of the Peeping Tom horror movie that De Palma has mastered — and that the people who made *Halloween*, *Friday the 13th*, and the like have so successfully imitated: heavy breathing, subjective camera work, a ghoul who peers through windows at masturbating girls in a college dorm, and, of course, the inevitable shower scene. The sound man on the film is Jack (John Travolta), who's made so many movies with the word "Blood" in the title that he's no longer sure what's flowing in his own veins. Whatever ambitions he may once have harbored have been drained out of him. And now he spends his days auditioning women for their screams and recording the sounds of breathing and wind. In fact, it's wind he's after on the night he witnesses the accident — but then he breaks through the window of the governor's car and rescues Sally (Nancy Allen), and his safety from the observed world is shattered. Driven by some nameless force — a kind of blind groping toward morality — Jack pursues his suspicions, and when a news magazine publishes frames from a film of the accident, taken by a certain Manny Karp (the wonderfully oily Dennis Franz), Jack clips the reproductions and pieces them together to make his own movie of the crime — with

soundtrack. In one deft, fascinating sequence, we watch Jack at work, using animation cameras and gleaming sound equipment. And for a while *Blow Out* becomes a mini-essay on ways of seeing — and an homage to the superior epistemological powers of the movies.

In *Blow Out*, voyeurism is the

vestige of a lost humanity. Peeping Toms don't do anything, but at least they're interested in other people; certainly they're more alive to their fellow men than the cops and officials in this movie, who are all too eager to dismiss the death of McRyan as an accident. *Blow Out* takes place in a new America: America the thick-

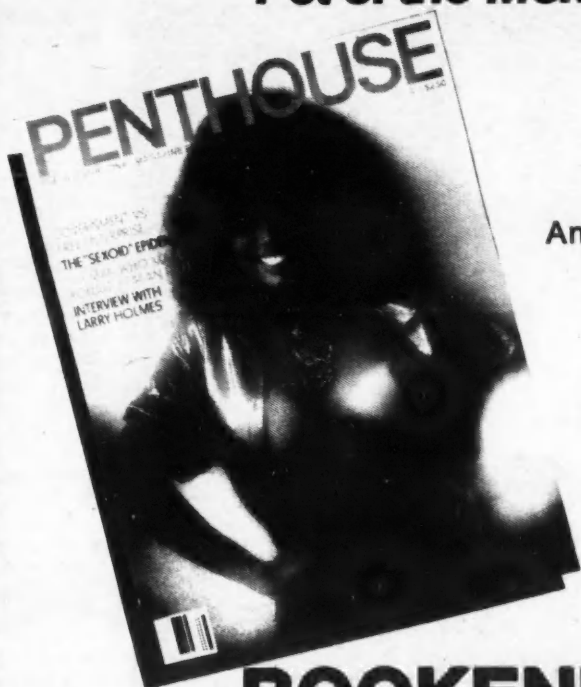
skinned, America the blind. Set in Philadelphia during a fictitious patriotic celebration called Liberty Day, it gives us an ironic portrait of an oblivious, star-spangled purgatory, a place whose citizens mouth pieties about the founding fathers while they plot to do in their successors — and ignore

Continued on page 16

COME MEET LYNN'S OWN

CORINNE ALPHEN

Penthouse Covergirl and Pet of the Month



**Friday
July 31,
4:30 PM**

Amateur photographers
Bring your camera
Plenty of
August Penthouse
Magazines for
autographs!

BOOKENDS

North Shore Shopping Center
Peabody, MA
(next to Sears)

NOW IS THE TIME FOR HEROES.



VICTORY

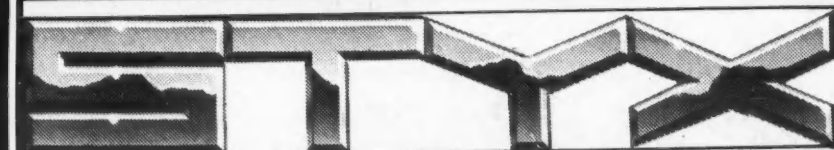
LORIMAR PRESENTS A FREDDIE FIELDS PRODUCTION A JOHN HUSTON FILM
 SYLVESTER STALLONE
 MICHAEL CAINE MAX VON SYDOW PELÉ
 "VICTORY"

Music by BILL CONTI Director of Photography GERRY FISHER. B.S.C. Screenplay by EVAN JONES and YABO YABLONSKY Story by YABO YABLONSKY and DJORDJE MILICEVIC & JEFF MAGUIRE Produced by FREDDIE FIELDS Directed by JOHN HUSTON Read the BANTAM BOOK A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

PG PARENTAL STRONG CAUTION: SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN

Starts Friday, July 31.

SACE PI ALLEY 1-2 237 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON 227-6481	GENERAL CINEMA DORLINGTON MALL ROUTE 118 BOSTON 273-4400	AN EDDY'S THEATRE ALLSTON 214 HARVARD AVE. BOSTON 277-2140	GENERAL CINEMA SAUGUS 871 S. D.E. BOSTON CTR. 328-1348	SACE SOMERVILLE 47 ASSEMBLY SQUARE 628-7000	SHOWCASE DEBHAM 326-4955 ROUTE 1 of 128	SACE CINEMA MATTICK 227-8640 ROUTE 9 OFF SHOPPING WALK
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AND



WEEKEND

STARTING FRIDAY, JULY 24th, AT 3:00 PM
AND GOING ON ALL WEEKEND LONG.

'Blow Out'

Continued from page 15

any evidence of wrongdoing. After all, why get involved? Why look? Jack has played the Peeping Tom game for keeps before; he was the guy who affixed microphones to informants during a Knapp Commission-like investigation of police corruption, and his efforts resulted in a cop's murder. And in the final, shocking shot of *Blow Out*, after Jack's quest for the truth has once more ended in tragedy, we watch his world close up again, like a lens that has been admitting too much light. He will rejoin the realm of the oblivious, where voyeurism is just a sick little movie joke and the glimmering opacity of the TV tube is all that's left of community.

De Palma's gliding, craning camera always seems to be yearning to glimpse the unglimped, to look and see. It can romanticize anything, and in *Blow Out* it turns Jack's search into a rhapsody: the greatest, most meaningful time of his life. Photographed by Vilmos Zsigmond, *Blow Out* is a splendidly designed movie, and the Peeping Tom theme is in practically every frame of it. Conversations begin with an acknowledgment of appearances ("You look great," the characters keep chanting), and the camera slides into scenes through windows. It is through a car window, in fact, that we meet the movie's villain, a thug (brutally well played by John Lithgow) who has developed some voyeuristic techniques of his own. Peeping through all those windows, into all those lives, we taste the lewd thrill of eavesdropping, and we feel the enthrallment of the voyeur in his subject. Meanwhile, production-designer Paul Sylbert has made sure that everything in this movie — costumes, neon lights, even wallpaper — is red, white, and blue; *Blow Out* is a darkly funny vision of debased patriotism.

I suppose some of de Palma's fans will be so excited about his newly acquired profundity that they'll dub *Blow Out* some sort of masterpiece. It's far from that. De Palma scarcely knows how to handle realistic characters in realistic situations. And, having jettisoned the winking facetiousness that once distanced us from his movies (and made their violence easy to take), he hasn't found anything to fill the vacuum. De Palma's never worried much about plot before; here he's so worried that the film feels a little constipated. He's planted details everywhere that could explain and justify the movie's incongruities, yet the broader rhythms are off, and the plot never completely convinces.

De Palma may be the best visual storyteller now working in movies, but he's a hamfisted writer. The expository scenes between Jack and Sally, Jack and the police, and Sally and Manny Karp are simply awful: repetitious, unfocused, and blandly staged. The director is intent on restraining himself here, on keeping his jumpy camera still, so that we'll watch the people instead of the technique. But his dialogue needs to jump when his camera can't, and he doesn't know how to cut corners or push things forward. We've seen so much of this conspiracy-and-detection plot before that we get impatient with the long passages in which Jack tries to convince Sally that the killer is after them, and she says she doubts it, and he says but it's true, and so on. De Palma can get away with his visual borrowings because he outdoes his sources, but he can't get away with purloining other screenplays — he's just not good enough. At one point, he slaps two of those endless you've-got-to-believe-me scenes back to back, and the movie begins to creak so badly you'd swear that vultures were gathering overhead. And though implausibilities can be forgiven, I'm still bothered by a few of them. Like why is it that Jack never suspects his phone is bugged, even though he's a sound man — and not just any old sound man, but one who's worked in the paranoid world of police informants. I'm bothered, too, by the climactic chase, which proceeds very smoothly past patriotic parades and police roadblocks but ends in a mawkish delirium of romance and fireworks. When I saw the movie, the crowd hooted at that scene; De Palma had lost his audience, and he does so intermittently throughout the film.

The worst of it is that he's let Nancy Allen play Sally as a dopy cartoon. Dressed in garish furs and shiny boots, Allen allows her dumb-blonde accent to

send her dialogue into a comic tailspin: she's not forging a character, she's doing Judy Holliday shtick. That ruins her romance with Travolta, because Travolta is in earnest, and despite a few weak line readings and a few throaty reversions to goofball adolescence, he gives a tough-minded, remarkably sympathetic performance — his best since *Saturday Night Fever*. With his hair slicked back and two-days' growth of beard, Travolta plays against his glamor-boy image. He's intense and a little desperate-looking, and he rarely lets that long, horsy face of his collapse into a playful whinny. As the net draws in on him, his nostrils flare and his eyes seem to come closer together — his face turns into an image from *Guernica*. Travolta is one of the great movie mysteries: a funny-looking kid who, through some alchemy of camera and light, becomes hypnotic on the screen. That face is strangely transparent; you can see the way every impression comes in and makes its imprint on it. It's a face you can always read. And here, in *Blow Out*, Travolta seems more vulnerable, more pellucid and emotional than ever, because he's opened himself up to a new way of acting. Like the Peeping Tom he plays and like the filmmaker he's working for — like *Blow Out* itself — he has risked something here. He's undertaken a new seriousness, and in so doing has transcended all he's ever been. □

Just a giggle

by Owen Gleiberman

JUST A GIGOLO. Directed by David Hemmings. Written by Joshua Sinclair. With David Bowie, Sydne Rome, Kim Novak, and David Hemmings. At the Orson Welles.

If *Just a Gigolo* is any indication, David Bowie has already fallen prey to typecasting. An extraordinary presence in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* — mostly because director Nicolas Roeg capitalized on his popular image as a techno-mystic time-traveler — Bowie was glazed and innocent and gave off a diseased sort of sexual magnetism. He seemed an alien creature (as he does even on his *Midnight Special* videotapes, and the fey weirdness of his space-age-Jesus persona fed into the movie's stranger-in-a-strange-land scenario.

In *Just a Gigolo*, Bowie's been plopped down in dirty, depraved post-World War I Berlin, but he's still playing Jesus — he's still an androgynous, waxy-skinned child-man whom everyone else tries to corrupt. This time he's Paul, a lieutenant in the Prussian army who returns to his native Berlin only to discover that his loving mother (Maria Schell) has rented out his room. What's a poor vet to do? Well, as languid piano music floats in the background, Paul wanders around the city, striking up relationships with various sectors of the splintered postwar population: Captain Kraft (David Hemmings), a wild-eyed ideologue who spouts demented rhetoric about genetics, Third Reich style; Cilly (Sydne Rome), a nympho-goddess who dances at the local cabaret; Helga (Kim Novak), a very bored socialite; and, finally, the Baroness von Semering (Marlene Dietrich), an aging madame who enlists his services as one of the Eden Hotel's resident gigolos.

This is all supposed to be sordid and outrageous, but you'd hardly know it. After *Cabaret* and *The Serpent's Egg*, haven't we seen enough of "divinely decadent" Berlin, with its drag queens and leering patrons and S&M-flavored variety shows? David Hemmings, who directed, has given every character an idiosyncrasy or two, but they're still just kinky automatons. The movie's sex scenes present lusty, teeth-baring blondes jumping on Bowie and shouting such tender endearments as "Charge!" It's as if Hemmings were trying to top the most flagrant excesses of Ken Russell and Russ Meyer.

The movie is disjointed and very hard to follow (this isn't helped by an abominable post-synching job), but what unites it is the harsh, glibly demented tone. *Just a Gigolo* is deadpan camp. You can tell Hemmings thinks that the cryptic dialogue is "blackly" humorous and that the stilted situations should be read through various layers of irony. But who wants to bother? I had hoped that David Bowie would make seeing this picture worthwhile, but by the end, the performer who in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* seemed a genuine movie star has been turned into a campy puppet. □

8 days a week

edited by Donna Kay Williams

SUNDAY 26

Starting today, from 2 to 5 p.m., Polare Levine is finally coaxed out of his studio for a week of what he calls "Eggs Essential Art." Something of a recluse, Levine is a composer, musician, visual artist, poet, and co-founder of Theater Spanupzys (its best-known event thus far was a Tupperware party for 300 in its studio). Today's opening reception, at Gallery East, 24 East Street, Boston, heads up a week of performances of creative movement, poetry readings, live music, and short theater pieces. For details on all the activities, consult our listings for poetry and pop music, or call 426-1940.

Among the grand generation of Cuban-American bandleaders who created Salsa, Tito Puente stands out. He wrote "Oye Como Va," later a hit for Santana, and from his band's tone James Brown took most of his percussive riff effects. You can hear the original tonight at Lulu White. Call 423-3652 for time and ticket information.

MONDAY 27

For the wealthy, the 19th century was an age of elegance and fashion, a world of luxury and leisure. All Dressed Up, the current exhibit at the Wenham Museum, features ball gowns and party dresses of that opulent era. The dresses, which are displayed on mannequins and silhouettes in the museum gallery, are lavishly decorated with bows, ruffles, and embroidery; viewing them, one is aware of the hundreds of hours of painstaking handwork that went into the making of each garment. Accessories are also included in the exhibit, one of which is a "flirtation fan" with a mirror in its frame (to allow the coquette to steal a backward glance). "All Dressed Up" continues through September 13. The museum, at 132 Main Street, is open Monday through Friday from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sunday from 2 to 5 p.m. For information, call 468-2377.

TUESDAY 28

So you didn't get invited to the royal wedding. Well, neither did we. But we Bostonians have the next best thing to enjoy this week: Britain's Royal Ballet, currently celebrating its 50th anniversary, makes its first appearance at the Metropolitan Center in a one-week engagement, starting with tonight's performance of the Ballet's signature piece, *Sleeping Beauty*, at 8 p.m. (it's performed on Sunday too). The company will also perform its full-length *Swan Lake* (tomorrow and Saturday), Kenneth MacMillan's "La Fin du Jour," Sir Frederick Ashton's "Rhapsody" and "A Month in the Country," and Sir Robert Helpmann's "Hamlet" (Thursday and Friday). Tickets range from \$12 to \$24.50 and are available by calling 542-3600.

WEDNESDAY 29

Foiled you, didn't we? You are invited to the royal wedding. Well, sort of. The Londontowne Galleries, at 380 Somerville Avenue in Somerville, cordially requests your presence at a party to honor the royal twosome. It's from 8 to 11:30 p.m., with music by the Beatles, the Chieftains, and the Wolfe Tones. Snacks will be served, but you must BYOB. No live the prince and Di!

This week's "8 days" was prepared with the assistance of Mike Freedberg, Kit Rachlis, and Stephen Schiff.



Wednesday: guess who's coming to St. Paul's.



Starting Thursday: Porky and pals



Friday and Sunday: Gene Kelly goes Parisian

THURSDAY 30

Tex Avery, who died last year, was the master of cartoon comedy; he created, or helped create, *Bugs Bunny*, *Daffy Duck*, and *P-P-P-Porky Pig*, and he went on to make a series of wacko cartoons at MGM that are among the wildest, funniest things animation has ever produced. Today through August 12, Off the Wall Cinema is showing a selection of his finest work, and we say it's high time. For times, check film listings (page 19).

If you want to examine Avery's creations (among others) more closely, head out to Artworld Gallery, on Route 2A in Acton, to view an exhibit of cartoon cels from Warner Brothers and Walt Disney Studios. The collection is being shown through August; call 263-1041 for information.

On a more serious note, Father Robert Drinan, Senator Paul Tsongas, and actress Linda Kelsey of *Lou Grant* are sponsoring a wine-and-hors-d'oeuvres party to discuss the infant-formula problem in developing nations. It's from 6 to 8:30 p.m. at Eliot Church, 474 Centre Street in Newton Corner. Your \$10 contribution will benefit the Infant Formula Action Coalition. Call 354-6583 for more information.

The Institute of Contemporary Art, 955 Boylston Street, continues its Great American Movie Musicals series with this week's offerings: Richard Thorpe's *Three Little Words* (1950), an infectiously giddy bio-film about songsmiths Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, with an incandescent performance by Vera-Ellen (today and Sunday); and Vincente Minnelli's overblown and overrated *An American in Paris* (1951), in which Gene Kelly woos Leslie Caron to the music of the Gershwins (tomorrow and Sunday). Check film specials (page 19) for times.

FRIDAY 31

Remember Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill? Yech! The folks at Nashoba Valley Winery want you to change your thinking about fruit wines, especially those made here in New England, so they're inviting you to taste their products each Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. The wines produced there bear evocative names: "Cox Orange Pippin," "Sops of Wine," "Winter Banana," and "Westfield Seek-No-Further." The winery is located at Damonmill Square, in Concord. Call 369-0885 for further information.

SATURDAY 1

Jazz guitarist Pat Metheny sometimes flashes for the sake of flash, but his new group, featuring Lyle Mays and Nana Vasconcelos, should keep him on a tether. The band's playing the Opera House, starting at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are set at \$10.75.

SUNDAY 2

Artabout, a new summer arts festival, is currently under way in Pittsfield, and continues through August 9. In an effort to bring the artistic and commercial resources of the Berkshires together, most every major performing-arts group in the area will supply entertainment for the next week. Among them: Shakespeare and Company, the Berkshire Country Dance and Music Society, Op Suite Players, the Tamarack Trio, magician Chris Mansfield, the New Phoenix Players, and the Berkshire Bagpipers. For details on specific events, call 413-445-5006.

Hot dots

by Michael Gee

SUNDAY

Noon (56) Muscle Beach Party (movie). Notable only because it marks the point in the Beachiad where Annette started putting on weight.
2:00 (38) Red Sox Baseball. Look, you don't know and we don't know whether there's going to be baseball by this time. If there is, you can rest assured TV-38 will find some way of letting you know. If there isn't, poor Dana Hersey will be sent back to the movie bin for another classic.
3:30 (7) Super Memories of Super Bowl. Two more snafos from NFL films. Did you realize that the team that scored first has won 13 of 15 Megabowls? Probably.
4:00 (7) CBS Sports Sunday. Boxing of one form or other, some auto race, and Brent Musberger. The human drama of cutting to remote.
5:00 (38) Road to Utopia (movie). Bing Crosby and Bob Hope in Alaska, back in the days when Bob's nose still attracted more attention than his forehead. This might be moved up to fill in for baseball.
7:00 (7) 60 Minutes. TV's most popular news show is into reruns. Watching one is exactly like reading an eight-month-old copy of *Time* magazine.
8:00 (5) Social Security: Myths and Realities. Frank Reynolds looks into the possibility there's no money left.
9:00 (5) City of Fear (movie). Dismal fictional portrayal of Son of Sam probes the questions crazed, publicity-hungry killers raise for flawed but essentially decent columnists like David Janssen and smarmy, sensation-seeking publishers like Robert Vaughn.
11:30 (4) Blue Jean Network. The Beach Boys (hang it up, please, fellas) and Smokey Robinson.

MONDAY

Noon (38) The Great Man (movie). An adequate portrayal of the life and times of a successful show-business rat.
3:00 (56) Woody Woodpecker. America's most underrated cartoon hero beaks out at this time slot every week day.
8:30 (5) ABC Baseball. Then again, perhaps not.
9:00 (4) Flamingo Road. Hopelessly beyond redemption; however, marginal enjoyment can be obtained from noting how tight Howard Duff's collar is in each episode.
10:00 (7) Lou Grant. Lou wrestles with the ethics of a TV columnist's making up scores during the baseball strike.

TUESDAY

8:00 (5) Happy Days. "Fonzie Gets Shot." Give the people what they want to see and . . .
8:00 (38) Edward the King. Because of you know what, WSBK is running this serial of the life and times of the guy who had the most fun ever being Prince of Wales. Tonight, Eddie begins his 40-year career of eating, drinking, and fooling around.
10:00 (4) Royal Wedding Preview. The first of many, many hours of folks looking dignified in silly

Cliff Garboden is on vacation.

Airwaves

by Julie White

SUNDAY

8:00 a.m.-noon (WBCN) Boston Sunday Review. Stuart Zoll of the East-West Medical Center discusses the symptoms and treatment of cocaine addiction; Czech choreographer Jiri Kylian is interviewed; Dan Yankee looks at the Ottawa Economic Summit; and the bottle bill is debated. Also, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," a talk with the delegates to the 12th annual symposium of the Mutual UFO Network, including Bud Hopkins, author of *Missing Time*, and Dr. Stanton Friedman, the only nuclear scientist in North America working full-time on UFOs.
9:00 a.m. (WAAF) BBC Rock Hour. A performance by Mick Fleetwood and Pink Floyd's Nick Mason.
10:00 a.m. (WAAF) Rock Special. Featuring the music of Joe Walsh.
10:00 a.m. (WBOS) Acoustics. Joan Orr, formerly of WCAS, hosts this new show, which features two hours of primarily acoustic instrumental music, as well as interviews with the musicians.
Noon (WGBH) A Note to You. Northeastern professor Roland Nadeau begins a three-part series on Leonard Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti*.
1:00 (WMBR) Musically Speaking. Guest host Fahamisha Shariat presents the varied voices of black women.
2:15 (WITS) Baseball. The Sox vs. the Minnesota Twins. Seeing as how everyone has moaned long enough about the negative aspects of this baseball-less summer, let's take a look at the positive side.
2:30 (WCRB) and (WGBH) BSO at Tanglewood (live). Andrew Davis conducts the Overture to Hossini's *The Barber of Seville*, Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Henryk Szeryng, and scenes from Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*.
5:05 (WCRB) Boston Pops. John Williams conducts Weber's Andante and Hungarian Rondo, with Michael Zaretsky, violin, and a Fiddler on the Roof medley of his own arranging.
6:30 (WBUR) Taking Readings. Joseph Langland reads from *Anybody's Song*, a collection selected for the National Poetry Series.
7:05 (WCRB) Showtime. Featuring Irving Berlin's *Mr. President*.
8:30 (WCRB) Delta Opera House. Rossini's *William Tell* conducted by Riccardo Chailly, with soloists Freni, Pavarotti, Milnes, and Ghiaurov. Ready when you are, Bill.
9:00 (WBUR) Jazz Alive! Performers include the Mel Lewis Orchestra, Warne Marsh and Red Mitchell, the Tete Montoliu Trio, and Jane Lambert.
9:00 (WROR) Special of the Week. Music and conversation with the Commodores.
10:00 (WBOS) Bloodlines. Peter Simon's reggae show resurfaces, featuring anything from rare recordings to new releases to interviews.
10:00 (WGBH) Reading Aloud: Our Mutual Friend. This reading of Charles Dickens's book continues through Thursday.
10:00 (WROR) 98 1/2 RPM. A review of the week's news, featuring the battle of the state budget and an interview with comedienne Kaye Ballard.
10:30 (WGBH) The Schoenberg Era. "Schoenberg the Man," part I. Accounts of Schoenberg as a

Billy Pope is on vacation.

costumes. At that, Chas and Di will look better than did the men in my brother's wedding party, who were forced to wear blue blazers and lime green pants.

11:30 (7) Royal Wedding Preview. Brent Musberger hosts. Irv interviews the groom, Phyllis the bride, and Jimmy the Greek gives the honeymoon point spread.

WEDNESDAY

5:00 a.m. (5, 7) The Royal Wedding. At long last, the two poster kids tie the knot. I'm all for young love and happily ever after, and Chas and Di seem like decent sorts, but it bothers me that American television is spending zillions to cover a wedding in a country that is falling apart at the seams. There is little pomp and less circumstance in Brixton, Toxteth, and H-Block, but we Yanks still want to see people in funny hats acting cute. The royal wedding is the ultimate proof that Americans consider England the world's largest theme park.
6:00 a.m. (4) The Royal Wedding. NBC News comes in an hour late, the slackers. Tom, Jane, and Willard Scott. "This lovely, hand-knitted petrol bomb was sent to me by the folks in North Liverpool, Tom."
2:30 (56) Mighty Mouse. A little light opera for the culture crowd. Remember Bucky Beaver and Ipana toothpaste, which used to sponsor this show? I haven't seen a tube of Ipana since *Car 54, Where Are You* went off the air.
8:00 (7) Royal Wedding Highlights. Tom Brookshier goes over the films.
9:00 (5) Royal Wedding Highlights. I don't want to alarm anyone but Howard Cosell hasn't had much to do since the baseball strike and . . .
10:00 (4) Royal Wedding Highlights. NBC just doesn't seem into this, does it?
10:00 (5) Dynasty. Rich people act real rotten and get horny a good deal of the time. When will there be a show depicting rich people worrying over their taxes and merging corporations a lot?
Midnight (5) The Love Boat. Pleasant foreign newlyweds spend hours working on thank-you notes before ending honeymoon to enter no-show civil-service job.

THURSDAY

Noon (38) Touch of Evil (movie). A wonderful movie that'll make your flesh crawl for days. Orson Welles stars as an impossibly nasty person.
4:00 (7) Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (movie). Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in a mediocre musical that's still better than anything else in this time slot.
5:30 (56) The Brady Bunch. Joe Namath makes his acting debut in today's episode. He plays himself to a T.
7:30 (5) It's Open: The New West Wing of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. The city's culture mavens congratulate each other for being at the new building. The parties marking this occasion were opulent, featuring champagne, caviar, and like that. All except the party the MFA hosted for the employees, who actually worked 15-hour days for the last month to get the thing open on time. They got Old Milwaukee and hot dogs. Boston culture proves itself bush league once more.



"May I see your invitation?"

8:00 (56) Soylent Green (movie). Charlton Heston in a dimwitted sci-fi tale of poor eating habits in the 21st century.
9:00 (4) St. Ives (movie). Charles Bronson stars as a tough guy in this adaptation of the excellent Ross Thomas novel.
12:30 a.m. Tomorrow Coast to Coast. Rona Barrett tapes are probably used to frighten bad little Soviet children.

FRIDAY

7:30 (5) This Was America: Growing Up. A look at the pressures of adolescence during the turn of the century. McDonald's, WCOZ, and Adrienne Barbeau posters hadn't been invented yet, but on the other hand, chemistry and physics were a hell of a lot easier to pass.
8:00 (7) Delinquent Justice. What's left of WNAC news looks at what can be done with criminal kids short of locking them up till they're criminal adults.
9:00 (4) The Robert Klein Show. Klein can actually be a funny man, so this should be worth checking out. No word on the usual variety acts.
9:00 (5) Kingdom of Spiders (movie). Mutant tarantulas take over a small town. William Shatner stars — he praises the spiders for eating only human flesh, not butter and other high-cholesterol food.
9:00 (7) Dukes of Hazzard. Gee, the competition in this time slot is murder. Bo, Luke, and Daisy fight over which is prettiest, and several cars get wrecked. If anyone in your family watches this show, seek professional help.
Midnight (5) Fridays. I'm sorry, but there's no hope for this show whatsoever. The Bus Boys are the musical guests.
12:30 a.m. (4) SCTV Network 90. Far more laughs

per minute than its competitors in late-night mirth, except perhaps for Ted Koppel.

SATURDAY

7:30 a.m. (5) The Baseball Bunch. Tug McGraw guest-stars, explaining what makes a man a "ranking free agent" and the principle of service time.
11:00 a.m. (56) Wrestling. The only sport that's the same as it was when I was a child.
2:00 (38) Red Sox Baseball. The Sox are scheduled to play the Blue Jays. Watch this space carefully, because if there is still no baseball on this date, the odds are good there won't be any at all for the rest of the year.
3:00 (5) Big Ten Football Highlights. Hey, gang, we finally won the Rose Bowl.
3:30 (5) Pro Football. The Cleveland Browns vs. the Atlanta Falcons. Oh God, don't leave us poor sportswriters with an August of only exhibition football. We'll be good, we promise.
3:30 (7) Golf. The Canadian Open. That goes double for golf. I mean, I'll clean my room every day and everything.
8:00 (4) Barbara Mandrell. A disgrace to everything that's good and decent about country music.
10:00 (2) My Specialty is Being Right. Edwin Pettey's one-man show, in which he portrays George Bernard Shaw. Good for a few memorable high-class wisecracks.
10:30 (56) The Petrified Forest (movie). Humphrey Bogart's first big picture. He and Bette Davis are marvelous; Leslie Howard is a monumental drag.
11:30 (5) Camille (movie). Garbo coughs.
1:00 a.m. (7) The Conquest of Everest. What I did on my summer vacation. Sir Edmund Hillary narrates.
1:40 a.m. (5) Five All Night Live. Hey, face it, you're tired. Give up and go to bed.

SATURDAY

7:00 a.m. (WGBH) Morning Pro Musica. Robert J. Lurtsema celebrates the 690th anniversary of the Swiss Confederation with classical, traditional, and contemporary music of Switzerland. Keep it up, guys.
9:00 a.m.-noon (WERS) Folk Music of Ireland and the British Isles.
9:30 a.m. (WBZ) Metro Life. Susan Brustein, an advocate of gun control, discusses current legislation and the battle to win over the American public. Pea-shooters at 20 paces.
10:00 a.m.-2 p.m. (WMFO) Something About the Women. Features a wide range of music by, for, and about women, with interviews and talk from 11:00 to 11:30.
1:00 (WCRB) Opera and Oratorio. Kari Richter conducts Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, with Troyanos, Hamari, Schreier, Fischer-Dieskau, and Crass.
2:00 (WITS) Baseball. The Sox vs. the Toronto Blue Jays. You know, like curling, croquet, and ladies' Jell-O wrestling. So stay out, we don't care. We're just glad they don't play football in Fenway Park.
6:00 (WBUR) Earplay. "When the Time Comes." A depressing story having to do with terminal cancer and a tropical island.
8:15 (WROR) Saturday Night Live at the Oldies. Featuring music of the Drifters.
8:30 (WCRB) and (WGBH) BSO at Tanglewood. Ozawa conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 39 and Act II of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, with Norman, Killebrew, Vickers, Haugland, Ellsworth, and Kibler. And Jerry Mathers as Theodore.
10:00 (WDLW) Life at Gilley's. A performance by Razy Bailey.
10:30 (WGBH) The World of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Dramatizations of *Lost and Lucky*, a *Scrapbook of the Lost Generation* and *One Trip Abroad*.
11:00 p.m.-2 a.m. (WERS) Positive Noise. Stuff to drive your parents and neighbors crazy, featuring music for dancing from Buddy Holly to P-Funk.
11:30 (WGBH) Blues After Hours. A feature on Otis Redding.
Midnight (WCOZ) Rock Years. "1966." Rock 'n' roll from when Joplin, Hendrix, and Morrison were still alive and Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King were made dead.

and foul balls in your back yard.
8:00 (WRKO) David Brudnoy Show. "The Truth About the British," a panel discussion with Professor Morton Keller of Brandeis University; then Kathryn Willis, vice-president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, offers tips on banking.
8:30 (WCRB) Boston Pops at Tanglewood (live). John Williams conducts Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Mark Peskanov, and his own "Pops on the March."
10:07 (WEEI) Mystery Theater. "The Long Blue Line." A fourth-generation policeman is assigned a case his father had worked on 10 years earlier.
10:30 (WGBH) Late Night Concert. The Juilliard String Quartet performs works of Mozart, Janacek, and Taneyev.
11:10 (WCRB) Music from Marlborough. Performances of Franck's Piano Quintet and Brahms's Sextet in G.

WEDNESDAY

4:30 (WGBH) Once upon a Time . . . A Fairy Tale Come True. The real-life fairy tale of Prince Charles and Lady Diana is told by the children of the US and Britain. BYO milk and cookies.
6:30 (WBUR) Discussion of Social Issues. A look at the current situation of Haitian refugees in Boston.
7:30 (WITS) Baseball. The Sox vs. the Kansas City Royals. And you can get onto Park Drive at 8 p.m. and get off before 8:30.
8:00 (WCRB) GTE Concert Hour. Antal Dorati conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Bartok's *Wooden Prince*.
9:00 (WCRB) Cleveland Orchestra. "Blossom Festival Concert." Lorin Maazel conducts Beethoven's Symphonies Nos. 8 and 9, with Mitchell, Conrad, Riegl, and Cheek.
10:07 (WEEI) Mystery Theater. "Postage Due." A postman re-opens an old feud when he tries to deliver a 41-year-old letter.
10:30 (WGBH) Late Night Concert. "California Concerts." The American String Quartet performs works of Haydn, Bartok, and Beethoven.

THURSDAY

8:00 (WCRB) GTE Concert Hour. Features a performance of Bach's *Musical Offering*.
9:00 (WCRB) New York Philharmonic. Daniel Barenboim conducts Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette*, with Gal, Aler, and Soyfer.
10:00 (WDLW) Jamboree USA. A performance by Johnny Cash.
10:00 (WGBH) Late Night Concert. "Gala Vienna: Minnesota Orchestra's Summerfest '81." Features music of Mahler, Korngold, R. Strauss, Lehar, Mozart, and Beethoven, with soloists Walter Klein, piano, Benita Valente, soprano, and Jeffrey Siegal, piano.
10:07 (WEEI) Mystery Theater. "Big Momma." An unassuming small-town official unwittingly becomes a cog in a corporate big brother. Whatever that means.
11:00 (WBUR) Boston Spotlight. Features saxophonist Marion Brown and pianist Dave Burrell.

FRIDAY

7:00 (WDLW) Featured Album. Bill Monroe's *Master of Bluegrass*.
7:30 (WGBH) My Music. A quiz show for music buffs, from the BBC.
7:30 (WITS) Baseball. The Sox vs. the Toronto Blue Jays. It's also fun to see what kind of obscure sports the TV stations have to dredge up to fill all that empty time on the news.
9:00 (WCRB) and (WGBH) BSO at Tanglewood

WAAF 107.3 FM	WEEI 580 AM
WBCN 104.1 FM	WERS 88.9 FM
WBOS 93 FM	WGBH 98.7 FM
WBUR 90.9 FM	WITS 1510 AM
WBZ 105.7 FM	WMBR 88.1 FM
WCRB 102.5 FM	WMFO 91.5 FM
WCOZ 94.5 FM	WRKO 680 AM
WDLW 1330 AM	WROR 98.5 FM

Film listings

These listings are compiled almost a week before theater bookings are final. New shows are often scheduled with little advance notification, and these may run longer than noted. Please call the theater before stopping out, and be advised that some previews are common on Friday and Saturday nights.

Listings on this page cover the time period from Sunday, July 26, to Sunday, August 2.

BOSTON

ALLSTON CINEMA (277-2140)
214 Harvard Ave.
I: *Wollan*: through Thurs., 1:45, 3:35, 5:30, 7:15, 9:15
II: *Escape from New York*: through Thurs., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30; Fri. only, no 9:30 show
BEACON HILL I, II & III (723-8110)
1 Beacon St.
I: *Dragonlayer*: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
II: *The Great Muppet Capers*: all week, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
III: *The Fox and the Hound*: all week, 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 9:45
CHARLES I, II & III (227-1330)
195-A Cambridge St.
I: *For Your Eyes Only*: all week, 1, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10:15
II: *Tarzan, the Ape Man*: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
III: *Gas*: all week, 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 10
CHERI I, II & III (536-2870)
Dalton St. near the Prudential Center
I: *Endless Love*: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10; Fri., Sat., midnight show
II: *Escape from New York*: all week, 1, 15, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10
III: *Blow Out*: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10; Fri., Sat., midnight show
CINEMA 57 I & II (482-1222)
200 Stuart St.
I: *Superman II*: all week, 12:15, 2:45, 5:10, 7:45, 10:15; Fri., Sat., 12:15 a.m. show
II: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*: all week, 12, 2:15, 4:45, 7:30, 10; Fri., Sat., midnight show
EXETER THEATER (536-7067)
Exeter St. at Newbury
S.O.B.: through Thurs., 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45; Wed. only, no 5:15 or 7:30 show
NICKELODEON CINEMA (247-2160)
600 Comm. Ave.
I: *New York, New York*: all week, 2:30, 5:30, 8:30
II: *Cutter's Way*: all week, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10
PARIS (267-8181)
841 Boylston
Arthur: all week, 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 10

PI ALLEY I & II (227-6676)
237 Washington St.
I: *Stripes*: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10
II: *Wollan*: all week, 1:15, 3:30, 5:45, 8, 10
SAXON (542-4600)
219 Tremont St.
Nobody's Perfect: all week, 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 10

BROOKLINE

CHESTNUT HILL I, II, III, IV & V (277-2500)
Rte. 9 at Hammond St.
I: *The Four Seasons*: all week, 1, 3:25, 5:30, 7:45, 10
II: *Blow Out*: all week, 1, 3:20, 5:20, 7:45, 10
III: *Stripes*: all week, 1, 3:20, 5:20, 7:45, 10
IV: *Arthur*: all week, 1, 3:20, 5:20, 7:45, 10
V: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*: all week, 1:45, 4:30, 7:20, 10
CINEMA BROOKLINE (566-0007)
History of the World Part I: through Thurs., 7:15, 9:15
Malvin and Howard: starts Fri., 7:15, 9:15
CIRCLE CINEMA I, II & III (566-4040)
Cleveland Circle
I: *For Your Eyes Only*: through Thurs., 12:15, 2:45, 5:10, 7:30, 10
II: *Superman II*: through Thurs., 1:30, 4:15, 7:10, 9:50; Sun only, 12, 2:25, 4:50, 7:10, 9:45
III: *Endless Love*: through Thurs., 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:25, 9:50
COOLIDGE CORNER (734-2500)
290 Harvard St.
I: *To Catch a Thief*: through Tues., 7:45; Sun mat., 4:15
Days of Heaven: through Tues., 6, 9:30; Sun mat., 2:30
The Thin Man: Wed., Thurs., 7:50
After the Thin Man: Wed., Thurs., 5:45, 9:30
Adam's Rib: Fri., Sat., 7:45; Sat. mat., 4:10
Pat and Mike: Fri., Sat., 6, 9:40; Sat. mat., 2:25
Singin' in the Rain: starts Sun., 7:50; Sun mat., 4:10
The Wizard of Oz: starts Sun., 6, 9:45; Sun mat., 2:15
II: *The Last Waltz*: through Tues., 7:30; Sun mat., 3:55
Monterey Pop: through Tues., 6, 9:35; Sun mat., 2:25
The Life and Opinion of Zelig: Wed., Thurs., 7:30
Sworn Brothers: Wed., Thurs., 5:45, 9:10
Head over Heels: Fri., Sat., 8; Sat. mat., 3:55

An Unmarried Woman: Fri., Sat., 5:45, 9:50; Sat. mat., 1:40
Annie Hall: starts Sun., 8:25; Sun. mat., 3:15
Manhattan: starts Sun., 6:40; Sun. mat., 1:30
Starburst Memories: starts Sun., 5, 10:10

CAMBRIDGE

BRATTLE (876-4226)
40 Brattle St. near Harvard Square
Every Man for Himself: through Tues., 6:15, 9:50
Jonah, Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000: through Tues., 7:50
Mr. Hulot's Holiday: Wed.-Fri., 5, 8:20
Hiroshima Man Amour: Wed.-Fri., 6:45, 10
It Came from Outer Space: starts Sat., 5, 8
The Creature from the Black Lagoon: starts Sat., 3:30, 6:30, 9:30
FRESH POND CINEMA (547-8800)
Fresh Pond Shopping Center
I: *Gas*: through Thurs., 2, 3:50, 5:35, 7:30, 9:30
II: *Nobody's Perfect*: through Thurs., 2, 3:50, 5:35, 7:35, 9:35
GALERIA CINEMA (661-3737)
5 Boylston Street
Atlantic City: all week, Call for times.
HARVARD SQUARE THEATER (864-4500)
1434 Mass. Ave.
Dr. Zhivago: Sun., 1, 5, 9
9 to 5: Mon., 12:30, 4:10, 7:55
Breaking Away: Mon. 2:25, 6:05, 9:50
The Deerhunter: Tues., 2:45, 7:50
Taxi Driver: Tues., 12:30, 5:50
Close Encounters of the Third Kind: Wed., 3, 7:45
Star Trek: Wed., 12:45, 5:20, 10
My Brilliant Career: Thurs., 12:30, 4:20, 8:10
Julia: Thurs., 2:15, 6, 9:55
Bustin' Loose: Fri., 12:30, 4:10, 8
Blue Collar: Fri., 2:10, 5:50, 9:40
Harold and Maude: Sat., 1, 4:25, 8:05
The Graduate: Sat., 2:35, 6:05, 9:40
King of Hearts: Sun., 12:45, 4:35, 8:25
A Thousand Clowns: Sun., 2:30, 6:20, 10:10
OFF THE WALL CINEMA (354-5678)
15 Pearl St.
The Rolling Stones Concert Scrapbook: through Wed., 5:45, 7:50, 9:55; Sun. mat., 3:45
Tex Avery: Cartoon King: starts Thurs., 6, 8, 10; Sat., Sun. mat., 4
ORSON WELLES I, II & III (868-3600)
1001 Mass. Ave.
I: *Cocktail Molotov*: all week, 2:05, 4:05, 6:05, 8:05, 10:05
II: *I Sent a Letter to My Love*: all week, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10
III: *Just a Gigolo*: all week, 2, 3:55, 5:50, 7:45, 9:45

MIDNIGHT MOVIES

The following theaters screen films Fri. and Sat. at or around midnight. For suburban midnights, see suburban

listings.
Exeter Theater: Rocky Horror Picture Show
Harvard Square: Fri.: A Day at the Races; Sat.: Red River
Orson Welles: Richard Pryor in Concert; Rockers; Just a Gigolo

GOOD DEALS

Good deals are subject to change at a moment's notice, so check with the theater before taking off.
Arlington Cinema: \$2 for first show of the day, \$1.50 for seniors till 5 p.m.
Arlington, Capital & Regent: \$1.25 Sun.-Thurs., \$1.50 Fri. and Sat.
Belmont Studio: \$1.50 at all times
Brattle Theater: discount coupons — six admissions for \$15
Cinema Brookline: \$1.75 at all times
Cleveland Circle: \$2 for first show
Coolidge Corner: \$2.50 for last show of the night
Fresh Pond Cinema: \$1.50 all times
Harvard Square: \$2 till 6 p.m. Mon.-Fri. (except holidays); \$2.50 at midnight; \$3 after 6 and Sat., Sun., and holidays
Newton Academy: \$2 for first show
Nickelodeon: Discount coupons available — 10 admissions for \$30; first show Mon.-Sat. \$2.50
Off the Wall: \$2.25 Mon.; discount coupons available; five admissions for \$12; discount membership available: \$1 off regular price
Orson Welles: \$1.50 with a Welles T-shirt Mon. and Tues.; discount coupons, too
Public: \$1.25 all times
Somerville — Broadway and Somerville: \$1.25 Sun.-Thurs., \$1.50 Fri. and Sat.
West Newton: \$2 for weekend mat.

FILM SPECIALS

CAMBRIDGE CENTER FOR ADULT EDUCATION (547-6789), Blacksmith House, 56 Brattle St., Cambridge, presents Friday Night at the Movies. July 31: "Blonde Crazy," 8 p.m. \$2.
HARVARD FILM ARCHIVE (495-3251), Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts, 24 Quincy St., Camb., presents an American comedy film series. July 28: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," July 30: "Meet John Doe." Both at 8:45 p.m. \$2.
INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART (266-5152), 955 Boylston St., Boston, presents July 26: "Mother Wore Tights," 5 p.m. July 30: "Three Little Words," 6 and 8 p.m. (also on Aug. 2 at 3 p.m.), July 31: "An American in Paris," 6 and 8 p.m. (also on Aug. 2 at 5 p.m.), \$2.50, \$2 for ICA members.
MODERN TIMES CAFE, 134 Hampshire St., Camb. (354-8371). July 26: "On the Beach," Aug. 1 and 2: "Foreign Correspondent." Both at 9 p.m. \$2.



And the sacred harp: Robbie Robertson in *The Last Waltz*, at the Coolidge Corner

MUSEUM OF OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE (861-6559), 33 Marrett Rd., Lexington. July 26: "The Story of Louis Pasteur," 3 p.m.
WHERE'S BOSTON? is shown hourly each day at 50 State St. (661-2425). Tix \$1.50-\$3.
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY (536-5400), Copley Sq., Boston, presents a Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film series. July 27: "Top Hat," 5 and 7 p.m. Free.
CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY (498-9081), 45 Pearl St., Cambridge. July 29: "Our Relations," with Laurel and Hardy, 7 p.m. Free.
FRAMINGHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY (879-3570), 49 Lexington St., Framingham, presents a Ronald Reagan film festival. July 27: "This is the Army," 7:30 p.m. Free.
FRENCH LIBRARY (266-4351), 53 Marlborough St., Boston, presents Marcel Pagnol's *Trilogy*. July 26: "Cesar," 8 p.m. \$2. Weekend Cine Club and French Library members \$1.50.
NEWTON FREE LIBRARY (552-7145), 414 Centre St., Newton. Presents children's films. July 28: "Fingermouse, Yoffy and Friends: House of Card-board," "Fireman, Fireman," "Yankee Doodle Cricket," 2:30 p.m. Also presents on July 29: "The Balloonatic," "College," both with Buster Keaton. 7:15 p.m. Free.
SOMERVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Highland Ave. and Walnut St. (623-5000). July 30: Peter Ustinov's *Lenin* short — Harold Lloyd.
SOUTH BOSTON BRANCH LIBRARY (268-0180), 646 E. Broadway St., South Boston, presents a summer film festival. July 30: "All the King's Men," 6 p.m. Free.
UPHAMS CORNER BRANCH LIBRARY (265-0139), 500 Columbia Rd., Dorchester. July 31: "Last Holiday," 9:30 a.m. Free.
WEST END BRANCH LIBRARY (523-3957), 151 Cambridge St., Boston, July 30: "Born Yesterday," 5:30 p.m. Free.

Orson Welles Cinemas 1001 Mass. Ave., Cambridge 868-3600 Discount Parking Available

A MOVIE PASS to the first 25 people to correctly answer the following (Mon., between 5 & 5:30, please at 868-3603): What is the name of the famous Russian state run and funded film school?

WINNER 1981 ACADEMY AWARD BEST FOREIGN LANGUAGE FILM

"MOSCOW" is one of the best films, foreign or domestic, I've seen.
—Carrie Ruckes, Village Voice

"SO BEGUILING...SO INTELLIGENT...SO UNIVERSAL...the movie is hard to resist."
—Judith Crist

FILM MAKING AT ITS BEST... a thoroughly pleasing romantic comedy.
—Richard Schickel, TIME Magazine

DESERVES THE OSCAR!
—Archer Winsten, New York Post

The Funniest, Tenderest Love Story Of The Year
Thruated by VLADIMIR MENSHIV

NEW ENGLAND PREMIERE STARTS FRIDAY

A genuinely touching and richly rewarding feminist romantic comedy from Russia. It is the story of three provincial young women who move to Moscow in 1958 as roommates in pursuit of their careers and romance. Capturing their lives over a 20 year period, MOSCOW captures both their trials and triumphs with marvelous wit, style, and truth.

2:00, 4:45, 7:30, 10:10

"A COMEDY OF BLITHE SPIRIT AND UNCOMMON SENSE. Miss Signoret gives an immensely rich and funny characterization."
—Vincent Canby, New York Times

SIGNORET
"I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE"

An extraordinary and powerful story of adult passions between a brother and sister living together off the Brittany coast in France. A movie of incredible tenderness and caring. Brilliantly directed by Oscar winner Moshe Mizrahi.
2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00

"★★★★ A MASTERFUL FILM... the most accurate portrait to date of growing up and out in the 1960's... Diane Kurys captures the truth of youth in a series of epiphanies that dissolve one into the other with effortless grace... it is a romantic vision tempered by the maturity of a woman who sees the past through a glass, clearly."
—Michael Blouen, Boston Globe

"A CHARMING FILM OF MANY MARVELS... a subtle and sage film about the first flight from home, the first love affair, the first ambiguous taste of freedom."
—Alan Berger, Herald American

David Bowie
Just a Gigolo

David Bowie plays a handsome soldier who is found desperately attractive by women, and finds a bizarre career in the profession of the film's title. Co-starring Kim Novak, Marlene Dietrich, and Maria Schell. A fascinating and exotic movie.
2:00, 3:55, 5:50, 7:45, 9:45

COCKTAIL MOLOTOV

The wonderfully buoyant and joyously free-spirited story of an 18 year old woman's memorable journey across Europe with her first lover and his best friend amid the tumultuous times of 1968. Directed by Diane Kurys and starring Elise Caron. 2:05, 4:05, 6:05, 8:05, 10:05

The Late Shows:
Fri. & Sat., July 31 & Aug 1 at 12:00 Midnight
From the creators of
1 Airplane at 12:45 AM
2
3 RICHARD PRYOR
Filmed Live in Concert

GODARD
The Rolling Stones
"Sympathy for the Devil (1+1)"

2
3 RICHARD PRYOR
Filmed Live in Concert

Tech Hifi's 14th Anniversary Sale.

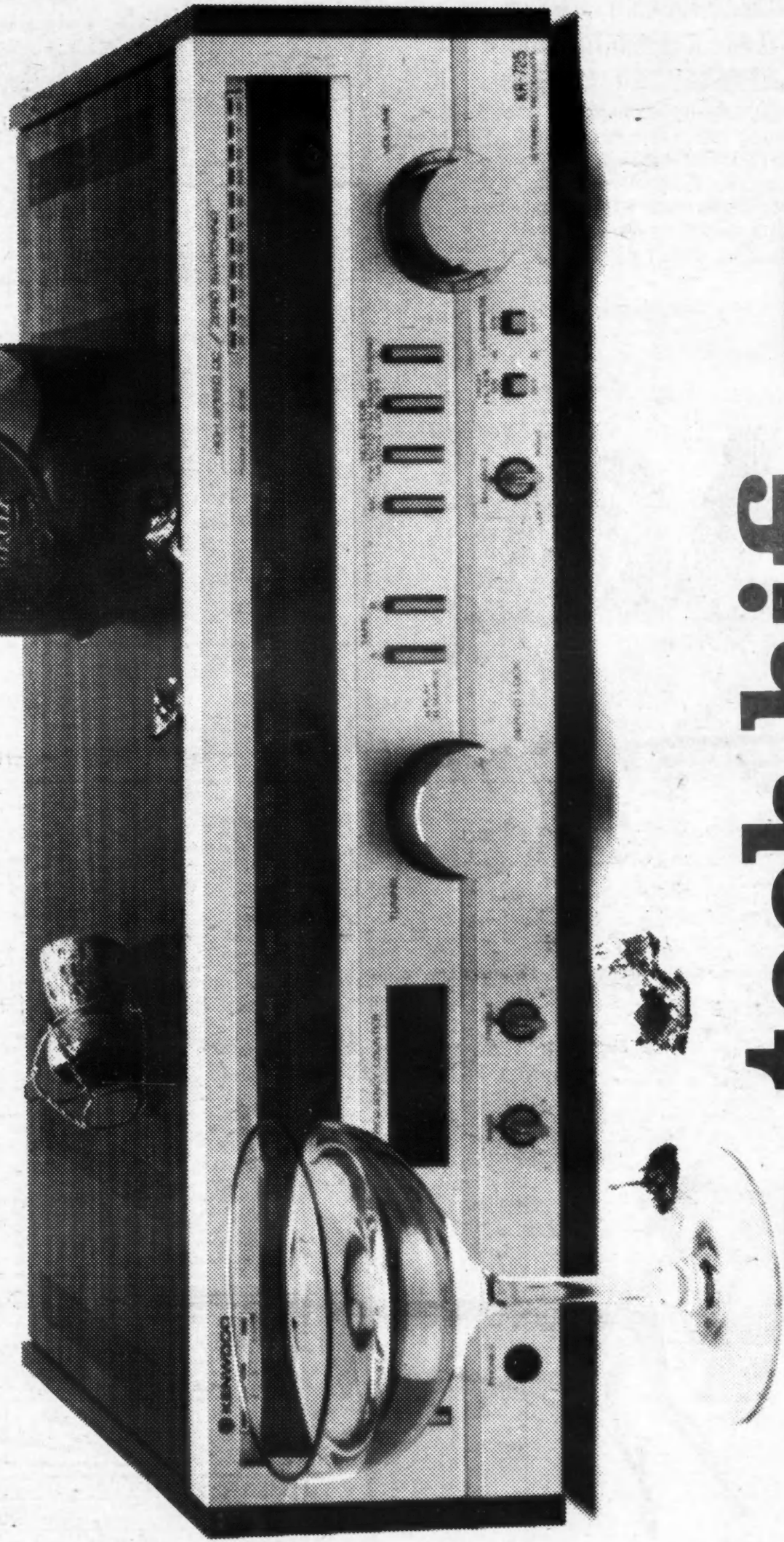
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Since 1967, Tech Hifi has made nearly 3 million music lovers happy. For 14 years, we've been selling quality stereo components at discount prices. And we've always backed them with **extra** guarantees you don't get at other stores. Including a 7-Day Moneyback Guarantee, a 3-Month Exchange Privilege, and a 30-Day Price Guarantee.

To celebrate our 14th Anniversary, we're having a sale. **Everything** in Tech Hifi's huge stock of home,



α sale. **Everything** in Tech Hifi's huge stock of home, car, and portable stereo is on sale at special low Anniversary Sale prices. You'll save on Sony, Pioneer, Kenwood, Technics, and a hundred other quality brands of stereo components and accessories.



At participating Tech Hifi stores:
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BOSTON 240A Newbury Street
BROCKTON Corner of Rt.27 & Pleasant St.
BROOKLINE 870 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGTON Vinebrook Plaza
CAMBRIDGE, Harvard Sq. 38 Boylston St.

CAMBRIDGE 182 Massachusetts Ave.
DANVERS 198 Endicott Street
DEDHAM 850 Providence Hwy. (Rt. 1)
FRAMINGHAM 50 Worcester Hwy. (Rt.9)
HANOVER At Hanover Mall Extension
HYANNIS Rt 132, in Capetown Plaza
NORTH DARTMOUTH 345 State Rd. (Rt.6)

QUINCY 464 Washington Street
SAUGUS Rt. 1 Augustine Plaza
SPRINGFIELD 1376 Boston Road
STONEHAM 352 Main Street
WORCESTER 301 Park Avenue
THE SERVICE CENTER: 870 Comm. Ave.
MANCHESTER, NH K-Mart Shopping Plaza

NASHUA, NH Nashua Mall Extension
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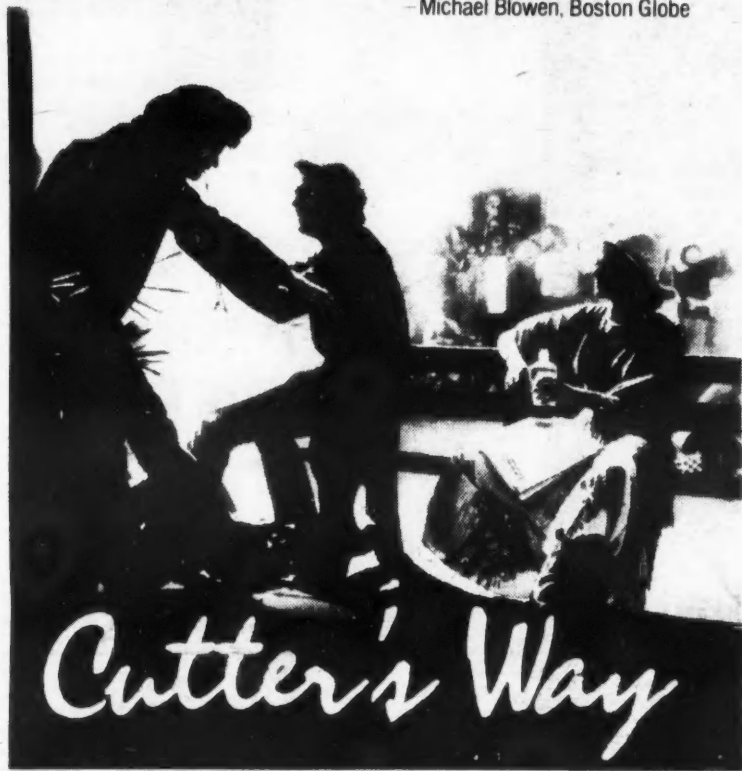
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Suburban cinemas

The listings on this page cover the time period from Sunday, July 28, to Sunday, August 2.

- ARLINGTON, Capitol (648-4340)**
204 Mass. Ave.
History of the World Part I: through Thurs., 7, 9; Sun. mat., 5
The Concession Man: starts Fri., 7, 9; Sun., mat., 5
ARLINGTON, Regent (643-1197)
Medford St.
One: through Thurs., 7, 9; Sun. mat., 5
Dragonlayer: starts Fri., 7, 9; Sun. mat., 5
BRANTREE, General I-IV (648-1070)
South Shore Plaza
I: Walkies: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
II: For Your Eyes Only: all week, 7:30, 9:40
III: Blow Out: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
IV: Endless Love: all week, 1, 3:05, 5:10, 7:30, 9:45
BROCKTON, General Five (1-588-5050)
Westgate Mall
I: Arthur: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:30
II: For Your Eyes Only: all week, 1:30, 4:15, 7:20, 9:50
III: Stripes: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:20, 7:35, 9:45
IV: The Great Muppet Caper: all week, 1, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:15
V: Superman II: all week, 1:30, 4:10, 7:15, 9:30
BROCKTON, Sack I-IV (1-963-1010)
Route 27
I: Raiders of the Lost Ark: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40
II: S.O.B.: all week, 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:45, 10
III: Blow Out: all week, 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:50
IV: Tarzan, the Ape Man: all week, 1:20, 3:25, 5:30, 7:30, 9:35
BURLINGTON, General I-II (272-4410)
Route 128, exit 42
I: Tarzan, the Ape Man: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
II: S.O.B.: all week. Call for times.
III: Blow Out: 1, 3:20, 5:20, 7:45, 10
CANTON, Oriental (828-8924)
636 Washington St.
Call for features and times.
DANVERS, Liberty Tree Mall I and II (599-3122)
Rte. 128, Exit 24
I: Superman II: all week, 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10, Fri., Sat., 11:55 show
II: Blow Out: all week, 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 9:50; Fri., Sat., 11:50 show
DANVERS, Sack Cinema City I-VI (593-2100)
Rte. 128, Exit 24
I: Raiders of the Lost Ark: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:20, 9:40; Fri., Sat., 11:45 show
II: S.O.B.: all week, 1:40, 3:45, 5:50, 7:55, 10:05; Fri., Sat., midnight show
III: For Your Eyes Only: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10; Fri., Sat., midnight show
IV: Walkies: all week, 1:15, 3:10, 5:15, 7:25, 9:35; Fri., Sat., 11:35 show
V: Endless Love: all week, 1:10, 3:20, 5:35, 7:45, 9:55; Fri., Sat., 11:55 show
VI: The Fox and the Hound: all week, 1:15, 3:10, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15; Fri., Sat., 11:30 show
BERNHAM, Showcase II (326-2100)
950 Providence St.
I: Stripes: all week, 1, 3, 5, 7:25, 9:45
II: The Fox and the Hound: all week, 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:10, 9:10
III: Escape from New York: all week, 1:30, 3:30, 5:20, 7:40, 10
IV: Raiders of the Lost Ark: all week, 12:15, 2:30, 4:45, 7:25, 9:55
V: Tarzan, the Ape Man: all week, 12:45, 2:55, 5:05, 7:20, 9:40
VI: S.O.B.: all week, 12, 2:30, 4:50, 7:30, 10
VII: Arthur: all week, 1:20, 3:20, 5:10, 7:20, 9:35
VIII: Superman II: all week, 12, 2:25, 4:45, 7:10, 9:45
BATICK, Sack 6 (237-5840)
Route 9, opposite Shopper's World
I: Tarzan, the Ape Man: all week, 1:25, 3:30, 5:35, 7:45, 9:55; Fri., Sat., 11:55 show
II: The Fox and the Hound: all week, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15; Fri., Sat., 11:35 show
III: Arthur: all week, 1:05, 3:05, 5:05, 7:35, 9:35
IV: Blow Out: all week, 1:10, 3:15, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
V: Stripes: all week, 1:20, 3:25, 5:25, 7:45, 9:50; Fri., Sat., 11:55 show
VI: Escape from New York: all week, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30; Fri., Sat., 11:30 show
NEWTON, Academy (332-2524)
102 Beacon St., Newton Centre
I: S.O.B.: through Thurs., 7:30, 9:40; Sat., Sun. mat., 1, 3, 5:20
II: Tarzan, the Ape Man: through Thurs., 7:15, 9:15; Sun. mat., 1, 3:15, 5:15
NEWTON, West Cinema (964-6080)
1296 Washington St.
I: Breaker Morant: all week, 7:10, 9:10, except Fri. and Sat., 7:30, 9:40
II: Yess: through Thurs., 8
III: The Last Metro: starts Fri. Call for times.
IV: Popeye: through Tues., 7, 9:05
The Magician of Lubeca: Wed., Thurs. Call for times.
Raging Bull: Fri., Sat. Call for times.
The Elephant Man: starts Sun. Call for times.
PEABODY CINEMA (599-1310)
North Shore Center
I: Stripes: all week, 1, 3:15, 5:20, 7:35, 9:45
II: Zorro, the Gay Blade: all week, 1:15, 3:15, 5:10, 7:30, 9:30
III: Arthur: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
SAUGUS, General I-II (321-1345)
Route 1
I: Tarzan, the Ape Man: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:30, 9:40
II: The Great Muppet Caper: all week, 1, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:15
SOMERVILLE, Broadway (625-5316)
81 Broadway
One: through Thurs., 7, 9
The Concession Man: starts Fri., 7, 9
SOMERVILLE, Sack Assembly Square I-VIII (628-7000)
35 Middlesex Ave.
I: S.O.B.: all week, 1:15, 3:20, 5:25, 7:45, 10:05; Fri., Sat., midnight show
II: Blow Out: all week, 1, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:20, Fri., Sat., 11:25 show
III: Stripes: all week, 1:30, 3:35, 5:40, 7:50, 9:55; Fri., Sat., midnight show
IV: Tarzan, the Ape Man: all week, 1:10, 3:20, 5:25, 7:50, 10:05; Fri., Sat., midnight show
V: Raiders of the Lost Ark: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45; Fri., Sat., 11:50 show
VI: Walkies: all week, 1:25, 3:25, 5:25, 7:30, 9:35; Fri., Sat., 11:35 show
VII: Endless Love: all week, 1:05, 3:15, 5:25, 7:40, 10; Fri., Sat., midnight show
VIII: Arthur: all week, 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:25, 9:30; Fri., Sat., 11:30 show
SOMERVILLE, Somerville (625-1081)
50 Davis Sq.
History of the World, Part I: through Thurs., 7, 9; Sun. mat., 5
Dragonlayer: starts Fri., 7, 9; Sun. mat., 5
STONEHAM, General I-II (438-4050)
Routes 128 and 28
I: Walkies: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:10, 7:30, 9:35
II: Nobody's Perfect: all week, 2, 3:50, 5:35, 7:35, 9:35
WALTHAM, General I-II (890-1064)
477 Winter St.
I: One: all week, 7:30, 9:30; Sat., Sun. mat. 2, 3:50, 5:35
II: Nobody's Perfect: all week, 7:35, 9:35; Sat., Sun. mat., 2, 3:50, 5:35
WOBURN, Showcase Five (933-5138)
Main St., Middlesex Canal Park
I: For Your Eyes Only: all week, 1:45, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55
II: Arthur: all week, 1:20, 3:20, 5:10, 7:20, 9:35
III: Raiders of the Lost Ark: all week, 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:35, 9:55
IV: Superman II: all week, 1:30, 4:15, 7:10, 9:45
V: Stripes: all week, 1, 3, 5, 7:25, 9:45
VI: Endless Love: all week, 2, 4:40, 7:30, 10

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R TARZAN THE APE MAN	PG SUPERMAN II	BILL MURRAY STRIPES	RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK PG
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SUPERMAN II DE MIGHTY DESPONDENT	BILL MURRAY STRIPES	ARTHUR PG	TARZAN THE APE MAN R	S.O.B. R	RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK PG
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK R	THE FOX AND THE HOUND				

WOBURN 1-2-3-4-5-6 RTE 128 · EXIT 39 & RTE 38 · 933-5330

ARTHUR PG	BILL MURRAY STRIPES	brooke shields endlesslove	PG RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY			

Please Call Theatre For Screen Times

Film strips

compiled by Owen Gleiberman



MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears (1980). Vladimir Menshov's Oscar-winning film traces 20 years in the life of a provincial young woman (Vera Alentova) who emigrates to Moscow in 1958, has a daughter, is abandoned by her live-in lover, becomes the director of a large chemical products plant, and finally finds enduring companionship with a simple, loving prole (Alexei Batalov). The film has been hailed for its frank, revealing portrait of life in contemporary Moscow, and for its examinations of the single-versus-married quandary. In fact, it may be the closest the Soviet Union has come to producing a romantic comedy on the order of *An Unmarried Woman*. With Irina Muravyova and Raisa Ryzanova. *Opens Friday, July 31, at the Orson Welles.*

A

★★★★ADAM'S RIB (1949). One of the best of the Katharine Hepburn/Spencer Tracy films, directed by George Cukor's inimitable grace. Hepburn and Tracy portray married lawyers arguing opposite sides of a case. Since the case involves a woman who has shot her abusive husband (with Hepburn, of course, serving as the defense counsel), the film manages to raise some interesting "feminist" issues. Still, it's something of a relief that when the squabbling marrieds reconcile, it doesn't feel like a sell-out. The dialogue, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is brittle and rapid-fire, and the film is also notable for the screen debuts of four remarkable comic talents: David Wayne, Jean Hagen, Tom Ewell, and Judy Holiday. *Coolidge Corner.*

AFTER THE THIN MAN (1936). The first of several sequels to *The Thin Man* (1934), this is reputed to be one of the best. William Powell and Myrna Loy, as Dashiell Hammett's Nick and Nora Charles, are one of the most believably happy married couples in movies, sharing wisecracks, whiskey, and crime detection. This film's batch of suspects includes a young Jimmy Stewart, Elissa Landi, and Joseph Calleia. Directed (like *The Thin Man* before it) by the incredibly prolific W.S. Van Dyke. *Coolidge Corner.*

★★AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1951). Despite its accolades (including five Academy Awards, one for Best Picture), Vincente Minnelli's ambitious musical extravaganza is frequently gaudy, strained, and overwrought. It represents the apotheosis of Minnelli's ingenuity: camera tricks, larger-than-life characters, and flamboyant stylizations strain to beef up a thin plot in which Gene Kelly, as an ex-GI artiste, must choose between millionairess Nina Foch and the girl he really loves (cute Leslie Caron, in a most beguiling debut). But if it's often a hit-or-miss affair (even the tabbed ballet sequence is overlong and overly lavish), the film is not without its charms: it's enormously energetic, the music is Gershwin (albeit hopped-up Gershwin), and Kelly's choreography is often quite lovely. *Institute of Contemporary Art.*

★★ARTHUR (1981). In this frothy romantic farce, the impishly talented Dudley Moore has a luminous, little-boy quality that's enchantingly funny. Unfortunately, the movie itself is a rather routine vehicle powered by one of the oldest boy-meets-girl plots in history. Moore plays Arthur Bach, a generally soused playboy who's spent his entire life sponging off an impossibly huge family fortune. He's soon in love with a poor coffee-shop waitress (Liza Minnelli), but his worldly grandmother will cut off his \$750-million inheritance unless he marries a pretty but dull debutante. The film is thin, predictable screwball, but it's entertaining, mostly because of the vitality of the performers. As Hobson, Arthur's crustily paternal manservant, John Gielgud works miracles with a conventional Jeeves-the-butler role. *Paris, Chestnut Hill, Sack Somerville, suburbs.*

B

★★★BLUE COLLAR (1978). Paul Schrader's crude but effective story of three Detroit auto workers who take on the System. Shot in drab, oppressive gray-blues, this movie offers the sort of relentlessly fatalistic vision of working-class life that stays with you — even if you can't quite believe it. Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, and Yaphet Kotto star as the disgruntled assembly-line buddies who rob their local union headquarters, only to discover that the union organizers are every bit as corrupt as the company they're supposedly there to fight. The film often feels propagandistic, but Schrader's harsh visual style and uncompromising cynicism combine to give it a gritty, primitive power. *Harvard Square.*

★★★BREAKING AWAY (1979). A commercial American movie with a real feeling for its Midwestern locale, and an unsentimental generosity toward its characters. Playwright Steve Tesich, who wrote the Oscar-winning script, attended Indiana University in Bloomington, the lovingly observed small

town in which four inseparable pals, recent high-school grads, spend an in-between summer in their old haunts, staging a last-ditch holding action against adulthood. Tesich's smooth, unobtrusive narrative method helps us glide right past the more banal contrivances — the dream romance of the bike-racing hero (Dennis Christopher) with a campus princess, or the *Rocky*-esque climax, in which Christopher takes on the arrogant BMOCs at the race track. The finale feels strained and inauthentic, but its inadequacy is a measure of the warmth and the richness of detail that Tesich and director Peter Yates (*Bullitt, The Deep*) have worked into the texture. *Harvard Square.*

★★BUSTIN' LOOSE (1981). A slight, sloppy, sentimental comedy that succeeds by providing enough opportunities for its star, Richard Pryor, to go into his act. Playing a parolee who's been recruited to drive a busload of maladjusted kids cross-country, Pryor uses every predicament — be it an encounter with a Doberman pinscher or with the KKK — to create a sort of instant theater: with one electrified glance, or a twitch of that cigar butt of a nose, he musters up more conviction, wit, and drama than either Roger L. Simon's screenplay or Oz Scott's direction can provide. As a prim, dedicated social worker, Cicely Tyson gives Pryor class — and he gives her comedy. By the final chase scene, the two of them are tossing sight gags back and forth with the élan of a seasoned comedy team. *Harvard Square.*

C

★★★CESAR (1936). The final chapter in Marcel Pagnol's touching trilogy about the tempestuous love affair of Fanny (Orane Demazis) and Marius (Pierre Fresnay) — and the only one of the films to have been directed by Pagnol himself. In this nearly three-hour film, 20 years have passed since the tale began. Fanny's son discovers that Marius is his true father, and the lovers are finally reunited. With Raimu as Cesar, Marius's father. *French Library.*

★★★★CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (1977). Instead of taking us out of this world, a la *Star Wars* or *2001*, Steven Spielberg's grandiose entertainment delivers a mystical experience in light and sound to those of us stuck here on Earth. The awestruck story of man's first official meeting with the friendly denizens of UFOs is soul-cleansing; you walk out of it in an open, benevolent, wondering mood that lasts for hours, even days. Douglas Trumbull's special effects are astonishing, as is the soundtrack, with music by John Williams. But Spielberg hasn't made a flawless film: *Close Encounters*' piety gets a bit sticky at times, and its characterizations are simplistic and often irritating. No matter: *Close Encounters* is still among the most moving spectacles of the '70s. With Richard Dreyfuss, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Cary Guffey, and Francois Truffaut. This re-release is substantially changed, with a new ending that takes us inside the Mother Ship. *Harvard Square.*

★★CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954). One of the most charming and romantic of '50s horror films, shown here in 3-D. An expedition to the Amazon discovers a scaly, man-shaped, amphibious creature (actually, he's kind of cute) who swims on his back through the crystal water, gazing up at Julia Adams as she paddles about on the surface. Much of the acting and dialogue is mediocre (at best), but the visuals are entrancing. The wooden-headed cast features Richard Carlson and Richard Denning. *Brattle.*

D

★★A DAY AT THE RACES (1937). The beginning of the Marx Brothers' long downhill slide under Irving Thalberg's guidance at MGM. The brothers had made their best movies for Paramount, but they were not always successful; the last and best of them, *Duck Soup*, was a box-office flop. Thalberg took them on and provided their zaniness with romantic subplots and musical underpinnings, and though *A Night at the Opera* remained a howler nevertheless, its successor, *A Day at the Races*, flounders a bit under the weight of Allan Jones's singing. Still, there are several riotous sequences, what with Groucho portraying the quackish Dr. Hackenbush, Margaret Dumont his hypochondriacal

★★★★ Superb
 ★★★ Good
 ★★ Middling
 ★ Bearable
 ● A turkey
 Films without ratings have not been viewed as we go to press. We intend no judgment.

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Continued from page 23
 patient, and Chico an insane horse-race tipster. The ingenue is Maureen O'Sullivan. *Harvard Square*.

★★★DAYS OF HEAVEN (1978). Terrence Malick's second film (*Badlands* was the first) isn't a masterpiece, but its ambitions and craftsmanship put it on a level few other films even aspire to. The plot is as harsh and strange as a folk tale: three rootless refugees from city squalor (Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Linda Manz) call down apocalyptic ruin on terminally ill Texas wheat farmer Sam Shepard. The sharp, airy photography by Nestor Almendros knocks the wind out of you. Each image, no matter how scabrous, is presented with equal detachment, and the people soon shrink to insignificance. The imagery perfectly embodies Malick's neo-Manichean metaphysics; in almost every frame, malignancy and aching beauty coexist. Based on a tale from Genesis, this is the only movie in memory that captures the

bleak, incantatory tone of the Old Testament. *Coolidge Corner*.
 ★★★THE DEER HUNTER (1978). Michael Cimino's saga of three steelworkers who carry their "one clean shot" notions of manliness from the deer hunt into battle in Vietnam is an utterly satisfying look at how the myth of the American hero was consumed by the war it created. During the first third, in which Cimino creates a spacious portrait of a Russian-American steel town in Pennsylvania, we sense that a hundred lives, an entire universe, are passing before our eyes. And then, in a Vietnam prison camp episode that's one of the most harrowing action sequences in movie history, the game of Russian roulette becomes an apt symbol of the way America's let's-go-in-there-and-clean-out-the-vermin heroism turned into the suicidal gambling of Vietnam. Cimino's command of narrative rhythm is overwhelming, and Robert De Niro's Michael, the deer-hunting hero, has you rooting not just for him, but for American heroism in the abstract; the

movie embodies a tempered, sadder-but-wiser patriotism. *Harvard Square*.
 ★★★DRAGONSLAYER (1981). Loosely based on the tale of St. George and the Dragon, this medieval fantasy is less a comic-book myth in the *Star Wars* vein than a pop civics lesson. Producer Hal Barwood and director Matthew Robbins (the team that made *Corvette Summer*) have created a sword-and-sorcery film in which justice and social order are the stuff of legends, and where heroes and villains take a back seat to skeptics, pragmatists, opportunists, and religious fanatics. The film manages a fun, flaky recapitulation of recent social-political history as it tells the story of the youthful dragonslayer Galen (Peter MacNicol), the witty and wise sorcerer Ulrich (Ralph Richardson), and the dragon, Vermithrax Pejorative. Although the special effects are sometimes awesome, this horrifying-looking dragon lacks personality; the film's primary appeal lies in the cock-eyed way it balances its elements. *Beacon Hill, Fresh Pond, suburbs*.

E

★★★THE ELEPHANT MAN (1980). This film by *Erosarhead's* David Lynch tells the true story of John Merrick, an intelligent but terribly deformed sideshow freak of Victorian England. The screenplay, by Lynch, Christopher DeVore, and Eric Bergren, often waxes sentimental, but the movie doesn't shrink from being a horror picture as well. And the tug-of-war it stirs up in us — between revulsion and sympathy, morbid curiosity and liberal piety — gives the film a disturbing power. Lynch's style captures the look of Dickensian London, and the movie accumulates a dark, subtle power. Yet in spite of a heroic performance by John Hurt — who acts eloquently from inside his elaborate elephant-man makeup — and a surprisingly restrained and precise one from Anthony Hopkins, as Merrick's doctor, the film lapses into pathos in the scenes of guttersnipes attacking Merrick, and in the scenes with Anne Bancroft hammering it up as a grande dame of the theater who befriends the freak. *West Newton, Cheri, Chestnut Hill, suburbs*.
 ●ENDLESS LOVE (1981). Working from Scott Spencer's extraordinary novel about a teenage boy consumed by obsessive love, that great swooner Franco Zeffirelli has fashioned one of the most disgraceful adaptations in movie history. The story is about David Axelrod (Martin Hewitt), an idealistic teenager who stakes his life and soul on the ecstatic purity of his love for Jade Butterfield (Brooke Shields), the young daughter of a determinedly bohemian couple. But while the book achieved the miracle of making David's erotic madness seem accessible and attractive, Zeffirelli has made a movie that's simply about a sweet, good-looking guy who everybody thinks is crazy. *Endless Love* is like a weepy pop song about misunderstood kids. The true subject of its cool, chic designer love scenes is the fantasy it offers teenagers — the dream of being able to make out in your own bedroom without your parents' barging in and ruining everything. *Cheri, Circle, Sack Somerville, suburbs*.
 ★★ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (1981). This film by director John Carpenter has a terrific premise: the year is 1997, and the entire island of Manhattan has been converted into a maximum-security prison; when Air Force One crash-lands inside the city's 50-foot walls, and the President of the United States (Donald Pleasence) is kidnapped, the prison's newest, most dangerous criminal, ex-war hero Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell), is sent to retrieve him. With a premise that

enticing, *Escape from New York* could hardly be dull. Yet Carpenter's attempt to plunder the paranoid image of the Big Apple we all carry around with us is undernourished. Instead of giving us the spectacle of a byzantine alternate society of criminals, Carpenter turns Manhattan into a giant junk heap. The movie is full of action, but it isn't richly imagined enough to transport you. *Cheri, Saxon, Aliston, suburbs*.
 ★★★EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF (1980). A lot of people hailed Jean-Luc Godard's invigorating film as his triumphal return to the narrative cinema. Yet as exciting and challenging as it is, this astringent movie isn't much of a story. Composed in four "movements," like a symphony, it's a beautifully designed, open-ended work that talks about film, sex, the city, machines, work, prostitution, and alienation. *Every Man for Himself* is electrifying and shockingly funny, but it's never warm or touching or intimate. It's a study of a malignant world that can be redeemed only if we awaken to its mysteries. With Isabelle Huppert, Nathalie Baye, and Jacques Dutronc. *Brattle*.

F

★★★FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940). One of Hitchcock's fastest-moving films, this one stars Joel McCrea as a reporter caught in a web of intrigue when he tries to track down a Dutch diplomat kidnapped by the Nazis. The suspense is terrific, and there are marvelous sequences in a Dutch windmill, a crashing airplane (masterfully shot without a cut, even when the sea breaks through the glass of the plane's cockpit), and Westminster Cathedral. *Modern Times Cafe*.
 ★FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (1981). This James Bond movie descends beyond the baroque into a sort of saggy decadence — and its star, Roger Moore, sags with it. Moore's 007 is no longer an arch charmer but a limp, harried old biddy who seems severed from every drive and passion. And it's not just Moore but the entire Bond series that shows its age. *For Your Eyes Only* is a terribly down-to-earth Bond movie: the villain, a latter-day Greek tycoon, has none of the usual demonic greed; the gadgets are mundane; and Carole Bouquet, as Bond's girl, looks rather unhappy about the whole thing. She and Moore both act as if they'd never dream of actually touching each other. *Charles, Circle, suburbs*.
 ★★THE FOX AND THE HOUND (1981). Over five years and \$10 million in the making, this eagerly awaited first film from the newly trained "younger generation" of Disney animators is something of a disappointment. These new artists haven't really come up with innovative styles or methods of animating; though Fox is visually pleasing, its style is basically a workmanlike rehash of the pulsating Technicolor style of the Disney films of the '30s, '40s, and '50s. The story itself is a simple, maudlin fable about the friendship of two creatures who were born to be enemies, and the film is bereft of the idiosyncratic characters that made earlier Disney films such comic delights. Still, kids will probably enjoy it; the Disney studios still put out a serviceable product. *Beacon Hill, suburbs*.

G

GAS (1981). In this timely new comedy, an unscrupulous oil baron (Sterling Hayden) creates an artificial gas shortage in a small Midwestern town, and the inhabitants respond by fighting their way, tooth and claw, to the gas pumps. With Donald Sutherland as an airborne DJ, Susan Anspach as a befuddled news reporter, and Peter Aykroyd (yes, he's Dan's brother) as the world's klutziest black belt. Directed by Les Rose. *Charles, Fresh Pond, suburbs*.
 ★★THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER (1981). As a secretary who becomes a top fashion model, single-handedly apprehends a ring of jewel thieves, and finds true happiness with a skinny amphibian (Kermit the Frog), Miss Piggy achieves a magnetic presence; not since Joan Crawford has an actress so zealously and meticulously cultivated her screen image. *The Great Muppet Capers* is, first and foremost, a vehicle for its porky star, though it's also a touchingly tongue-in-cheek tribute to movie-making itself. Director Jim Henson has learned from the mistakes of the first Muppet movie, and he's come up with a couple of top-notch set-pieces, such as a supper at the posh Dubonnet Club that becomes a distillation of every nightclub scene ever made. And Kermit and Miss Piggy make a wonderful team — the chemistry between these two floppy subhumans brings high-gloss romance back to the silver screen. *Beacon Hill, suburbs*.


H

★★★HEAD OVER HEELS (1979). Like the superb novel it's based on, Ann Beattie's *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, this Joan Micklin Silver film is a scruffy, charming, occasionally spooky comedy of romantic fixation. But the addled, tenderly sarcastic tone is more than a matter of style, it's a way of getting at the truth about a milieu — that of the last weary stragglers from the generation of the '70s. John Heard gives a beautifully nuanced performance as Charles, an aimless young man obsessed with a former love (Mary Beth Hurt, from *Interiors*) who left him to return to her husband. The movie is too winsome at times, and it's far from a masterpiece technically, but in light of its feeling for character, such minor flaws nearly evaporate. *Coolidge Corner*.
 ★★HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR (1959). One of the seminal works of the New Wave, this is Alain Resnais's rich, abstruse story of a French actress working on an anti-war film in Hiroshima circa 1950 whose love affair with a Japanese architect gives rise to a Proustian whirl of memory and emotion. Its revolutionary narrative techniques, its integration of images of past and present, and its successful exploration of difficult themes assure its place among the classics, as do the fine performances by Eiji Okada and especially Emmanuelle Riva. *Brattle*.

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I
IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (1953). Richard Carlson saves us from the fiendish visitors, who are living inside a mountain and are taking over all our souls. But he can't save this sci-fi soporific. In 3-D; Ray Bradbury had something to do with the script. *Brattle.*

J
★★★★JONAH WHO WILL BE 25 IN THE YEAR 2000 (1976). Alain Tanner's best film is a serious comedy about eight members of the generation of the '60s who have been stranded by history. With the radical movement dead, their ideological fervors dampened or almost forgotten, these survivors have become part of a new class, the lumpen intelligentsia. Forced to take boring or meaningless jobs in order to survive, they furtively try to keep their idealism alive, hoping against hope that they can make it all work again in small ways — by growing organic vegetables, living communally, teaching school in revolutionary style, fouting the plans of the rich and powerful. Written by Tanner and his collaborator, art critic and novelist John Berger, this film combines Marxism and playfulness, analysis and love, in a way that is absolutely miraculous. It is easily the most entertaining political movie since Godard's *Weekend*. Jean-Luc Bideau (from *La Salamandre*) and Miou-Miou head an enchanting cast. *Brattle.*

★★★JULIA (1977). Fred Zinnemann's version of the luminous story from Lillian Hellman's memoir *Pentimento* is flawed but engrossing, a handsome, almost too tasteful production whose look recalls David Lean's Dickens films. Adapted by Alvin Sargent, it focuses on the young Hellman's struggle to complete her first play (*The Children's Hour*), her initial Broadway success, and her adventure working with Europe's anti-Fascist underground at the behest of her childhood friend Julia, the scion of a wealthy American family. Too worshipful of Hellman and abusive of her friends in literary society, the film has an unassailable asset in its acting. Jane Fonda is an energetic, moving Hellman. Vanessa Redgrave delivers the performance of her life as Julia (though she's not on the screen nearly as much as we might wish), and Jason Robards brings his hammy, craggy charm to the role of a god-like Dashiell Hammett. *Harvard Square.*

K
★★★KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE (1977). This is a rarity — a black-out-style spoof of movies and TV that's really funny. The handiwork of a Los Angeles theater troupe (some of whose members went on to make *Airplane!*), this hit-or-miss compendium of media gags works by lampooning the form of various movies and TV shows as well as the content and by bringing back such tried-and-true devices as the sight gag and the comic build-up, gimmicks all but lost amid the myriad Monty Python and *Putney Swope* imitations of the early '70s. The acting is terrific, too, because all the characters, fished by the hundreds from the LA talent pool, are natural-born caricatures:

porn queens are luscious, muscle-men hulking, news commentators blandly handsome, and karate champs able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. Tasteless and flat at times, but all in all, good fun. *Orson Welles.*

L
★★★THE LAST WALTZ (1978). Martin Scorsese's documentary of the Band's farewell concert in 1976 is as lush and glamorous as the event itself. Never before has a concert film given us such an intimate sense of what it is like to be on stage, of what's going on within a song. However, the film occasionally turns into a rock history class for 10-year-olds and it hasn't quite decided whether to treat the Band's departure as a symbol of an era's end or as simply a pragmatic decision. The performances by Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Van Morrison, Muddy Waters, Joni Mitchell, and a host of others are good; some are transcendent. *Coolidge Corner.*
THE LIFE AND OPINION OF ZATOICHI (1962). Fans of the violent, comical Japanese action series about Zatoichi, the legendary blind swordsman, won't want to miss this one: it's the film that started it all. Shintaro Katsu stars. *Coolidge Corner.*

M
★THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN (1979). Israeli hack director Menahem Golan (*Operation Thunderbolt*) has coarsened Isaac Bashevis Singer's story of a 19th-century Polish-Jewish stage magician (a disastrously miscast Alan Arkin) who is brought low by his compulsive womanizing and by his tendency to covet "the magic of God." After dallying with Valerie Perrine (as a gypsy wench), Maia Danziger (as his willowy assistant), Louise Fletcher (the aristocratic shiksa he wants to marry), and Linda Bernstein (the beautiful wife he left behind in boring, Orthodox Lublin), Arkin is confronted with his folly and turns into a mangy-bearded saint who lives in a big barbecue pit, mumbling to himself. This is not a cheap-looking movie, but it's shoddily constructed, and Arkin, with his hair in a greasy pony-tail, must be the unluckiest super-stud on the screen since Donald Sutherland played Casanova. *West Newton.*

★★★MANHATTAN (1979). Woody Allen's comic wail, a harsh but very funny meditation on what it means to be a moral man in an amoral age. Photographed by Gordon Willis in lustrous black-and-white, Allen's New York is a beauty with a heart of stone; he may adore it, but it's also his "metaphor for the decay of contemporary culture." Allen's Isaac Davis, a 42-year-old TV writer, finds himself the subject of a gossip book by his lesbian ex-wife (Meryl Streep); suffers through a love affair with a trendy, high-strung literary critic (Diane Keaton in her best performance to date); and tries to ease himself in and out of a relationship with 17-year-old Mariel Hemingway — in the end, he finds his own hypocrisy staring him in the face. *Manhattan* is not as exhilarating as 1977's *Annie Hall*, and finally, not as good, but it's more probing, more controlled. The pleasure we get from it is that of a new intimacy with an old friend. *Coolidge Corner.*

★★★MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1953). The first of Jacques Tati's Hulot films is still the best

because it maintains the balance between Tati's complex, graceful gags and his preoccupation with the aridity of modern life. Tati so hates the urban milieu that when he brings the oddly inhuman Hulot to the city, in *Playtime* and *Traffic*, the effect is deadening. Almost devoid of dialogue, *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* sports some great sequences and a touch of nostalgia sorely missed in Tati's later work *Brattle.*

★★★MONTEREY POP (1969). One of the great concert films, and the first to become a major hit. Shot by documentarians D.A. Pennebaker, Albert Maysles, and Richard Leacock, the film includes spellbinding numbers by Janis Joplin and Otis Redding; 15 minutes of mind-numbing boredom from Ravi Shankar; and Jimi Hendrix's epochal (not to mention apocalyptic) rendition of "Wild Thing," in which the Master

does battle with a wall of amplifiers and sets fire to his guitar. With the Who, the Jefferson Airplane, and more. *Coolidge Corner.*
★★MOTHER WORE TIGHTS (1947). Reasonably amusing backstage musical concerning the recollections of a vaudeville family, led by singing-and-dancing Betty Grable. Walter Lang directed this colorful production. *Institute of Contemporary Art.*
Continued on page 26

"Besides being one of the most delightful, witty and refreshing films of the summer season, Blake Edwards' 'S.O.B.' is an entertaining documentary on the arcane, preposterous process of making movies in Hollywood."
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Continued from page 25

N

NOBODY'S PERFECT (1981). And that goes double for Gabe Kaplan, Alex Karras, and Robert Klein, who just happen to be the stars of this comedy about a car-pooling trio who share a psychiatrist. Directed by Peter Bonerz, the actor who portrayed Jerry the dentist on *The Bob Newhart Show*. *Saxon, Fresh Pond, suburbs.*

O

ON THE BEACH (1959). Socially conscious Stanley Kramer (*Judgment at Nuremberg*) spent his whole career casting around for "big" subjects, and with this film, he stumbled on one of the biggest. Adapted from Nevil Shute's novel about a group of post-Armageddon survivors in Australia who are counting off the days until they're snuffed by radioactive fallout, *On the Beach* is typically overblown Kramer fare, though there's something undeniably amusing about the way the filmmakers reduce all human reaction to the end of the world to soap opera. With Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, and Fred Astaire, in his first dramatic role, as a cynical scientist. *Modern Times Cafe.*

P

PAT AND MIKE (1952). This gets our vote for the best of the Katharine Hepburn/Spencer Tracy films — as well as for the best screenwriting effort by Garson Kanin and his wife, Ruth Gordon. Hepburn plays a golf pro unappreciated by her stolid blond boyfriend, and Tracy is the sports promoter who manages her. At first he treats her like a prize mare, but this is what she needs: coddling, stroking, care, and

admiration. Love ensues, naturally, but it's almost unphysical, more a joyous mutual admiration. We're surprised this movie hasn't found a cult following among feminists: its plot could be summed up in a phrase, "Behind every great woman is a good man." None of this should obscure the fact that the film is uproariously funny, gracefully directed by George Cukor, and full of pungent supporting performances, especially Aldo Ray's as a dimwitted pugilist. "There's not much meat on her, but what's there is cherce." *Coolidge Corner.*

R

RAGING BULL (1980). Martin Scorsese's film biography of '40s middleweight champ Jake La Motta (Robert De Niro) is about boxing as performance, as entertainment, as naughty thrill, and then as other things — purgative ritual, religious spectacle, martyrdom. And that's more weight than even this movie, with its heroic yet off-putting performance by De Niro, can possibly carry. This is the closest study yet of the haunted, vicious type that has fascinated Scorsese and De Niro since *Mean Streets*. La Motta's background and past have been stripped away until he is reduced to a single element: violence. De Niro brings physical shadings to Jake La Motta that are uncanny, but Scorsese's insistence on taking a mystical view of the character's brutality knocks the meanings askew. However, *Raging Bull* contains some of the most intense and stylishly shot boxing footage ever — as well as extraordinary supporting performances by Cathy Moriarty (as Jake's second wife, a blonde '40s icon) and Joe Pesci (as his fast-talking brother). *West Newton.*

RED RIVER (1948). A splendid Western and one of Howard Hawks' greatest films, starring John Wayne, Montgomery Clift, and Walter Brennan. Clift, who became a star after this movie,

plays a smart young cowhand who rebels against Wayne's slit-eyed, hardened cattle baron (his foster father) in the midst of an important round-up. Hawks's relaxed, matter-of-fact style saves this epic from heavy-handedness without sacrificing sweep. He handles the themes of inter-familial conflict and bull-headed youth versus bull-headed old age with remarkable grace: the action sequences are stunning, and the shots of cattle on the move panoramic. But the film's real revelation is the sensitive, revealing performance Hawks coaxes out of John Wayne. *Harvard Square.*

THE ROLLING STONES CONCERT SCRAPBOOK (1964-69). Four short documentaries featuring the Rolling Stones, back when they were still the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world. The two highlights are the Stones segment from *The T.A.M.I. Show* and "Stones in the Park," a film of their 1969 free concert in London's Hyde Park, dedicated to the just-deceased Brian Jones. *Off the Wall.*

S

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1953). The directorial team of Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, the screenwriting of Adolph Green and Betty Comden, the songs of Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, and the acting of Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen combined to make what is probably, with *The Band Wagon*, the finest musical of the '50s — and one of the best ever. Its background of Hollywood at the beginning of the sound era makes for a lively plot, but the film really needs it with such extraordinary numbers as O'Connor's "Make 'em Laugh" tour de force, and the haunting ballet between Kelly and Cyd Charisse to "Broadway Rhythm." A film whose sly exuberance will convince even the most hardened musical-haters. *Coolidge Corner.*

S.O.B. (1981). Blake Edwards's acerbic farce about the new, conglomerate-owned Hollywood has plenty of nasty, funny energy, yet the movie is freewheeling and stodgy at the same time. Telling the story of Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan), a successful producer who tries to salvage his first flop by recutting it into a \$40-million sex epic, Edwards can't come up with anything outrageous enough to match his naughty-boy mood. During the first hour, as Felix Farmer wanders about his Malibu mansion trying to kill himself, and friends and vultures gather, the movie bubbles with mad, sexy chaos — the comedy of obliviousness. But when Felix actually goes about getting his dirty movie off the ground by unveiling, onscreen, the breasts of his pristine star (Julie Andrews) — and wife — Edwards's premise seems strangely wrong-headed and naive. In the end, S.O.B. is less a savage satire than a sentimental paean to the solidarity of a battered Hollywood nobility. With William Holden, Robert Preston, Robert Vaughn, and Robert Webber. *Exeter, Academy, Sack Somerville, suburbs.*

STARDUST MEMORIES (1980). Although it's sometimes very funny, Woody Allen's film is also stinky and stand-offish. Lifting his plot almost point for point from Fellini's *8½*, Allen has made a bitter comedy about his own sterility and creative blockage, and about how much he loathes all of us, his jerky fans. Sandy Bates, the big-time comedy director Allen plays, treks to a New Jersey resort hotel — the Hotel Stardust — to be feted and interviewed during a meet-the-filmmaker weekend. The movie turns Sandy's critics, fans, and producers into a procession of grotesques, and his contempt for his followers only thinly disguises his contempt for himself. Allen generously presents himself with another agonizing choice between two beautiful women, Marie-Christine Barraud, as a healthy dream girl, and Jessica Harper, as a neurotic pick-up (who reminds him of his

institutionalized ex-mistress, played by Charlotte Rampling). The very opposition feels fatuous and schematic here, so when a choice is eventually made, we have no emotional stake in it. *Coolidge Corner.*

STATE FAIR (1945). Also entitled *It Happened One Summer*, this musical about an Iowa farm family's adventures at the State Fair is a simple, enchanting slice of rustic Americana. Rodgers and Hammerstein contributed the songs, including "That's for Me," "It's a Grand Night for Singing," and "It Might As Well Be Spring," and there are lively performances by Jeanne Craine, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, Vivian Blayne, and, as a judge who gets progressively drunker, Donald Meek. Directed by Walter Lang, the picture is vastly superior to the several non-musical remakes. *Institute of Contemporary Art.*

STRIPES (1981). This anarchic military farce often feels as if it had been just thrown together, yet at its best, it's the kind of wildly intuitive satire that leaves one exhilarated. Bill Murray stars as John Winger, a cock-eyed optimist who joins the Army after losing his job, car, and girlfriend, and the film makes a splendid showcase for Murray's unique brand of casual lunacy. Tossing off pronouncements without a whisper of sincerity, Murray is so funny he's liberating. Structurally, *Stripes* is a mess, and several scenes (notably a 10-minute mud-wrestling sequence) are real clunkers. But Murray's hip foolishness and the hilarious basic-training set-pieces are enough to make this army comedy twice as funny as *Private Benjamin*. Directed by Ivan Reitman. *Pi Alley, Chestnut Hill, Sack Somerville, suburbs.*

SUPERMAN II (1981). Director Richard Lester takes the Superman story back to its pulpy, comic-book roots, and the result is a spectacle with style — a movie that draws its ambience from the comics' very crudeness. Though the production values have a coarse, cheapjack quality, and the story has some rather gaping holes, *Superman II* is unexpectedly touching. Gene Hackman's Lex Luthor has become a far wittier character, and the scenes with the other villains (a trio of terribly nasty exiles from Krypton) are deft and amusing. Equally good is Christopher Reeve, who shows us Superman's delight in impersonating the nerd-like Clark Kent, and then, when Superman falls in love with Lois Lane (Margot Kidder) and loses his powers, his pain at having to become him. The shift from comic glee to pathos is accomplished with such extraordinary assurance that a silly adventure movie takes on the dimensions of myth. *Cinema 57, Circle, suburbs.*

SWORN BROTHERS (1969). The Boston premiere of yet another super-violent Japanese action flick. Raizo Ichikawa stars as a yakuza who is released from prison and finds himself enmeshed in a bloody power struggle. Koji Yasuda directed. *Coolidge Corner.*

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL (1968). Jean-Luc Godard referred to this film, originally titled *One Plus One*, as his last "bourgeois" work. It juxtaposes documentary footage of the Rolling Stones in the studio, building their song "Sympathy for the Devil," with interviews with "Eve Democracy" (Anne Wiazemsky), speeches by advocates of black power, and some wild revolutionary doings on a beach. Godard was upset when the British producers of the film turned it into an homage to the Rolling Stones by adding a final scene in which the Stones successfully recorded the final version of "Sympathy for the Devil"; the song's completion did not gibe with his notion of an infinitely evolving Marxist dialectic. Unfortunately, the film is better in every way with the British addition, since the Stones segments have an internal power and coherence that seem to mock Godard's political intentions and beg for their own resolution. A fascinating failure. *Orson Welles.*

T

TARZAN, THE APE MAN (1981). Though this is about the 15th version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs stories, it's got to be the first in which Jane is billed ahead of her chest-thumping mate. The star is, of course, Bo Derek (who, believe it or not, also produced the movie), and fans of that adorable amazon will be pleased to hear that in addition to coddling Tarzan (Miles O'Keefe), Bo gets to indulge in bodily embraces with a whole spectrum of subhumans, including an orang-utan and a 17-foot python. Reportedly, the Burroughs estate is filing suit. John Derek, Bo's real-life Tarzan, directed. *Charles, Academy, Sack Somerville, suburbs.*

TAXI DRIVER (1976). Robert De Niro turns in a hypnotic performance as Travis Bickle, the haunted hack driver who drinks in the brutality and horror of New York City and then, overwhelmed with panic, loneliness, and disgust, spits it out like venom. Martin Scorsese's film is garishly expressionistic and intellectually assailable, but it possesses an extraordinary visceral power. Paul Schrader translated his personal nightmare into an uncommonly vivid screenplay, and though the plot at times tests our credulity, the film burns with the logic of psychic torment. *Harvard Square.*

TEX AVERY: CARTOON KING. A program featuring 11 of the best cartoons from the man who helped create Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, and Porky Pig, and who revolutionized cartoon aesthetics with his feeling for laid-back, sophisticated sight gags. Included are "A Wild Hare" (the first modern Bugs Bunny), "Daffy Duck in Hollywood," "Hamateur Night," and the MGM classics "Little Rural Riding Hood," "King Size Canary," and "Bad Luck Blackie." *Off the Wall.*

THE THIN MAN (1934). A marvelous cocktail-lounge detective movie, breezy, memorable, and blessed with the charming chemistry of William Powell and Myrna Loy. Their Nick and Nora Charles, all whiskey and wisecracks, are sophisticated and convincingly happy: one of the screen's most appealing married couples. And let's not forget their dog, Asta. Directed by speedy W.S. Van Dyke (who averaged three films a year) from the novel by Dashiell Hammett. *Coolidge Corner.*

THREE LITTLE WORDS (1950). A weirdly enjoyable mediocre musical with Fred

Continued on page 26

BO DEREK · RICHARD HARRIS



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The Thin Man
7:50 and
After the Thin Man
5:45, 9:30

JULY 31-AUGUST 1/FRI. SAT.
Adam's Rib
7:45, Sat. Mat. 4:10 and
Pat and Mike
6:00, 9:40, Sat. Mat. 2:25

AUGUST 2-4/SUN. MON. TUE.
Singin' in the Rain
7:50, Sun. Mat. 4:10 and
The Wizard Of Oz
6:00, 9:45, Sun. Mat. 2:15

AUGUST 5-6/WED. THUR.
A Night at the Opera
8:00 and
A Day at the Races
6:00, 9:45

AUGUST 7-8/FRI. SAT.
North by Northwest
7:35, Sat. Mat. 3:35 and
Murder, She Said
6:00, 10:00, Sat. Mat. 1:55

AUGUST 9-11/SUN. MON. TUE.
Camille
7:50, Sun. Mat. 3:50 and
Grand Hotel
5:45, 9:45, Sun. Mat. 1:45

AUGUST 12-13/WED. THU.
Another Thin Man
7:35 and
Song of the Thin Man
6:00, 9:25

AUGUST 14-15/FRI. SAT.
Lolita
7:30, Sat. Mat. 3:30 and
Freaks
6:15, 10:10, Sat. Mat. 2:20

AUG. 16-18/SUN. MON. TUE.
Mutiny on the Bounty
7:35, Sun. Mat. 3:25 and
Tarzan, the Ape Man
5:45, 10:00, Sun. Mat. 1:25

AUGUST 19-20/WED. THU.
An American in Paris
7:45 and
The Bandwagon
5:45, 9:50

AUGUST 21-22/FRI. SAT.
The Philadelphia Story
7:50, Sat. Mat. 3:45 and
Woman of the Year
5:45, 9:55, Sat. Mat. 1:40

AUG. 23-25/SUN. MON. TUE.
Ninotchka
7:30, Sun. Mat. 3:30 and
Little Women
5:30, 9:30, Sun. Mat. 1:30

AUGUST 26-27/WED. THU.
Forbidden Planet
7:50 and
The Time Machine
6:00, 9:40

AUGUST 28-29/FRI. SAT.
The Women
7:30, Sat. Mat. 3:40 and
Red Dust
6:00, 9:50, Sat. Mat. 2:05

AUGUST 30-SEPT. 1
SUN. MON. TUE.
Libeled Lady
7:45, Sun. Mat. 4:15 and
The Shop Around the Corner
6:00, 9:30, Sun. Mat. 2:30

SEPTEMBER 2-3/WED. THU.
Greed
7:40 and
Fury
6:00, 9:40

SEPTEMBER 4-5/FRI. SAT.
Blow-Up
7:45, Sat. Mat. 4:00 and
Point Blank
6:00, 9:50, Sat. Mat. 2:20

SEPT. 6-8/SUN. MON. TUE.
Murder Most Foul
8:15, Sun. Mon. Mat. 3:20 and
Murder Ahoy
6:30, Sun. Mon. Mat. 1:40 and
Murder at the Gallop
5:00, 9:55

SEPTEMBER 9-10/WED. THU.
Pride and Prejudice
7:35 and
Gaslight
5:30, 9:45

SEPTEMBER 11-12/FRI. SAT.
Dinner at Eight
8:00, Sat. Mat. 4:15 and
Anna Karenina
6:15, 10:00, Sat. Mat. 2:30

SEPT. 13-15/SUN. MON. TUE.
Lust for Life
7:30, Sun. Mat. 4:20 and
The Picture of Dorian Gray
5:30, 9:45, Sun. Mat. 2:20

SEPTEMBER 16-17/WED. THU.
The Pirate
7:50 and
On the Town
6:00, 9:40

SEPTEMBER 18-19/FRI. SAT.
2001: A Space Odyssey
7:30, Sat. Mat. 3:10 and
Demon Seed
5:45, 10:05

SEPT. 20-22/SUN. MON. TUE.
Ben Hur
7:30, Sun. Mat. 3:45

SEPTEMBER 23-24/WED. THU.
Gone With the Wind
7:30

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Sunday, August 2, 3:00 pm
THREE LITTLE WORDS (1950)
Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds, Vera-Ellen

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Sunday, August 2, 5:00 pm
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July 27 Mon.	Nine to Five Breaking Away	12:30-4:10-7:55 2:25-6:05-9:50
July 28 Tue.	The Deerhunter Taxi Driver	2:45-7:50 12:30-5:50
July 29 Wed.	Close Encounters... Star Trek	3:00-7:45 12:45-5:20-10:00
July 30 Thur.	My Brilliant Career Julia	12:30-4:20-8:10 2:15-6:00-9:55
July 31 Fri.	Bustin' Loose Blue Collar	12:30-4:10-8:00 2:10-5:50-9:40
THE LATE SHOW	Fri. July 31 A Day At The Races The Shadow (Ch. 10)	Sat. Aug. 1 Red River The Shadow (Ch. 11)
Aug. 1 Sat.	Harold and Maude The Graduate	1:00-4:25-8:05 2:35-6:05-9:40

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Continued from page 26

Astaire and Red Skelton portraying songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. There are some good tunes (by K&R, naturally), and though there's not much of interest in the standard success-story plot, much of the dialogue is unexpectedly witty and charming. The cast includes Arlene Dahl and Debbie Reynolds, and, best of all, Vera-Ellen, who has the sort of '50s-style wiles that have virtually vanished from the planet. Jack Cummings directed. **Institute of Contemporary Art.**

★★★TO CATCH A THIEF (1955). One of Hitchcock's lightest films, this is a romantic comedy — and a pretty flimsy one at that. Cary Grant plays a reformed burglar, the celebrated "Cat," whose affair with cool Grace Kelly is jeopardized when she suspects him of having stolen her mother's jewels. Never exciting but pleasantly fluffy, and Hitchcock uses the Riviera setting nicely. **Coolidge Corner.**

★★★★TOP HAT (1935). Astaire and Rogers at their zesty, scintillating best. Fred falls for Ginger while tapdancing in Edward Everett Horton's hotel room, and the two shuffle off to Venice, where things get very giddy indeed. Irving Berlin's score is one of his loveliest, boasting the title number, "Cheek to Cheek," and "Isn't It a Lovely Day" as well as the fluently directed "Piccolini." Mark Sandrich directed from a pleasant script by Dwight Taylor and Alan Scott, loosely based on *The Gay Divorcee*. **Boston Public Library.**

U

UNDER THE RAINBOW (1981). A rather badly exploitative spateck comedy, loosely based on what happened when MGM assembled all its resident little people for *The Wizard of Oz*. Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher star as a secret-service agent and a talent coordinator, respectively, who are recruited to chaperone a small colony of midgets at the Culver Hotel. The movie also features the Laurence Olivier of midgets, Billy Barty. Steve Rash directed. **Charles, Sack Somerville, suburbs.**

★★★AN UNMARRIED WOMAN (1978). Jill Clayburgh's Upper East Side divorcee is finally too well-to-do and protected to be a great movie character, but almost everything else in Paul Mazursky's keenly observed comedy of New York sexual manners seems just right. Mazursky understands New York, captures the way the city gets under people's skins, and knows how New Yorkers talk. His film, which dramatizes the primal fears of a comfortable existence, raises sociability and gossip to the level of art. Clayburgh's Erica is appealingly vague, sexually skittish, and ravenous at times. And Alan Bates, as the too-perfect English painter who falls in love with her, manages to make the D.H. Lawrence, vital-Adam clichés come to life. The movie is far from perfect, but at its best it's one of the more moving, thoroughly grown-up films of the '70s. **Coolidge Corner.**

V

VICTORY (1980). Following *Wise Blood*, his adaptation of Flannery O'Connor's novel, director John Huston has returned to the solid, all-American turf of action and suspense. His new film takes place in a German concentration camp and features Sylvester Stallone (last seen in the fly-by-night thriller *Nighthawks*) as an American who bands together with the other prisoners to form a champion soccer team, coached by Michael Caine. When the camp commandant (Max Von Sydow) arranges a match between the inmates and Germany's finest, the prisoners plan a half-time escape. The cast features soccer superstar Pele, as well as a number of other professional players. **Pi Alley, suburbs.**

W

★★★★THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939). One of the screen's greatest fantasies, and if you haven't seen it in its original brighter-than-life color, you don't know what a wonderful whiz of a movie it is. At first MGM wanted Fox's Shirley Temple for the film, and Louis B. Mayer even agreed to trade Clark Gable and Jean Harlow to Darryl Zanuck in order to get her. But when Harlow died the deal was scotched, and Mayer decided to use the relatively unknown 16-year-old Judy Garland. Thus are legends born, with the considerable aid of Harold Arlen's songs, Victor Fleming's direction, and outstanding ensemble acting by Ray Bolger, Margaret Hamilton, Jack Haley, Bert Lahr and, as the Munchkins, the Major Doyle Midgets. **Coolidge Corner.**

WOLFEN (1981). Based on a best-seller by Whitley Streiber, this New York-set sci-fi horror story concerns a pack of super-intelligent, super-vicious alien beings who psych people out and then rip up their throats. Albert Finney stars as the police detective who leads New York's finest and a team of top-flight psychologists in their battle against the murderous fiends, who, according to promotional material, "kill people, but not without reason." Directed by Michael Wadleigh, whose only other film was the great concert documentary *Woodstock*. **Pi Alley, Allston, Sack Somerville, suburbs.**

Z

★ZORRO, THE GAY BLADE (1981). Much as George Hamilton would like the world to believe that beneath the scaly skin of those lounge lizards he's played resides the soul of a farceur, his comedic gifts are modest. Portraying the dashing Diego Jr. and mincing Bunny, the twins who dress up as Zorro, Hamilton gives a performance that's all surface — arching eyebrows and blinding, obsequious smile. And instead of following up on the premise and turning Zorro into a truly gay caballero, director Peter Medak (*The Ruling Class*) handles the character in a timid manner that's almost exploitative. The movie should have been a painless, mildly entertaining send-up of the Spanish swashbuckler epic; instead, it's a crashing bore. **Suburbs.**

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Off the record

compiled by Milo Miles

THIS WEEK

★★★**City Thrills, CITY THRILLS (Star-Rhythm)**. During the four years City Thrills (nes Thrills) have been on the Boston scene, their show has progressed from fumbling punk outrage to a mixture of girl-group romance and Ramones-ish assault. This Star-Rhythm release is aimed at getting the balance down on a record. For guitarists Sean McDonough and Johnny Angel the solution is riffs — sharp, memorable figures repeated with a rowdy fanaticism — and bass player Merle Allin and drummer Mike Collins still play with a war-club intensity. This way a listener can tell "Sorry" descends from Phil Spector anthems and "Resistance" nods toward rockabilly, without feeling stranded on Memory Lane. Singer Barb Kitson has been cutting the mustard a long time — the boys had to catch up. This EP makes a compromise; Kitson lays low and the resolutely careful production nestles her, while the band steps out.

★★**Peter Frampton, BREAKING ALL THE RULES (A&M)**. He who once came alive on the charts and in the hearts of teardrop collectors blows another chance to challenge his reputation as a latter-day teen idol. His will to mellowness is innocuous enough, but the band on *Breaking All The Rules* is deadly predictable, and Frampton's indolent, occasionally cloying lyrics grate more each time around. "Breaking All the Rules" is garnering airplay through a strong melody and some dramatic guitar grandstanding, all surrounding a hollow rebel's boast that trivializes the rage of new-wave Britain.

★★**Gang of Four, SOLID GOLD (Warner Bros.)**. Gang of Four's politics are to make its music a metaphor for urban, industrial society and to use this music to encourage its audience to question the basic assumptions of that society — what was instinctive in '50s rock 'n' roll is now elevated to a formal plan of action. There's a correlative in the way the band plays. *Solid Gold* is power-trio music without macho overtones: the overwhelming density of sound comes not from a front man careening close to white noise but from a group ethic that places bass and drum on equal footing with guitar. "Outside the Trains Don't Run On Time," a well-observed portrait of domestic fascism, expertly puts Gang of Four's theory into practice. Too much of *Solid Gold* seem to be operating in an airlock, though; music so relentlessly dense demands total concentration, and total concentration, in this case, doesn't

always yield insight or pleasure. Songwriters Andy Gill and Jon King have thrown away melody as a (bourgeois? po??) indulgence, replacing it with threadbare riffs that smack of group-think. Still, reading accounts of Britain's recent riots will convince you that Gang of Four has taken accurate stock of its environment.

★★★**David Johansen, HERE COMES THE NIGHT (Blue Sky)**. On his own, David Johansen has shrunk back from the defiantly utopian valley of the (New York) Dolls and slouched toward a well-earned professionalism, shedding a little iron.c density along the way. *Here Comes the Night* is his third solo shot, and vulnerability continues to inform his bravado, so there's weight to these brash rockers, even if there isn't a single obvious heartbreaker to force the issue. Sometimes Johansen's tender-and-tough treatment dominates ("Bohemian Love Pad," "Marquesa De Sade"), sometimes competence-plus steals the show ("My Obsession," "Havin' So Much Fun"). This solid, confident, friendly record makes the absurd request that Johansen rejoin the anonymous audience he once blasted out of. "Heart of Gold," the lovely half-prayer/half-brag from *Here Comes the Night*, is just enough evidence that he knows better.

★★★★**Nick Mason, FICTITIOUS SPORTS (Columbia)**. Violating all the laws of space rock and the big time, Pink Floyd's drummer has come up with not only the best solo record from that group, but the most awesome and engaging music of any Pink Floyd stripe since the days of Syd Barrett. As a performer, Nick Mason may be the least arresting figure on his own record, but his production and collaborators are bravura. The musicians on *Fictitious Sports* are highly respected but (to most rock ears) obscure performers — Carla Bley and her band, Robert Wyatt, NRBQ's Terry Adams — that don't make up a predictable in-group. Bley is the featured composer, with more rock accent than her own recordings provide. "Siam" benefits from reversed echo and a subtle wind chime, and "I Was Wrong" dips into Mason's old catalogue of science-fiction sound effects. "I'm a Mineralist," Bley's wryly respectful takeoff on New York minimalist composers, begins with a relentless piano ostinato crawling with added electronics, builds to a Phillip Glass-like climax, and returns with a fevered brass section while Wyatt declaims with dry horror. Now if only the other members could cure their Floydian complexes . . .

★★★**John Lincoln Wright, YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE (Lincoln)**. An

honorable, distant Boston cousin of Lefty Frizzell and Merle Haggard, John Lincoln sings his C&W in a handsome, gently gritted voice that favors a lazy delivery and bands that cook hard and fast. The staples of lovin' ("When Can I Spend Another Night with You") and hard times ("Laid Off") get some updating and a personal touch from Wright. Those who have just caught cowhand fever and those chronic cases should check out a home-grown product on *You Can't Get There from Here*. It won't set up permanent camp on the turntable, but where else could one find "They Tore Down the Hill-billy Ranch"?

PREVIOUS

★★★★**Artur Schnabel, Malcolm Sargent, the London Symphony and London Philharmonic Orchestras, BEE-THOVEN: THE FIVE PIANO CONCERTOS, POLONAISE IN C, AND "ANDANTE FAVORI" (Arabesque)**. These recordings from the '30s, Schnabel's first complete series, are no less than the supreme set of the Beethoven Concertos — restored to the catalogue after a long absence, and in better sound than on any previous LP version. The substantial bonuses are two unissued Schnabel treasures from 1938 (first made available recently, in inferior sound, by the Bruno Walter Society). Four stars are an understatement. (Lloyd Schwartz)

★★**Miles Davis, THE MAN WITH THE HORN (Columbia)**. Except for the title track — a piece of MOR piffle that Columbia probably hopes will get some crossover airplay — Miles Davis has picked up where he left off six years ago, with open-ended, vamp-driven, funky electric jamming. Those for whom sound and manner are enough to sustain a legend will no doubt gush over his return; those whose demands were too great will dismiss the whole episode as a media event. Although the new band comprises exceptional and merely acceptable players (such as saxophonist Bill Evans), it employs a wider range of moods and rhythms than the last unit. In the exceptional rhythm section, bassist Marcus Miller and drummer Al Foster switch and mix tempos with expert abandon on stage; however, little of this boldness comes across on record, where each cut has a discrete groove. If Davis continues to work on tightening the band and finds new ways to incorporate melodic and rhythmic material from his earlier work, he might really be something to hear by December.

●**George Harrison, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND (Dark Horse)**. George Harrison's solo career has turned into a cautionary tale about the pitfalls of pop-music freedom. The only audible evidence of Harrison's skill — his agile, flowing slide guitar — is spotlighted just once, on the devotional hymn "Life Itself." The conventional explanation of his

failure is that it was brought on by his mystical faith — and, in this case, the conventional explanation is right. His brand of faith does make a nasty sacrament; the smugness, the reliance on canned answers, makes it sound effortless, superhuman, and lacking in detail, humor, and well-earned peace. On his hit single ("All Those Years Ago"), Harrison refers to nothing about John Lennon that couldn't have been gleaned from anyone semi-conscious during Lennon's career. It's the work of a casual fan, with no indication that Harrison is singing about the man with whom he cooed "oooh la la" for three straight minutes on "You Won't See Me."

★★★**Kraftwerk, COMPUTER-WORLD (Warner Bros.)**. As our electronic age continues its printout, the German techno-rockers of Kraftwerk seem less like heartless proto-fascists with occasional flashes of imagination ("Autobahn," "Trans-Europe Express") and more like subverters of pop music conventions with a curiously touching affection for synthesizers, digital watches, and the international data bank. "By pressing down a special key/I play a little melody," intones Ralf Hutter in "Pocket Calculator," and he trots out the tones to show you. Kraftwerk's repeat-and-vary program rises to new heights with "Computer Love," in which a lonely planet boy finds deliverance through an automated dating system. The motif is an exquisite keyboard run so high and clear it resembles a harpsichord, and the doleful rhythm boxes make a perfect backdrop for modern anomie. If you can't beat 'em, at least learn how to run 'em.

★★★**Mission of Burma, SIGNALS, CALLS, AND MARCHES (Ace of Hearts EP)**. Instead of plotting for a broad national breakout, Mission of Burma works for success in the current British style; keep moving, record what you want, when you want, working with people you know (such as tape-treater Martin Swope and label-owner Rick Harte). To carry this off, Burma's record challenges its audience, while the live shows keep them dancing. Both approaches offer unusual possibilities for a rock 'n' roll trio. Clint Conley often carries the melody on bass ("That's When I Reach for My Revolver"), leaving guitarist Roger Miller to improvise with, around, or through the beat (spectacularly on "Fame and Fortune") and leaving drummer Peter Prescott to pick up transitions and textures (best on the tricky changes of "All-World Cowboy Romance"). Only the strained vocals hold back *Signals, Calls and Marches*; otherwise it's a rigorous, well-planned tour of pop and experimental songs that makes good on Boston's often frustrated avant-garde promise.

★★**The Psychedelic Furs, TALK TALK TALK (Columbia)**. Rush-released barely six months after *The Psychedelic Furs* and following a grueling American tour, *Talk Talk Talk* smacks of little more than cashing in on early success. The Furs'

musical sources were always a bit obvious — motor rhythms from mainstream punk, choppy R&B sax, an occasional warped guitar riff from garage psychedelia — but singer Rich Butler made the twilight surrealism of the first record sound like the last testament of a dying man. On *Talk Talk Talk*, Butler has shriveled down to three basic themes: being tired, being in love, and being tired of being in love. The band struggles to find a riff that doesn't sound just like the last one, and with producer Steve Lillywhite's reliable help, it discovers occasional new tricks, like passing the intricate melody of "Into You like a Train" among guitar, voice, and saxophone. If Columbia gives the Psychedelic Furs a vacation before their next record, maybe the band will uncover enough for two sides.

★★★**Stampfel and Weber, GOING NOWHERE FAST (Rounder)**. Peter Stampfel and Steve Weber get together 15 years after they last recorded as the Holy Modal Rounders, and lucky for us, they're only a few brain cells the worse for wear. Unschool'd bizarreness in the name of folk music remains their trademark. As always, Weber plucks delicate and dignified guitar and sings like a soulful frog, while Stampfel saws, strums, and pirouettes on fiddle and sings like a tropical menagerie. The Rounders' choice of material reflects the same good-natured incongruity; everything from "Come to the Mardi Gras" to Weber's "Sea of Love," which includes Rudy Vallee-type megaphone crooning, beach sound effects, and a plaintive fiddle coda. The whole process reaches a peak of nonchalant hysteria on "Lovin' Mad Tom" (lyrics borrowed from the great English all-arounder Bill Shakespeare). A record for people who admire fairy tales and happy schizophrenia.

★★★**Steve Young, SEVEN BRIDGES ROAD (Rounder)**. Influenced equally by Bob Dylan and Hank Williams, and an original member of the country-rock wave (Gram Parsons *et al.*), Steve Young is, if not an undiscovered resource, at least an underexposed performer. This is a reshuffled version of a Young record with the same title that first appeared in 1972. It includes a new rendition of "Seven Bridges Road" (covered most recently by the Eagles), which deserves to become a standard; it expertly blends a place and a love affair into a state of mind, and Young's vocal is hard and straight as a lodgepole pine. The rest of the album is not far behind, particularly "Lonesome, On'ry and Mean" (Waylon Jennings's cover is the best known) and the cover of Dylan's "Down in the Flood." Young gets authentic, intelligent support from the likes of Buddy Spicher, Charlie McCoy, and Ry Cooder.

★★★★ Superb
★★★ Good
★★ Middling
★ Bearable
● A turkey

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Play by play

compiled by John Bush Jones

DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL. Hardly your typical Cape Cod summer theater fare, this farce by Russian playwright Alexander Ostrovsky is being presented by the Atlantic Theater Company, most of whose members come to the straw-hat trail from Yale rather than from daytime TV. At the Atlantic Theater Company, Barnstable (362-8233), through August 1. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Tix \$7.50-\$9.

THE DRAGON. This outdoor production of a Russian fable about a small town that's given its leadership to a ridiculous dragon is directed by former Reality Theater honcho Steve Wanhg. Presented by Present Stage, Northampton (413-586-5886), through August 9. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Sunday. Tix \$4.50-\$5; \$3.50-\$4.25 for children and seniors.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM. Director Stephen Drewes and cast do justice to the vaudeville farce Larry Gelbart and Burt Shevelove ripped off from Plautus, while Julie Soloway's lackluster orchestra gives Stephen Sondheim's innocuous score little better than it deserves. More often than not, a funny thing — though not a melodic one. At the Public Theater, Herter Park, 1175 Soldiers Field Road, Allston (262-3163), through August 2. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Sunday. Tix \$5; \$2 for seniors and children.

THE GARDEN PARTY. A "comic tale of murder and well-mannered mayhem in the Old South" by Michael DeQuattro kicks off the Second Annual "Best of Boston" Playwrights' Festival at the Nucleo Eclettico, 216 Hanover Street, Boston (742-7445), through August 8. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Saturday. Tix \$5.

HERS AND HIS. The first venture into playwrighting for Obie Award-winning director Andre Gregory (the Manhattan Project) is a love story about a long-married couple, with an original score by Margaret Pine. Presented by the Lenox Arts Center at Citizens Hall, Interlaken (413-298-9463), July 25. Curtain is at 9 p.m. Saturday. Tix \$3.

INSIDE THE STORY OF OUR LIVES. A new play based on the book by Mark Strand adapted by Jane Hubbard. At the Nucleo Eclettico, 37 Clark Street, Boston (742-7445), through August 8. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday. Tix \$5.

LEAP OF FAITH. Straight from San Francisco comes Linda Thornburg's new two-person play about lesbians, to be presented in the Mayflower Room of the Provincetown Inn, 1 Commercial Street, Provincetown (487-9500), through September 7. Call for performance schedule and ticket information.

LOOT. A coffin full of money and a corpse standing on its head in a closet are

just two of the props in Joe Orton's iconoclastic farce. At the Tufts Arena Theater, Talbot Avenue, Medford (623-3880), July 29 through August 8. Curtain is at 8:15 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday. Tix \$5; \$4 for students and seniors.

MAN OF LA MANCHA. Director Susan McGinley has mounted a fine sentimental spectacle, complete with drawbridge and dungeon that fully utilize the outdoor setting and almost make up for Bruce Herrick's direction of the impossible band. Honk if you love Don Quixote. Presented by the Open Door Theater in the Kettlebowl, at Pinebank Park, Jamaica Plain (524-3118), through August 1. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Saturday. Tix \$5-\$7; \$3 for children 12 and under.

MIME ON TAP. An hour-long mime cabaret act featuring pieces that highlight Boston's tourist attractions and city life. Presented by the Boston Mime Theater at the Great Hall, Quincy Market, Boston (266-8244), through August 21. Curtain is at 7 and 9 p.m. on Thursday and Friday. Tix \$3.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS IF I DO! James Plumb and Allen Collier are effectively decadent in the deliberately sleazy renditions of Brecht/Weill tunes that make up the second act, but you've got to sit through their confusing and unfunny impersonations of American screen stars to get there. At the Fan Club, 77 Warrenton Street, Boston (357-5050), July 29. Curtain is at 9 p.m. on Wednesday. Tix \$4.

PINS AND NEEDLES. Harold Rome's gently satiric revue, originally written for and performed by members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union (in 1937), is re-created at the Peoples Theater, 1253 Cambridge Street, Cambridge (354-2915), through August 23, in repertory with *The Rainmaker*. Curtain is at 6 p.m. on Sunday (July 26). Tix \$5-\$6; \$1 for seniors and children under 12.

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND. This

production of Tom Stoppard's delightful spoof of hack thrillers and hack critics looks less like Agatha Christie than like a cross between *The Rocky Horror Show* and second-rate Noel Coward. Over-enunciation and deadly slowness murder Stoppard's wit more effectively than the mysterious culprit who offs the characters. Presented by the Theater Company at St. Luke's and St. Margaret's Church, 5 St. Luke's Road, Allston (566-0227, 782-0462). Curtain is at 2 p.m. on Sunday (July 26). Tix \$3; \$2 for students; 50 cents for children and seniors.

THE REUNION. Staged reading of a new play by Mike Daly. At the Nucleo Eclettico, 216 Hanover Street, Boston (742-7445). Curtain is at 2 p.m. on Sunday (August 2). Tix \$1.50.

THE RULING CLASS. Peter Barnes's bizarre blend of comedy, tragedy, satire, and horror is presented at Sanders Theater, Harvard University, Cambridge (495-2494), July 30 through August 1. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Saturday. Tix-free.

THE SCARLET LETTER. A stage adaptation of Hawthorne's novel in his own home town, presented by the Salem Theater Ensemble at the Old Town Hall, Derby Square, Salem, through August 28. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday. Tix \$5; \$3.50 for children and seniors.

SHEAR MADNESS. Seemingly a hack whodunit set in a Newbury Street hair salon, this saloon entertainment opens up to include the audience as amateur gumshoes. We thought this was silly — though not as silly as the cabaret audience after a few drinks — but, having now become the second-longest-running play in Boston history, it's undeniably popular. In fact, it appears we may never wash this manslaughter out of our hair. At the Charles Playhouse, Stage II, 76 Warrenton Street, Boston (426-5225), indefinitely. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Friday; at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday; and at 3 and 7:30 p.m. on Sunday. Tix \$11-\$14.

SLAP HAPPY. Its origins in street theater, this popular offbeat comedy-revue featuring the diminutive Stubby Malone returns to the area, this time at Ryles, 212 Hampshire Street, Cambridge (876-9330), through August. Curtain is at 9

p.m. on Wednesday. Tix \$3.
SUICIDE IN B-FLAT. Sam Shepard's existential detective story about the questionable suicide of a jazz musician. Presented by the Harvard Summer Theater Ensemble in the Loeb Experimental Theater, 64 Brattle Street, Cambridge (864-2630). Curtain is at 8 p.m. Sunday (July 26). Tix \$3.50; \$2 for students. (See review in this issue.)

TALLEY'S FOLLY. Lanford Wilson's charmingly sentimental comedy is the second play of a trilogy set in his Missouri hometown. The first, *Fifth of July*, currently on Broadway, is a sort of American *Cherry Orchard*. This one, as old-fashioned as its 1944 setting, does not aspire to be a whole orchard; its yield is modest but sweet. And so is the Next Move production, featuring Michael Anania's wonderful arc of a Victorian boathouse, as well as Ralph Pochoda and Geraldine Librandi as the unlikely, middle-aged pair over whose complex defenses love finally creeps — like ivy over the peeling latticework of the set. At the Next Move Theater, 1 Boylston Place, Boston (423-5572), through August 15. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Friday, at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday, and at 7:30 p.m. on Sunday (July 26). Tix \$9.50-\$11.50.

TALLEY'S FOLLY. Those Talleys really get around — they're on Broadway in

Lanford Wilson's *Fifth of July* and at New York's Circle Rep in *A Tale Told* (the third play of the Talley Trilogy); and now Sally and Matt are pitching woo (it's set in the '40s, after all) down in Providence at Trinity Square Repertory Company, 201 Washington Street, Providence, Rhode Island (401-351-4242), through August 2. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Friday, at 5 and 9 p.m. on Saturday, and at 2 and 8 p.m. on Sunday (July 26), with 2 p.m. matinees on Wednesday and Sunday (August 2). Tix \$8-\$11.

THAT'S ALL THE LOVE I GOT. Kaye Ballard and Marisa Pavan in what's being marketed as "an Italian Snoop Sisters" authored by George Tibbles. At the Charles Playhouse, 76 Warrenton Street, Boston (426-6912), July 17 through (July 26). Tix \$9.95-\$12.95. (See review in this issue.)

TONIGHT WE IMPROVISE. Pirandello's treatment of the conflict between illusion and reality, adapted to feature improvisations on the theme of decaying American culture. Presented by the Harvard Summer Theater Ensemble in the Loeb Experimental Theater, 64 Brattle Street, Cambridge (864-2630), July 30 through August 9. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Thursday through Sunday (August 2). Tix \$3.50; \$2 for students.

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Listings

All listings on the next few pages are free and should be in our offices by the Monday two weeks in advance of your event. No listings will be taken over the phone. Send notices of local events to Listings Editor, Boston Phoenix, 100 Mass. Ave., Boston 02115. All copy is subject to our revision and to space limitations. We welcome photographs for possible inclusion, but cannot be responsible for their return.

**NOTE: ABSOLUTE LISTINGS
DEADLINE IS MONDAY
AT NOON!**

AID

In order to make room for the full "Aid" section of our listings, we have eliminated our art listings this week. They will return next week.

PHONE NUMBERS

EMERGENCIES

BOSTON POLICE: 911
BROOKLINE POLICE: 734-1212
CAMBRIDGE POLICE: 911
SOMERVILLE POLICE: 625-1212
STATE POLICE: 668-4500, 782-2335
BOSTON FIRE: 536-1500
BROOKLINE FIRE: 232-4648
CAMBRIDGE FIRE: 875-5800
SOMERVILLE FIRE: 623-1580

MEDICAL EMERGENCIES

BOSTON-BROOKLINE: call 911
POISON: information center, 232-2120
SUNSHINE: Samaritans 247-0220
CAMBRIDGE AMBULANCE: 861-3400
METRO AMBULANCE: Boston 288-6700, South Shore 843-2600
CAMBRIDGE CITY HOSPITAL: 354-2020
MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL: 721-2000
MASS. EYE & EAR: 523-7900
BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL: 484-5000
BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL: 735-3337
BRIGHAM AND WOMEN'S HOSPITAL: 732-5636
POISON INFORMATION CENTER: 232-2120
RAPE CRISIS CENTER, 24-hour hotline: 492-RAPE. Immediate and continuing support, medical and legal info, referrals.
RAPE CRISIS HOTLINE serving Greater Lynn and North Shore. Call 595-RAPE for immediate and continuing support, medical and legal information.
SERVICIO DE INFORMACION SOBRE EL CANCER (Cancer Information Service): 732-3535, para el gente que se hablan Espanol (for Spanish-speaking people).
ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL: 782-7000
FINANCIAL-AID HOTLINE: 1-800-882-2037

HOT LINES

CHOATE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL (935-1187), 21 Warren AVENUE Woburn, can help you if you are abusing your child, or feel scared, confused, or guilty, 24 hours.
PROJECT PLACE (267-9150), 32 Rutland St., South End, Boston.
SURVIVAL (471-7100), open 24 hours, seven days a week. Serves entire Norfolk County/South Shore area.
PULSE (782-5144), Norwood. Trained counselors to help with alcohol, drug, personal problems.
SAMANTHANS (247-0220) befriends the despairing and suicidal, 24 hours, seven days.
PROJECT FRIEND (834-6563), Marshfield, 834-6563. Open 24 hours. Information, referral, crisis intervention.
PUERTO (697-8111), Bridgewater. Information and referral, 24 hours.
OPERATION VENUS (774-7492 or 1-800-272-2577), venereal-disease information and help.
CHILD-AT-RISK (1-800-792-5200), child-abuse help 24 hours.
PARENTS ANONYMOUS (1-800-882-1250).
CANCER INFORMATION SERVICE (1-800-952-7420) Mon.-Fri. 9-4:30.
STATE EMERGENCY PHONE (1-800-922-8285).
PARENTAL STRESS (1-800-632-8188).
SERVICES AGAINST FAMILY VIOLENCE (324-2221), Malden. For battered women.
NUTRITION HOTLINE (727-7173)
VEGETARIAN HOTLINE (843-4236).
THE DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION (725-4006), 24-hour hotline. For information concerning special events and daily programs.
THE SMOKERS' OUTLINE (1-800-952-7444), Mon.-Fri. 9:30-4. Moral support for smokers who are trying to kick the habit.
PROSTITUTES UNION OF MASS. (PUMA) (524-7507), bail money available for prostitutes.

ALCOHOL and DRUGS

ALCOHOLISM CLINIC (442-8800 ext. 201, 202, 203), Dimock Community Health Clinic, 55 Dimock St., Roxbury. Weekdays 9-5. Provides free individual and group counseling,

and referral to detox centers, halfway houses, etc. BOSTON COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM (267-7334), 250 Boylston St., Boston. Educational programs for community groups. Call Mon.-Fri. 8:30-4:30.

ALCOHOLISM CLINIC AT BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL (424-4815 or -4824). Outpatient alcoholism services and treatment include evaluation; individual and group counseling; family and couples counseling. Call for appointment. THE SALVATION ARMY, Harbor Light Center (536-7469), 407 Shawmut Ave., Boston. Provides free overnight lodging for homeless men and women; halfway house for alcoholics. Free clothing, food, job referral, and counseling. Open 24 hours.

ALCOHOLISM SERVICE (732-6022) at the Brigham and Women's Hospital: Outpatient treatment, individual and group therapy, 732-6022. NORTH SUFFOLK ALCOHOLISM SERVICES, 427 Broadway, Chelsea (884-8154); 22 Tewksbury, Winthrop (846-9551). Weekdays 8:30-4:30, eves. by appt.

LISTER, INC. (223-8911 or 233-8917), 28 Taylor St., Saugus. Provides free individual and family counseling, drug and alcohol education, drug information, and referrals. Mon.-Fri. 9-5. OPERATION MATT (1-800-272-2586). Information and referral service for teenagers affected by alcohol. 8:30 a.m.-10 p.m. daily.

APPLETON TREATMENT CENTER FOR ALCOHOLISM (855-2781), McLean Hospital, 115 Mill St., Belmont. Offers inpatient, outpatient, and after-care services.

CAMBRIDGE-SOMERVILLE PROGRAM (354-2020, ext. 532), Camb. Hospital, 1493 Cambridge St. Emergency walk-in service, groups, and referral for alcoholics and their families.

SUBSTANCE-ABUSE TREATMENT PROGRAM (956-5906), 252 Tremont St. Provides an educational series about and for addicts and alcoholics. ALANON (834-5300), 460 Washington St., Braintree. Help and support for families of alcoholics.

PROJECT PLACE (267-9150). Drug information and identification, help with bad trips, overdoses, etc.

DRUG ADDICTION Rehabilitation Center (436-6000, ext. 138), Boston State Hosp., 591 Morton St., Dorchester. A therapeutic community offering inpatient and resident programs, related services. Open to everyone.

ALCOHOLISM INFORMATION REFERRAL (524-7884), 24-hour referral phone service.

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL CENTER (956-5907), 252 Tremont St., Boston. Offers treatment for drug-dependent individuals. Services include information and referral, psychological and physical examination, individual and group therapy, and an after-care program.

HOMOPHILE ALCOHOL TREATMENT SERVICES (542-5188), 80 Boylston St., Suite 855, Boston. An outpatient counseling and education program for lesbian and gay alcohol abusers.

PEOPLE TO PEOPLE ASSOC. (890-1886), 181 West St., Waltham. Offers weekly group-therapy program for couples of whom one or both may be recovering from alcoholism.

MARCONON (254-9888), 90 Windom St., Allston. Help for drug and alcohol problems. FAULKNER HOSPITAL ALCOHOLISM SERVICES (522-5800, ext. 1908), Allendale at Centre St., Jamaica Plain. Outpatient treatment and counseling.

ALCOHOL RESOURCE CENTER (964-8380), 429 Watertown St., Newton, launches an alcohol-awareness campaign directed at youth. Call for information.

MASS. BLACK ALCOHOLISM COUNCIL INC. (436-5899), 22 Algonquin St., Dorchester, needs volunteers to fight alcoholism in the black community.

ENVIRONMENT

BOSTON CLAIRBELL COALITION (661-6204), 595 Mass. Ave., Camb. Anti-nuclear-power group holds meetings each first and third Wed. of the month.

CAMPAIGN FOR SAFE ENERGY (423-1901), 120 Boylston St., Boston. Volunteers needed for organizing throughout NE and for office work in Boston.

SIERRA CLUB (227-5339), 3 Joy St., Boston. Local branch of the oldest environmental-protection organization, with literature, information, committees on a variety of eco-issues. Volunteers, participants welcome. Open 9:30-3 weekdays.

NATIONAL NO-SMOKES PINSON SUPPORT COLLECTIVE is being formed; for information, write Jack Joppa, 65 Lincoln Pl., Garfield, NJ 07026. FUND FOR ANIMALS (964-0721), 137 Walnut St., Newton, is an active international organization working on all humane and conservation issues concerning animals. Literature and slide lectures available.


NURSES ENVIRONMENTAL HEALTH WATCH (566-2256 or 547-2427), PO Box 454, Brookline 02146. Local branch of national organization concerned about radiation, toxic wastes, and industrial carcinogens. Speakers, meetings, etc. Write for information.

GREENPEACE (542-7052), 286 Congress St., Boston. Activist environmental group involved with ending the world's whaling industry and stopping harp-seal slaughter. Film presentations available, volunteers always needed.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH (742-6840), 14 Beacon St., Boston. Environmental group seeking to change attitudes and practices that lead to population growth. Stop by or call, weekdays 10-5.

URBAN SOLAR ENERGY ASSOC. (USEA) (623-3552), 277 Broadway, Somerville. For anyone interested in solar energy, renewable resources, and conservation in the city. Monthly newsletter, informational meetings, workshops, and barn-raisings.

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Monday, July 27

Social music: 33 Korean teenagers are in Boston for the summer, to study music and dance, and today we get treated to a concert performed by the kids at Longy School of Music, 1 Follen Street, Cambridge, at 8 p.m. The program consists of works studied during their five-week stay at Walnut Hill School, in Natick: pieces by Beethoven, Brahms, Milhaud, Bach, and Hindemith. Call 653-4312 for more information.

Hot jazz: each day this week, from noon to 2 p.m., the Boston Musicians Association presents Phil Wilson at City Hall Plaza, as part of its Summer Jazz Band Festival. For information, call 536-2466.

Wednesday, July 29

Elephantitis: at 12:15 p.m., Longy School of Music, 1 Follen Street, Cambridge, presents its noontime concert, featuring the music of Schubert, Poulenc, and others, along with a special work for children, "The Story of Babar," the little elephant, with music by Poulenc and narration by Jean de Brunhoff.

Author read: Kathy and David Eberly give a free poetry reading at the Mills Gallery at 9 p.m. The gallery is located at the Boston Center for the Arts, 549 Tremont Street, Boston.

Thursday, July 30

Get your ballot: a forum is being held at the



Kennedy School of Government, 79 Boylston Street, Cambridge, on the future of the voting-rights act. Panelists include Congressman Robert Garcia and Ronald Brown, chief counsel of the Democratic National Committee. At 8 p.m.; call 495-1380. **Making faces:** "Handsewing Dolls and Clowns," a demonstration of technique including faces and hair, is held at Handicrafts of New England, 152 State Street, Boston, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Call 523-9096 for details.

Friday, July 31

Funny sounds: Barry Vercoe directs a concert of new works for instruments and computer-processed sound from the MIT

summer workshop in composition. At 8 p.m. at Kresge Auditorium.

Sunday, August 2

Opera grasses: on the Esplanade this evening at 7:30, the Boston Lyric Opera Company joins the Brookline Symphony to present a free concert version, in Italian, of Giuseppe Verdi's opera "Aida." Bring a blanket to sit on and get your spot early at the Hatch Shell.

Send your suggestions to "Free box," Boston Phoenix, 100 Mass. Ave., Boston 02115, by Monday at noon.

NEW ENGLAND COASTAL POWER SHOW, 40 1/2 Kinneard St., Camb. Traveling energy show presents workshops on problems and solutions, has various working solar models, posters, literature. Volunteers needed.

HABITAT (489-3850), 10 Juniper Rd., Belmont, is an institute seeking to increase environmental awareness and action.

ECOLOGICA (367-1880), 7 Commercial Wharf West, Boston. Non-profit, tax exempt "United Fund" for grassroots safe-energy and environmental groups with a thrust toward fighting nuclear power.

EPIC (523-0376), 3 Joy St., Boston. Energy Policy Information Center, promoting an energy future based on conservation and the efficient use of renewable energy sources. EPIC opposes synthetic fuel development, mining and burning of coal, and nuclear power. Speakers' bureau, lobbying, information resource.

NEW ALCHEMY INSTITUTE is researching basic human-support systems — food, energy, shelter. For information, write to 237 Hatchville Rd., E. Falmouth, Mass.

MASS. PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP (423-1796), 120 Boylston St., Boston. A statewide citizen-action organization working for safe energy, environment protection, and consumer justice. Volunteers needed.

SCIENTISTS FOR HUMAN SCIENCE (731-8708) is forming a group of science workers to address the moral and scientific issues involved in animal experimentation.

COALITION TO END ANIMAL SUFFERING IN EXPERIMENTS (825-6700), PO Box 27, Camb.

FRANKLIN PARK ZOO (442-2002), Boston. Daily 10-4. Free.

MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY (536-9280), 300 Mass. Ave., Boston. New gardening center — plants, materials, tools, garden accessories, light garden; experts with free advice. Mon.-Sat. from 10 a.m.

BOSTON ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY needs tour guides for Stone Zoo. Must be 18 years or older. Call 442-2005 for information.

GAY LIBERATION

LESBIAN AND GAY HOTLINE: (426-9371), Mon.-Fri. 6 p.m.-midnight.

NONOPHILE COMMUNITY HEALTH SERVICE (542-5188), 80 Boylston St., Boston. Counseling and referral, a mental-health clinic for gay men and women.

GAY SPEAKERS' BUREAU (354-0133), PO Box 2232, Boston 02107.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITS (661-3633), 1151 Mass. Ave., Camb. Organization for gay and bisexual women. Discussions each Tues. and Thurs. at 8 p.m. 35-plus rap, second Wed. and last Fri. of each month, 8 p.m.

BABALS (Boston Area Gay and Lesbian Schoolworkers), PO Box 170, Astor Station, Boston 02123. Write for information.

MASS GAY POLITICAL CAUCUS (471-8404), 118 Mass. Ave., Boston. Statewide gay political lobby.

LADMA (Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates) (426-9371) works on media coverage of gay issues. Mon.-Fri. 6 p.m. to midnight.

GLAD (Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders) (426-1350), 2 Park Sq., Boston. Gay civil-liberties cases. No fee.

FRENZ & LIPPERS offers newsletter, social events, pot-luck dinner and discussion second Fri. each month, write to PO Box 814, Boston 02123.

GAY NURSES ALLIANCE/EAST (GNA/EAST), PO Box 673, Randolph 02368. National organization for gay health-care workers.

PARENTS AND FRIENDS OF GAYS (542-5188), Support group for family and friends of gays. Meets first Mon. of every month, 7:15 p.m., at 249 Watertown St., Newton.

FENWAY COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER (267-7573), 16 Haviland St., Boston. Health care for the lesbian and gay communities. By appointment.

BOSTON ALLIANCE OF GAY AND LESBIAN YOUTH (429-9371), Mon.-Fri. 6 p.m.-midnight. An organization geared to meet the various needs of gays 22 and under.

MASS. GAY COUNSELING ASSOC. (965-1311), 31 Channing St., Newton Corner. Professional mental health counseling by and for gay persons.

SDA KIRKSHIP, a support group for gay Seventh Day Adventists, forming an Eastern Mass. chapter. For information call 365-5636.

GAY THEATER ALLIANCE, PO Box 294, Village Station, New York, NY 10014, has available a slide program on the history of gay theater. For information on booking, write to them.

GAYS OF BROCKTON (583-8447) is forming a support/social group in southeastern Massachusetts.

HEALTH

WEIGHT-LOSS CLINIC at Upham House, McLean Hospital, 115 Mill St., Belmont. Includes weekly two-hour group sessions for six months, with follow-up meetings for six months. Call to register, 855-2978.

HYPOTHERMIA AND FROSTBITE — free emergency-survival-care slide presentations to schools, churches, clubs, and industries. Contact Dr. V., 1-745-1652.

BLUE SHIELD CUSTOMERS ALLIANCE (739-5063), 99 Revere St., Hull. Call for help with problems with Blue Cross-Blue Shield.

AMERICAN ASSOC. OF DENTAL VICTIMS (AADV), Box 215, Sharon 02067. Local chapter of national org. for people with complaints against their dentists (when writing, send self-addressed stamped envelope).

SOUTHERN JAMAICA PLAIN HEALTH CENTER (522-5900), 687 Centre St. Referral, medical care for infants and children, gynecological exams, family-planning consultation, and treatment for women. Adult physical and mental-health services, blood-pressure screenings.

JOSEPH W. SMITH COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER (783-0500), 51 Stadium Way, Allston. Comprehensive medical and dental center for all. Sliding scale fee. Call for appt.

FENWAY COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER (267-7573), 16 Haviland St., Boston (near Auditorium MBTA). Comprehensive medical care, including gay and elderly health care. Walk-in VD testing Wed. 6-9 p.m. Open Mon.-Thurs. 9-9, Fri. 9-6, Sat. 9-1.

MASS. MENTAL HEALTH CENTER (734-1300), 74 Fenwood Rd., Boston. For all people who live or work in Brookline, Brighton, Allston, and Jamaica Plain. Volunteers are needed.

HOLISTIC HEALTH AND DIET — The Hippocrates Health Institute, 25 Exeter St., Boston (267-9525), has free open houses, films, and lectures, with vegetarian banquets. Second and fourth Sat. each month at noon; reservations are recommended.

CARDWELL CENTER FOR THE BLIND (969-6200), 770 Centre St., Newton. Volunteer readers are wanted, with immediate needs in Arlington, W. Medford, Camb., Somerville, and Chestnut Hill, days and evenings. Training session is provided.

OPERATION VENUS (1-800-272-2577), Referral and information service for venereal disease. Free and confidential.

OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH CLINIC examines work-related illnesses at Norfolk County Hospital. For information and appt. call 843-0690; ask for out-patient dept.

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS operates a free medical van staffed by doctors, nurses, and a street worker. The van makes evening stops at spots in Boston, Camb. For information call 227-7114, 523-6649.

BOSTON EVENING MEDICAL CLINIC (267-7171), 314 Comm. Ave., Boston. Admits Mon.-Thurs. 5:30-9:30, Sat. 10 a.m.-noon Appt. advisable, walk-ins accepted when possible. General medical and many specialty clinics. Medicare, Medicaid accepted when applicable. Learning-disabilities service for adolescents and adults now offered; services include diagnostic testing; remedial instruction; and counseling.

JEWISH FAMILY AND CHILDREN'S SERVICES (227-8611), 61 New Chardon St., Boston, needs volunteers to work with Indo-Chinese refugees and older persons. For information, call 568-5716. Also forming a discussion group for recently separated men and women; Call 235-

8997 for information. **HEALTH-CARE POLICY COUNCIL (868-2900),** 11 Inman St., Cambridge. Consumer advisory board to the Cambridge Neighborhood Health Clinic Program offers consumers an opportunity to have a say in the policies affecting their health care. Also information on services and fees of neighborhood clinics.

WATERTOWN HEALTH CENTER (923-0001), 85 Main St. Adolescent, adult, and pediatric sessions days Mon.-Fri. Continuity of care by staff physicians and nurses.

KIDNEY TRANSPLANT/DIALYSIS ASSOC. (267-3747), 721 Huntington Ave., Boston. Non-profit, all-volunteer organization for patients and families.

HEALTH STYLE (731-7071), 68 Harvard St., Brookline. A preventive medicine program aimed at reducing the risk of heart attacks, is now being offered to individuals, groups, and businesses.

BREAST CANCER support and exercise program for women with the disease meets at the Boston YWCA, 140 Clarendon St., Boston, Wed. 9:45 a.m. Call 536-7940, ext. 22, for more information and other locations.

BACK-PAIN SCHOOL offered at Beth Israel Hospital. Call 735-3940.

SOUTH NORFOLK COUNTY ASSOC. for Retarded Citizens needs volunteers for its fall adult-education program. Call 762-4001.

TOTAL FITNESS at the Body Shoppe, 310 Harvard St., Coolidge Corner, Brookline (566-2828).

SEXUAL HEALTH CENTER OF NE (266-3444), 480 Boylston St., Boston. Pre-organic groups, sexual enhancement groups for women.

WOMEN'S COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER INC. (547-2302), 639 Mass. Ave., Room 210, Camb. 02139, offers five-week groups in fertility consciousness and neutral birth control.

NORTH SHORE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL (745-2100), ext. 286, Salem, is forming therapy groups for children and adolescents with anorexia nervosa, bulimarexia, and obesity.

COPE (Coping with the Overall Pregnancy/Parenting Experience) (357-5588), 37 Clarendon St., Boston. Offers three six-week programs for couples who are trying to decide whether to be parents; those who are about to have or have just had a baby; and those who need support in being parents.

NATHA YOGA FOR THE PHYSICALLY DISABLED, offered in two forms: weekly classes and private lessons. Call 782-1727 for information.

WOMANSPACE (267-7992), 636 Beacon St., suite 406, Boston, sponsors "Healing Our Eyes," a group focusing on roots of, impairment of, and ways of expanding vision. Thurs. meetings.

URBAN ARTE PROJECT IN DEAFNESS (926-8440), 456 Belmont St., Watertown. Work-experience program for hearing-impaired and hearing youth; offers workshops and classes in visual arts, performing arts, and sign language.

WOMENWITH INC. (965-5166), BU Station, Box 355, Boston, a non-profit group that offers childbirth classes for alternative birth experiences in the home or hospital.

SERVICIO DE INFORMACION SOBRE EL CANCER (Cancer Information Service) (732-3535), Sidney Farber Cancer Institute, 44 Binney St., Boston, para el publico el lunes a los viernes 9 a.m.-media, y el miercoles media-4 p.m. (for the public Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-noon and Wed. noon-4 p.m.)

CENTER CLUB (426-5285), 48 Boylston St., Boston, provides social and vocational rehabilitation facilities for emotionally disabled and mentally handicapped adults.

LEGAL

FIGHTING INJUSTICE PRO BE (584-6459), 50 Blaine St., Brockton. Mutual self-help group trains litigants to represent themselves in family court and other litigations. Free meetings every second Thurs., 7 p.m.

CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION OF MASSACHUSETTS (482-3170), 47 Winter St., Boston. Helps with defense of all Bill of Rights freedoms.

NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD (542-6857), 120 Boylston St., Boston. Consultation and referral.

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Free admission
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Thurs., July 30
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Fri., July 31
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Great Trombonist Recently Returned from Europe tour
PHIL WILSON and his new 16 pc. Stompin' at the Savoy Orchestra featuring ANDY MCGEE on tenor sax (Big Swing Band for Dancing)

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11TH HOUR

Tues., July 28
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Wed., July 29
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Thurs., July 30
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HYPERTENSION

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Thurs - July 30
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ALIVE 'N' PICKIN
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Continued from page 33

INDIGNITY DEFENSES COMMITTEE provides free high-quality, comprehensive legal services to indigent persons with criminal cases in Roxbury, Dorchester, and Suffolk Superior Courts. Open Mon.-Fri., 9-5, 126 Warren St., Roxbury. Call 445-5640, 24 hours a day.

SMALL CLAIMS COURT Advisory Service. Call 427-8782.

MASS. PIRG (423-1796), Mon.-Fri. 10-4. If your complaint is for less than \$750, take it to small-claims court. Mass. PIRG can help you.

INDIGENT JUVENILES ages 7-17 who are charged with crimes may receive free legal aid from Juvenile Court Advocacy Program. Call 367-2880.

NORMA (227-0082) works for the decriminalization of marijuana. Volunteers needed.

FAMILY LEGAL ASSISTANCE (241-8866) is provided at the Kennedy Center, 27 Winthrop St., Charlestown. Mon.-Fri., 11-5.

LANDLORD/TENANT PROBLEMS? Mass. Bar Assoc. Court Lawyer Referral Program provides legal assistance for middle- and lower-middle-income persons with Boston housing problems. Minimal fees. One Center Plaza, Gov't Center. 523-4529. Open Mon.-Fri.

ALLIANCE OF CAMBRIDGE TENANTS (825-8700), Mon.-Fri. 9-8; Sat. 9-3. Information and help on condominiumization.

CAMBRIDGE CONSUMERS' COUNCIL (498-9023) investigates consumer complaints and gives information about Mass. consumer law. Call Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

MEN

FREE MEN/BOSTON (731-8334) offers support groups, discussion programs, workshops, newsletter. For men concerned with the limitations of the masculine role. Support groups form first Thurs. each month, 7 p.m., Tobin School, Camb.

7TH ANNUAL BOSTON MEN'S CENTER (776-9660 or 776-7458), Campus Free College, 14 Beacon St., Boston. Consciousness-raising groups and support.

EMERGE (267-7890), 25 Huntington Ave., No. 206. Groups (and individual work) for men who batter.

M.A.B. FOR E.R.A. (776-9660), For men interested in starting a Boston chapter in this already existing national organization.

WATERTOWN MEN'S CENTER (926-3600), 465 Arsenal St. Consciousness-raising groups, individual, work-related, Viet vets, and workshops. Free.

NEW ENGLAND MALE REPRODUCTIVE CENTER (247-6632), Doctors Office Building of University Hospital (BU), 720 Harrison Ave., Boston. Devoted solely to the treatment of male infertility and impotence.

NORTH SHORE MEN'S CENTER (899-5918), PO Box 344, Beverly 01915. Workshops, discussions, and more.

MEN'S RIGHTS, INC. (547-5054), Box 8J, 402 Rindge Ave., Camb. Concerned with sexism and men's problems.

FOR MEN ONLY, a single fathers' discussion group for men with and without custody. For information, call 566-5716.

POLITICS

PARENTS AGAINST THE DRAFT (232-0060), PO Box 833, Brookline Village 02147, sponsors a series of public discussions on the draft, at All Saints Church Parish House, 1773 Beacon St., Brookline, Sun., 2-4 p.m.

WORLD SOCIALIST PARTY discusses current events, social problems, and old and new theories, every Sun. 10 a.m.-noon, in Room 212, 295 Huntington Ave., Boston. Refreshments served; call 536-2510.

MOBILIZATION FOR SURVIVAL (354-0008), 13 Sellers St., Camb. Local and national coalition advocating nuclear disarmament. General meetings first Thurs. of each month at 7:30 p.m. Volunteers needed.

CITIZENS' PARTY (739-6599, after 7 p.m.) is trying to build a state organization. Volunteers needed.

AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION (742-1720), 68 Devonshire St., Boston. Working for women's rights and economic justice.

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE (661-6130), 2161 Mass. Ave., Camb. Social-change organization.

NEW ENGLAND WAR TAX RESISTANCE (731-6139), Box 174, MIT Branch PT, Cambridge 02139. An alternative fund for refused federal taxes. Ongoing projects related to taxes and militarism, support and counseling for tax resisters.

SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE (547-0370), 897 Main St., Camb. Actions building a critique of present uses of science (in war, psychosurgery, alternative energy, computers, etc.), science teaching study group and a women's study group.

COMMITTEE FOR A MASSACHUSETTS BOTTLE BILL (423-1796) is a non-profit, non-partisan lobbying organization working to bring a beverage-container-deposit statute to Massachusetts. Volunteers needed.

CPPAX (426-3040), 35 Kingston St. Citizens for Participation in Political Action is working on disarmament, military budget cuts, social justice, affirmative action, welfare rights, tax reform, voting rights, and support for progressive candidates.

MASS. FAIR SHARE (266-7505), 304 Boylston St., 2nd floor, Boston. Statewide citizen-action organization.

BOSTON CLAMHELL COALITION (661-6204), 595 Mass. Ave., Camb., a grassroots, anti-nuclear pro-safe-energy coalition, needs you as a volunteer. Meetings are held every other Wed., 7:30 p.m.

CIPEP (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) (738-6827), a national coalition formed to prevent further US military intervention in El Salvador. Meets weekly at Science for the People, Camb.

COMMON CAUSE (523-8200), 73 Tremont St., Room 345, Boston. A national citizens' lobbying organization. Statehouse lobbying, research.

SOUTHERN AFRICA AND DEFENSE FUND (491-8343), PO Box 17, Cambridge 02139. Raises funds for political prisoners in S. Africa and dispenses information on the situation there.

BOSTON ALLIANCE AGAINST REGISTRATION AND THE DRAFT (661-0276), PO Box 2760, Boston, plans ongoing anti-draft educational and out-

reach work. Meetings every Tues., 7:30 p.m., call for address.

BOSTON INFANT FORMULA ACTION COALITION (INFAC) (491-5314), 11 Garden St., Camb. Organizers of Nestle's boycott meet on the first and third Tues. of each month at 7:30 p.m.

SOCIALIST PARTY USA (661-1143), PO Box 774, Camb. 02139. A democratic socialist political party organizing in electoral, labor, and community sectors. Monthly meetings are the second Sun. of the month. Call for location.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD (IWW) (787-4237), PO Box 454, Camb. 02139. Revolutionary, industrial union does organizing, strike support; publishes newsletter. Meets first Fri. of each month (call for location).

DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST ORGANIZING COMMITTEE (DSOC) (426-9026), 120 Tremont St., Boston, Room 401. Working for democratic socialism in the Democratic Party, labor community, and women's groups. Meets second Thurs. of each month, 7:30 p.m.

NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT (661-8372), 897 Main St. Democratic socialist and feminist organization involved with energy, reproductive rights, labor, anti-draft, gay issues. Meets first Mon. of each month at 8 p.m.

COMMITTEE FOR PEACE IN THE '80s (547-0597) An organization devoted to educating and organizing the American people to play an active role in maintaining world peace. Monthly educational.

AMERICAN ATHEIST (344-2988), PO Box 721, Stoughton 02072. Works for the separation of church and state. Meets first Mon. each month, 8 p.m., Stoughton Public Library.

SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY AND YOUNG SOCIALIST ALLIANCE (262-4621), 510 Comm. Ave., Boston. Work with aid to El Salvador, anti-nuclear movement, women's rights, civil rights.

CITIZENS FOR HANDGUN CONTROL (426-3042), 35 Kingston St., Boston. Working for passage of state and federal legislation to control private ownership and use of handguns. Volunteers and contributions welcome.

DRAFT COUNSELING AND PEACE COLLECTIVE (964-7318), 215 Herrick Rd., Newton Centre, is available for counseling on issues of registration and the draft.

HIGH-TECHNOLOGY PROFESSIONALS FOR PEACE (492-2815), 292 Harvard St., Apt. 4, Camb., represents engineers, programmers, and scientists who are concerned about the danger of nuclear war. It is also a support group for those who oppose defense work on the grounds of conscience and professional ethics.

SOLIDARITY/BOSTON (522-6226), PO Box 443, Somerville. Consider working with growing non-sectarian socialist/feminist group.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL USA (547-9295), 12 Parker St., Camb., works to gain the release of prisoners of conscience, abolish torture and the death penalty. Local meetings each month.

SPARTICIST LEAGUE/SPARTACUS YOUTH LEAGUE (492-3828), PO Box 840, Central Station, Camb. Revolutionary literature available; continuing classes and discussions on introductory Marxism.

WOMEN

906 (536-8003), 140 Clarendon St., Boston. The organization that inspired the movie (for women office workers). Through June: a survey of the hazards of clerical work in Boston.

WOMEN'S COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER (547-2302), 639 Mass. Ave., Camb. Gyn., pregnancy screening, and abortion care. Self-help groups.

POST-MASTECTOMY SUPPORT GROUP (491-8050), sponsored by the Cambridge YWCA.

BOSTON AREA RAPE CRISIS CENTER (492-RAPE). Call for support and/or information.

RESPOND (623-5900). For battered women and children.

DES ACTION PROJECT (828-7461), PO Box 128, Stoughton 02070.

MASS. WOMEN'S POLITICAL CAUCUS (547-8532), Box 242, Camb. 02139.

TAKE BACK THE NIGHT has meetings each Mon. at 7:30 p.m. at the Harriet Tubman House, Mass. and Columbus Aves., Boston.

BOSTON WOMEN'S ART ALLIANCE (267-0941), 539 Tremont St., Boston.

WOMEN'S COMMUNITY SCHOOL (828-2525), 474 Boston Ave., Medford. Scholarships and child care available.

THE WOMEN'S SCHOOL (492-4845), 595 Mass. Ave., Camb. Taught by women, for women. Free child care.

MASS. FEMINIST FEDERAL CREDIT UNION (661-0450), 186 1/2 Hampshire St., Camb.

SOMERVILLE WOMEN'S CENTER (354-8807), 46 Pleasant St. (near Central Sq.). Referral and resource center. Weekly open introductory discussions each Wed. at 8 p.m.

BOSTON N.E.W. (661-6015), 99 Bishop Allen Drive, Camb. National Organization for Women. Political action on ERA, reproductive rights, media reform, lesbian rights. Birth control and abortion referrals, speakers' bureau, legal referrals, consciousness-raising groups.

SOMERVILLE WOMEN'S CENTER (823-9340), 38 Union Square. Mon.-Fri., 10-3. Women of all ages and backgrounds meet to exchange skills and ideas. A wide variety of activities and projects. Mothers and Fathers Anonymous meets every Fri. morning at 10.

COMPANIONS UNLIMITED. A social-service program of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, incorporates volunteers who visit the isolated. Orientation classes for new volunteers are being held. Call 536-5651.

MATCH-A-WOMAN play groups are forming; for information, call 289-8156.

PROJECT W.A.B.E. (979-0734), 55 Sea St., Quincy. Vocational counseling for women Mon.-Fri., 8:30-4:30. No fee.

CIVIC CENTER and CLEARING HOUSE (227-1762), 14 Beacon St., Boston. Women and work. \$25 fee for counseling.

FAMILY COUNSELING SERVICE INC. (332-4015), 74 Walnut Park, Newton. Free drop-in for women considering divorce.

EVERYBODY'S SPORT CENTER (928-3008), 120 Elm St., Watertown. Conditioning and sports center for women of all ages and abilities.

WIDEN OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN (437-1040), 413 Comm. Ave., Boston. Mon.-Sat. 10-2, Tues. and Wed. till 8. Career counseling and employment information center. Resource library and ongoing workshops.

WOMEN'S ENTERPRISES OF BOSTON (266-2243), 739 Boylston St., Boston. A non-profit organization that specializes in promoting trade

and technical opportunities for women. Offering workshops, training programs, and career resources.

METAMORPHOSIS, INC. (646-6319) offers individual, group, and couple counseling with a special focus on the needs of women in transition. Free initial interview, sliding scale fee.

HELP FOR ABUSED WOMEN AND CHILDREN (745-2162), 24-hour hotline (744-6841). Offers counseling, speakers, and support groups. HAWC is also looking for volunteers.

ALLIANCE AGAINST SEXUAL COERCION (AASC) (482-0329) PO Box 1, Cambridge 02139. Offers counseling, information, referral, and advocacy for women who have been sexually harassed at work.

BIRTH DAY (268-1404), PO Box 368, Cambridge 02138. Home-birth information and referral.

PLANNED PARENTHOOD (492-0518), 99 Bishop Allen Dr., Cambridge. A non-profit, social-service and health-education agency offering counseling, information and referral, courses, resources, and much more, concerned with all fertility-related behavior. Counseling phone: 492-0777.

NORTH SHORE FAMILY PLANNING (744-5525), 74 Elm St., Danvers. Open 8 to 5:30 for information, speakers, films, and referrals.

CODE HOUSE (484-9224), 396 Concord Ave., Belmont. Counseling and referrals for personal, medical, and legal problems.

HOMEBIRTH, INC. (787-9040), BU Station, PO Box 355, Boston 02215. A non-profit group that offers general support services and childbirth classes.

CAMBRIDGE FAMILY PLANNING (868-2900) offers birth-control clinics at neighborhood health clinics. Day and evening sessions. Confidential care.

COPE (357-5588), is Coping with the Overall Pregnancy Experience, before and after. A professional non-profit service agency offering discussion groups for pregnant and post-partum women and couples, many related groups and services, plus information, resource and referral service.

CONTINUUM (964-3322), 785 Centre St., Newton. A non-profit, independent, educational organization.

CHITTENTON CLINIC, 1 Perthshire Rd., Brighton: Non-profit clinic for outpatient, first-trimester abortions. Free pregnancy tests; for appointment call 782-7600. Also BC and GYN services, vasectomy, tubal ligation, and counseling.

WOMANSPACE (267-7992), 636 Beacon St., Suite 406, Boston. Post-abortion group for women seeking support and a place to work out unresolved conflicts stemming from abortions.

ANANDA (247-4861, ext. 58), 520 Comm. Ave., Boston. Counseling center for women. Groups for lesbians, women changing, and others. Support group now being formed for black professional women. Fee \$15 per session. Another support group being formed for bisexual women.

CASA MYRTIA VASQUEZ INC. (262-9581), PO Box 18019, Boston. An emergency-shelter program for women and their children. Volunteers needed.

FEMINIST WORK SUPPORT GROUP (738-6804). For artists, writers, and academic women doing and sustaining their own work. Mon. evenings.

CLEVELAND MARSHALL WOMEN'S PROGRAM, Cleveland School, 11 Charles St., Dorchester. Support group for battered women. Tues. 2-3:30 or 7-9 p.m. Free child care.

CONCERNED UNITED ADOPTEES (491-8556), PO Box 396, Camb. 02138. Support group for people who have had a child placed for adoption.

JEWISH FAMILY AND CHILDREN'S SERVICE (227-6611), Boston. A discussion group is forming for "Women as Women, Wives, Mothers, and Daughters." For information, call 235-8997.

TRADITIONAL CHILDREARING GROUP INC. (825-8657), PO Box 452, Boston. Family-centered home birth; alternative birthing information and referral.

WOMEN'S JOB RE-ENTRY CENTER (864-9097), in Camb., is a non-profit organization that offers individual career counseling and classes for women who want to change careers or enter the job market.

SECOND WIND BOSTON (247-2633), 140 Clarendon St., Boston, Room 701, is a center for women over 40 and minority women who are seeking to become economically self-sufficient.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS are needed to staff a shelter for battered women and children. Training and supervision provided. Call 262-9581.

FEEDING OURSELVES, programs for women on compulsive eating. Psychological exploration of overeating, overweight, and body image. Group workshops, individual counseling, and weekend programs. Call 846-7874 for information.

BOSTON WOMEN'S GOJU-RYU offers karate and self-defense classes for women. Sliding-scale fee; child care provided free. Located in the South End near the "T". To register call 491-2162.

RENEWAL HOUSE (566-6881), a shelter for battered women and children, is looking for volunteers. Minority women encouraged to apply; training and support will be provided.

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN BUSINESS OWNERS' ORGANIZATION (NEWBO) (492-4882), 4 Brattle St., Camb., meets monthly. Call for information.

CHILDREN

PUPPET SHOWPLACE, 30 Station Street in Brookline Village, presents puppet shows each Saturday and Sunday at 1 and 3. Ticket \$2. July 31: Garwick Puppets. Aug. 1 and 2: "Junk."

CHILDREN'S MUSEUM, Museum Wharf, 300 Congress St., Boston (426-8855). Tues.-Sun. 10-5 p.m., Fri. until 9 p.m. Closed Mon. Adults \$3.75, children 3-15 and seniors \$2.75.

CHILDREN'S BOOK SHOP, 237 Washington St., Brookline Village, presents guest authors, illustrators, and storytellers each Sun., 4 p.m.

CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY Children's Room (488-9080), 449 Broadway, features preschool

Continued on page 36

COMPASS LOUNGE
 Rt. 28
 So. Yarmouth, MA
 398-3668

July 29-Aug. 2 PF AND THE FLYERS
 Aug. 3 NEIGHBORHOODS

James Earl
AND THE
CONFESSION

"formerly HOT TIPS"
 July 29 - JUMBO'S, SOMERVILLE

THE FOX

TOPSIDE NIGHTCLUB
 Tuesday then Friday through Sunday
 "Future"

PORTSIDE LOUNGE
 Intimate Surroundings "Home to Many"
 Wednesdays: LITTLE WALTER'S TIME MACHINE
 Thursdays: J.D. BILLY & KEN

Coming Next Week
STAN JR. AND MAGIC MOMENTS

COPPER GALLEY
 Great Deli Sandwiches!
 Delicious Raw Bar, light fare
 Happy Hour prices all evening
 every Tues., Wed., & Sun.
 no cover, no minimum.

SHOW LINE INFORMATION 426-6890
 EVER CHANGING PROMOTIONS such as
 OPEN BARS with no cover, no minimum, door prizes

145 NORTHERN AVE., BOSTON - ON THE WATERFRONT
 PORTSIDE & TOPSIDE LOUNGES, LIVE ENTERTAINMENT

THE WESTERN FRONT
 343 WESTERN AVE.
 CAMBRIDGE 492-7772

Sat., July 25
HYPERTENSION
 Thurs. & Fri., July 29 & 30
NESS

Sat., July 31 & Sun., Aug. 1
THE HYPNOTICS
 with their new release
 Music to Make Love To/Fire Funk

Thurs., Aug. 6
JANET GRICE TROPICAL
 (Brazilian Jazz)

Fri. & Sat., Aug. 7 & 8
CHRISTOPHER JONES AND THE REGULARS

Wed., Aug. 12
ERIC PREUSSER

Thurs., Aug. 13
KATY ROBERTS GROUP

Fri. & Sat., Aug. 14 & 15
HEALIN' O' THE NATION
 with
LENKY ROY

ED BURKE'S

Thurs., July 30
HALF A CARE

Fri., July 31
DAWGS

Sat., Aug. 1
BEFORE AND AFTER

806 Huntington Ave., Boston 508-9387
 (nr. Brookline Village)

The **ELIOT LOUNGE**

Sun., July 26 **SUZANNE PEREL QUINTET**
 Mon., July 27 **HAPPY HOUR PRICES ALL NIGHT JAZZ NIGHT**
 Tues., July 28 **THE HOT HEADS FEATURING HEIDI**
 Wed., July 29 **11TH HOUR BAND**
 Thurs., July 30 **CHRIS JONES AND THE REGULARS**
 Fri., July 31 **TAPPIN' AT THE MET**
 Sat., Aug. 1

Comm. & Mass. Ave., Boston 292-8223

BACK STAGE LIVE
 at the Backstage Restaurant/Lounge
 Charles Playhouse 76 Warrenton St., 338-8827
 Spend Your Monday Blues at the Back Stage
 Monday, July 27th
PAUL RISHELL BLUES BAND w/Friends
 "Boston's Best Blues"
 Special "Midnite Party" with
 Thursday, July 30th - 12 o'clock
HYPERTENSION
 Home of the
THE COMEDY CONNECTION
 over 45 comedians appearing weekly
 Tues.-Sun.
 Special late show, Sat., 11:15

Mr. C's rock palace

111 Thorndike St. Lowell, MA
 (617)454-5557
 18 year olds welcome with drivers license ID.

Thurs., July 30
BEER BLAST
 All AC/DC show
Q.T. HUSH

25¢ drafts 50¢ vodka drinks

Fri., July 31
JOE DELL-ALI
 and
THE TOYS
 The Probers

Sat., Aug. 1
August
 Witch One

Tickets available at
 Out-of-Town, Camb.
 • Heads Up, Lawrence
 • Midland Records, Methuen
 Mall • Inner Light Records, Manchester, NH
 • and Harmony Hut, Nashua, NH
 • Owen's Restaurant, Lowell.

PICK UP SOME GROWN NEW ENGLAND

ON ELEKTRA RECORDS AND TAPES

AVAILABLE WHEREVER ELEKTRA RECORDS AND TAPES ARE SOLD


AND BE SURE TO SEE NEW ENGLAND IN CONCERT

AT THE CAPE GOD COLISEUM ON AUGUST 1ST.

Jonathan Swift's PUB
HARVARD SQUARE
30 Boylston St.
Cambridge, MA
661-9887

Sunday, July 26
Reggae Dance Party
with host DJ
PETER SIMON

Monday, July 27
JOHN COSTER & THE MEDICINE BAND

Tuesday, July 28

tin-toe thru the tulips with
TINY TIM
with special guest
PATTY LARKIN
Shows at 7:30 & 10:30 — Advance Sale

Wednesday, July 29

ROY BUCHANAN
7:30 & 10:30
Advance Sale

Thursday, July 30

ROY BUCHANAN
7:30 & 10:30
Advance Sale

Friday, July 31
JON BUTCHER AXIS
with special guests
FACE-TO-FACE

Saturday, August 1
The Atlantics
with special guests
PLANET STREET

Sunday, August 2
Reggae Dance Concert
with
ONE PEOPLE

Monday, August 3
A benefit for legal fees for PLANET STREET
with
Three Great Bands
Call for details

Tuesday, August 4
THE SON SEALS BLUES BAND
and
KOKO TAYLOR & HER BLUES MACHINE

Wednesday, August 5

LARRY CORYELL
with special guests
VAN MANAKAS
Shows at 7:30 & 10:30
(Advance Sale)

Thursday, August 6
BLACK OAK ARKANSAS
featuring
JIM DANDY

COMING SOON

August 13 **JOHN LEE HOOKER**
August 19 **EDDIE CLEARWATER**
September 2 **LEVIN HELM & THE CATE BROS.**
September 15 **DR. JOHN**

Advance tickets for concert events are available at the Box Office, Ticketron, Out-of-Town, Elsie's, Strawberries and Concert Charge (426-8181)

Water Music Cruises on Boston Harbor

Dreamboat
Blue Moon Special
Sailing from Commonwealth Pier
Tues. July 28/7:30 & 9:30

The Widespread Depression Orchestra
and The Ed-Bill-Bo Winker Swing Orchestra
Dick Johnson's Swing Shift

Jazzboat
Sailing from Commonwealth Pier
Wed. July 29/7:30 & 9:30

The Gary Burton Quartet
Illinois Jacquet Quintet

Concert Cruise
Sailing from Long Wharf
Thurs. July 30/6:30 & 8:00

The New England Woodwind Quintet
Beethoven: Piano Quintet
Works of Thuille and Barber

Coming Attractions
Tues. Aug. 4/7:30 & 9:30

Tom Rush
John Lincoln Wright and the Sour Mash Revue

Wed. Aug. 5/7:30 & 9:30
New Black Eagle Jazz Band
Queen City Jazz Band

Tickets: Jazzboat & Dreamboat \$7.50
Concert Cruise \$5.50/\$4.75
Bostix/Fan'l Hall, Strawberries
Phone Charges: Concertix 876-7777
For information & brochure call
WaterMusic / 876-8742

THE CHANNEL
BOSTON'S BEST LIVE ROCK

Saturday 7/25
JON BUTCHER AXIS
THE ORBITS
TRAPPER

Wednesday 7/29
Nu Muzik
DANCE PARTY
CYCLONE METROPOLIS VITAL SIGNS

Thursday 7/30
THE EXTREMES
KEEPER
PUPPET RULERS

Friday 7/31
AMERICAN TEEN
THE EGGS
WITCH ONE

Saturday 8/1
from Brooklyn, N.Y.
SPEEDIES
SOMEONE & THE SOMEBODIES
THE OUTLETS

Wednesday 8/5
Nu Muzik
DANCE PARTY
THE BLUE ONES
HUBBEANS
JAGUAR

Coming Soon!
The Atlantics — Aug. 8
PRIVATE LIGHTNING — Aug. 14
KILLING JOKE — Aug. 15

IT'S REQUIRED. ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE AT TICKETRON, STRAWBERRIES, STORE 24, OUT OF TOWN, HARVARD SQ. CONCERT CHARGE. OPEN DOOR IN BROCKTON.

25 NECCO ST., BOSTON
451-1905

Continued from page 34
films every Wed. at 10:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. Admission is free.

MASS. AUDUBON SOCIETY offers summer programs for children 6-12 at Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary. For a brochure, call 887-2241 or write to Endicott Regional Center, 346 Grapevine Rd., Wenham 01984. Drumlin Farm offers, through Aug. 14, activities for third and fourth graders. For registration information, call 259-9807.

"SUMMERSTUFF," a series of special activities for children presented by the Arts and Science Center, Nashua, NH, through Aug. Call 603-883-1506 for more information. July 27: "The Inventions of Leonardo da Vinci" and "Hot Wheels," 7 p.m. July 29: "About Face," 1 p.m. "STAGEMOBILE" available for bookings through Aug. 21, with performances of "The Wizard of Oz." Call 277-3277 for information.

CAPE COD MELODY TENT, Hyannis, presents its children's-theater season, through Aug. 26, each Wed. at 11 a.m. July 29: "Hansel and Gretel." Call 775-9100 for ticket information.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY presents "Film Fridays for Small Folks" ages 3-8, at Rabb Lecture Hall, 10:30 a.m. Free; call 536-5400, ext. 231, for information.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY presents story hours, films, and special programs for young folks, through July. Free; call 552-7157.

HISTORIC NEIGHBORHOODS ASSOCIATION offers walking tours for children and their adult companions this summer. "Make Way for Ducklings," each Fri. and Sat. at 10 a.m. (for children 6-12 and adults). "Kid's View, North End," each Tues. and Thurs. at 10 a.m. Also, foreign-language tours of Beacon Hill, each Wed. through Aug. 12; languages offered include French, Italian, and Spanish. For information, call 426-1898.

ASWALD HOUSE, Roxbury Branch of the Boston YMCA (442-9645), 246 Seaver St., Dorchester, presents a "Summer Enrichment" program for children ages six to 12. Call for more information.

SOUTH END PUPPET ARTS presents "The Emperor's Nightingale," Aug. 1, 2, 8, and 9 at 2 p.m. and Aug. 4 and 5 at 1 p.m., at the New Ehrlich Theater. Call 247-1343 for ticket information.

HAITIAN STORY HOUR FOR PRE-SCHOOLERS told in Creole and English, July 31, 10:30 a.m., at the Central Square Branch Library, 45 Pearly St., Camb. Call 498-9081.

HEAD START RECRUITMENT DRIVE — Action for Community Development offers children 3-5 years old and their parents the chance to learn. To qualify, call 357-6000, ext. 388.

EXTENDED CARE FOR YOUTH by Brookline EFCY is accepting referrals for 12- to 17-year-olds who need emergency shelter. Call 232-4750 days of 232-4752 evenings and weekends.

KARATE AND SELF-DEFENSE CLASSES for girls eight to 14 and teenagers, Wed. 4-5 p.m. and Sat. 1-2 p.m., at Boston Women's Goju-Ryu. Call 491-2162 to register.

AWARENESS GROUP for children of Holocaust survivors is forming. Call the Jewish Family and Children's Service West Office, 23-8997.

NEW ENGLAND AQUARIUM (742-8870), Central Wharf, Boston, Mon.-Thurs. 9-5, Fri. 9-9, Sat., Sun., and holidays 9-6. For special programs and prices, call the aquarium.

DIAL-A-STORY (552-7157), 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. and whenever the Newton Junior Library is closed. The library also offers a family storytelling hour each Tues., 7-8 p.m., 126 Vernon St.

NELP FOR CHILDREN offers guidance for kids and their families on day care, counseling, drugs, runaways, foster and medical care, education, Chapter 766 and much more. Hours Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Boston: 727-8898; Cambridge: 492-1572.

PRE-SCHOOL SWIM PROGRAM at the Central Branch YMCA, 316 Huntington Ave., Boston, for children 3 to 6 years old. Saturdays 10-11 a.m. To register, call 536-7800, ext. 147.

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY (Agassiz Museum), Harvard University Museum, 14 Oxford St., Camb. Adults \$1, children 50 cents.

FRANKLIN PARK (442-0991) and **STONE** (438-3682) 2006 are open year-round.

YES (Youth Enrichment Services) (267-5877), 188 Mass. Ave., Boston, provides city kids with recreational, educational, and vocational programs.

BOSTON CHILDREN'S THEATER (277-3277), 124 Holland Rd., Brookline, offers performances and classes.

JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY Children's Program (929-4523), which features a movie, exhibits, and games, runs each Sat. and Sun. at 11:30 a.m. at the JFK Library, Columbia Point, Dorchester.

SOMERVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY (623-5000), Highland Ave. at Walnut St. Free programs for children and teens, including films, crafts, story hours, reading clubs, and more.

Charles Playhouse, 76 Warrenton St., Boston. Open from 7 p.m. Every Mon.: Buddy Aquilina and the Boston Jazz Conspiracy.

BACKSTREET BAR (428-0086), 110 Boylston St., Boston. Every Fri. and Sat.: John Horner Quintet. Sun. jam, 1 p.m. July 28: Antigravity. July 27: Inside Out. July 28: Craig Starr Trio. July 29: The Quartet. July 30: Green Scream. July 31: John Horner Quintet.

BAR ZACHARY'S (261-2800), 120 Huntington Ave., Boston. Dancing, Jacket and tie required. The Steve Chamrin Trio, Mon.-Sat. 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

BARNABY'S (444-5525), Rte. 128 Needham. Wed.-Sat. 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Swing music.

THE BARR (277-1200), 1200 Beacon St., Brookline. Recordings from '40s big bands.

BLACKBURN TAVERN (1-282-9108), 2 Main St., Gloucester. July 26: Great Rubber Band. July 27: Pony Express. July 28: Bob Mogan. July 29 and 30: Donna DeChristopher Band. July 31 and Aug. 1: Allen Estes Band.

BLITZ (426-3485), 293 Commercial St., Provincetown. July 14: The Trademarks.

BOOKSTONE CAFE (367-5078), North Market, Faneuil Hall, Boston. Full bar and food menu; open 9 a.m.-midnight.

BUNRATTY'S (254-9804), 186 Harvard St., Allston. Large dance floor and separate game room. \$1 cover. New Sunday jazz series.

CAFE AT THE ATAVUM (491-3745), 50 Church St., Camb. Sun. and Mon.: Flute and cello with Paul Stouthamer and Terry Butler. Tues.-Thurs.: harp with Michael Rado.

CAFE LOUNGE (491-3749), 50 Church St., Camb. Jazz and contemporary piano music. Tues.-Thurs. 7:30-midnight; James Brough. Fri., 5-7:30 p.m.: James Brough. Fri., 7:30-midnight; Michael Rado. Mon. 7:30-midnight; Yash Coon.

CAFE JEAN-PAUL (367-0331), 130 Lewis Wharf, Boston.

CAR-TAB LOUNGE (354-26853), 738 Mass. Ave., Central Sq. Jazz jam sessions each Sunday, \$1. Each week: Little Joe Cook and the Thrillers. CANTONE'S (338-7677), 69 Broad St., Boston. New wave.

CAPTAIN'S PIANO BAR, Boston Park Plaza Hotel (426-2000), Park Sq. Tues.-Sat.: Lyn Stuart. Sun. and Mon.: Jack Swan.

CELEBRATION (536-1950), 533 Comm Ave. Every Sun. and Wed. night ride El Toro, the mechanical bull of "Urban Cowboy" fame. Cover varies.

CENTER STAGE (401-428-8903), 2224 Pawtucket Ave., East Providence, RI.

THE CHANNEL (451-1905), 25 Necco St., Boston (across the bridge from South Station).

CHATNAHS CORNER (227-6454), 8 Commercial St., Boston. Thurs.-Sat.: live music.

CLINT'S AT THE BRADFORD (451-9696), 275 Tremont St., Boston.

THE CLUB (491-7313), 823 Main St., in Cambridge. Cocktails and boogying to live rock Country on Thurs.-Sat.

COLONNADE HOTEL, Cafe Promenade (424-7000), 120 Huntington Ave., Boston.

COMEDY CELLAR (232-4242) at Play It Again Sam's, 1314 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. Every Fri. and Sat. Chance Langton, All Star Comedy Revue, 8:30 and 11 p.m.

COMEDY CONNECTION (648-8700), 76 Warrenton St., Boston, backstage at the Charles Playhouse.

COPLEY'S BAR at the Copley Plaza Hotel (267-5300), Boston. Mon.-Sat. through June 27: Joe Albany, bebop jazz pianist, and Earl Souls, bassman. No cover. Proper dress required.

NON-SQUARE MEN'S BAR, ladies invited (491-9672), 1350 Cambridge St., Camb. Entertainment night, July 28: Paul Rishel Band. July 27: Maynard Silva Band. July 28: The Bars. July 29 and 30: The Martells. July 31: Boston Rockability Music Conspiracy.

IRON HORSE COFFEEHOUSE (413-594-9735), 20 Center St., Northampton. July 26: Marion Brown Quartet. July 27: John Houshmand. July 28: Diane and Roger. July 29: Cathy Fink. July 30: Elaine Peterson and Christen Stoddard. July 31: Randy Sabien Duo.

JACKS (491-7800), 952 Mass. Ave., Camb. July 26: Fortuna Bay. July 27: Jess Leary Band. July 28: Hpertension. July 29: Last Round. July 30: Someone and the Somebodies. July 31 and Aug. 1: Duke Robillard Band.

JACKLYN'S (597-0780), Best Western Motel, Rte. 1 North, Dayton St. exit, Danvers.

JASON'S (262-9000), 131 Clarendon St. Disco, dining, piano bar. Dress code. July 31: jazz at noon.

JASPER'S (625-4975), 379 Somerville Ave., off Union Sq., Somerville. Every Wed.: the Echoes, '60s rock 'n' roll.

JIM McGETTRICK'S BEACHCOMBER (479-8969), Wollaston Beach Blvd., Quincy.

JOHN HENRY'S HAMMER COFFEEHOUSE (1-752-7517), First Unitarian Church, 90 Main St., Worcester. Shows at 8 p.m. Saturdays. Admission \$2.50-\$4.

JONATHAN SWIFT'S (661-9887), 30 Boylston St. Harvard Square. July 29: Richie Havens. July 31: The Blushing Brides (at the Bradford Hotel).

JUNDO'S (623-9257), 1133 Broadway, Somerville.

KING'S NOW II (254-0710) at Sammy White's Brighton Bowl, 1600 Soldiers Field Rd. Brighton.

KIX DISCO BAR (266-7050), 590 Commonwealth Ave., Kenmore Sq. Proper dress. Over 20.

THE LADYBUG (1-531-9739), 2 Summit St., Peabody.

L'L EARL'S ROCK 'N' ROLL ROOM (283-1367), Main St., Gloucester. Live rock every night. Every Thurs. 2 for 1, 7-10 p.m. Every Fri. and Sat. 2 for 1, 7-9 p.m.

LIVINROOM COFFEEHOUSE (876-5657), 580 Mass. Ave., Camb.

LOBBY GARDEN LOUNGE, Boston Park Plaza Hotel (426-2000), Park Sq. Mon.-Wed. 4:30-9 p.m.: Todd Lee. Thurs.-Sat., 4:30-9 p.m.: Gary Casucci.

LULU WHITE (423-3652), 3 Appleton St., Boston. New Orleans bordello atmosphere with creole cooking. Every Mon. and Tues. evening: Bert Seager's Bebop Machine. July 26: Tito Puente Quintet. July 31 and Aug. 1: Mal Waldren.

LUNAREA (822-0343), Rte. 140, Taunton.

MACDONALD'S (524-9864), South and McBride, JP. Sun.-Wed.: movies, Thurs.-Sat.: live music.

MARCO'S SALOON (367-2590), 64 Chatham St., Boston (Faneuil Hall area). Open daily noon-2 a.m. All day happy hour till 7 p.m. Dancing in the disco with DJ Paul Lyons.

TOMMY MAHAR'S SHOWROOM (426-6735), 5 Hamilton Place, Boston. Wed.-Fri: Comedy Connection.

MAVERICKS (423-4333), 112 Broad St., Boston. Texas and country saloon. Every Thurs.: Allen Estes.

ME & THEE COFFEEHOUSE (631-7930), 28 Muggford St., Olde Marblehead.

THE METRO (262-2424), formerly Boston-Boston, 15 Lansdowne St., Boston. Live and recorded music, video, more.

MICHAEL'S PUB (247-7262), 52-A Gainsborough St., Boston. Jazz nightly.

MIDDLE EAST RESTAURANT, Central Sq., Camb. Live jazz. Sun. and Mon.: the John Wheatly Trio. Tues. and Wed.: the Burt Johnson Trio.

MR. C'S ROCK PALACE (454-5557), 111 Thorn-dike St., Lowell.

MISTER MCNASTY'S (536-2509), 88 Queensberry St., Boston. Rock 'n' roll.

MODERN TIMES CAFE (354-8371), 134 Hampshire St., Camb. July 29: Tadeusz Szafar.

MOLLY'S (783-2900), 161 Brighton Ave., Allston. Tues. and Thurs.: oldies with Jack McCoy.

MUSIC WORKS COFFEEHOUSE (231-5257), Saugus Unitarian-Universalist Church, Main and Summer Sts., Saugus.

MY PLACE (742-3922), 286 Commercial St. on the Waterfront. No cover or minimum. Live sounds Fri. and Sat., jazz.

NAMELESS COFFEEHOUSE (864-1630), 3 Church St., Cambridge. No charge for anything.

NARCISBUS (536-1950), 533 Comm. Ave., Kenmore Sq. Disco, computerized neon lighting, three dance floors. Mon. nights: the Comedy Troupe, Ted Bergeron, Ross Bickford, the Cab-driver, Steve Bulgry, 8 p.m.

NEW RISE CLUB (876-8297), 495 Mass. Ave., Central Sq., Camb. Music, dance, disco, and new wave. Wed.-Sun.: bar, game-room, large dance floor, restaurant. Every Thurs.: Rudy Dotin.

NICK'S (482-0930), 100 Warrenton St., Boston. Dining, dancing, drinking.

OXFORD ALE HOUSE (876-5353), 36 Church St., Harvard Square (behind the Coop).

PAPILLON (566-8495), 1353 Beacon St., Brookline. Light food, beer, and wine. Live jazz Wed. and Thurs. nights.

THE PANARISE (254-2052), 969 Comm. Ave., Allston.

PASSIM (492-7679), 47 Palmer St., Harvard Sq. Folk music.

PEABODY STUCK (354-9528), 421 Washington St., Somerville. Dinner and classical music.

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. (232-4242), 1314 Comm. Ave., Brighton. Every Fri. and Sat.: the Chance Langton Comedy All-Star Show (Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11). Sun.: open-mike night.

PLAZA BAR at the Copley Plaza Hotel. No cover; proper dress required. Through Aug. 1: Mon.-Sat. 9 p.m.-1 a.m., DJI Jones.

THE PLOUGH AND STARS (482-9653), 912 Mass. Ave., Camb. Fine folk, exotic live sounds Sun. and Tues.-Thurs.

POOR'S PUB (262-6811), 414 Comm. Ave., Boston.

PURPLE SHAMROCK (formerly Betty's Rolls Royce) (227-2060), 1 Union St., Boston. Happy hour, dinner, luncheon specials, live entertainment.

QUETZAL CAFE 669 Centre St., JP. Live folk and jazz. Mon.-Sat.

RANCH HOUSE (834-9149), 222 Canal St., Green Harbor, Marshfield. New wave.

Continued on page 38

CLUBS

AHMED'S DISCOTHEQUE (547-9382), 96 Winthrop St., Harvard Sq. Lower-level dancing in a small wood-frame building. Tues.-Sun. 9 p.m. Sun.: golden oldies. Mon.: available for private parties.

ALAN'S TRUCK STOP, Rtes. 495 and 150, Amesbury. Authentic C&W bar with live music nightly. July 26-30: Tumbleweed. July 31 and Aug. 1: Silver Dollar.

ALPINE INN (1-800-259-4710), Skimobile Rd., N. Conway, NH. July 19: Crazy Ed Barnaby.

THE ANK (247-9548), 836 Beacon St., Boston. Live music, disco Fri., Sat.

ART ANK COFFEEHOUSE (625-9090), 46 Holland St., Somerville. Jazz, folk, blues, Fri. at 8 p.m. Sat. at 8:30 p.m.

AVENUE, 1924 Mass. Ave., Camb. (354-4500). Music and belly dancing nightly from 7:30 p.m. July 20: belly-dancing contest.

BACKSTAGE CONCERT CLUB AND LOUNGE (1-800-982-5974), Chateau de Ville, jct. of Rtes. 128 and 28, Randolph.

BACKSTAGE NIGHTCLUB (338-8827 or 648-8700),

BLUES (566-9267), 808 Huntington Ave., Boston. July 30: Night Train. July 31: Bobby Watson Band. Aug. 1: The Blues Cousins.

ELIOT LOUNGE (262-8823), Mass. and Comm. Aves., Boston. Live music nightly. Every Saturday: "Tappin' at the Met." Mon. and Tues.: jazz nights. Thurs.: 11th Hour Blues Band. Fri.: Chris Jones and the Regulars.

</

Midnight People with
Midnight Moves,
will join

HYPERTENSION

For a
Midnight Groove
at

BACKSTAGE LIVE
AT THE CHARLES PLAYHOUSE
THURS. JULY 30TH MIDNIGHT-2:00
\$2.00 admission — cash bar
For Midnight Party info call
338-8827

OTHER AREA CLUB DATES INCLUDE
SAT — JULY 25th **WESTERN FRONT**
TUES — JULY 28th **JACKS**

SPIT

104 FM
WBCH presents

Wed., July 29
from Atlanta
**THE SWIMMING
POOL Q'S**

Thurs., July 30
from New York
THE BONGOS

13 Landsdowne St.
262-2437

**TWELVE
SEVENTY**

1270 BOYLSTON ST.
(near Fenway Park)
OPEN WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
Wed., July 29 - 9:30 p.m.

**THE
OUTLETS**
with
THE SPECIMENS

Wed., Aug 5 - 9:30 p.m.
THIRD RAIL
with
THE GRAPHICS

437-1257

CLUBS

**INN-
SQUARE
MEN'S
BAR**

LADIES INVITED
Sat., July 25
FACE TO FACE
Sun., July 26

**PAUL RISHELL
BAND**

Mon., July 27
**MAYNARD
SILVA
BAND**

Tues., July 28
THE BARS

Wed. & Thurs., July 29 & 30
**THE
MARTELLS**

Fri., July 31
B.R.M.C.
**BOSTON
ROCK-A-BILLY
MUSIC
CONSPIRACY**

Sat., Aug. 1
**PETER
DAYTON
BAND**

Every Sun. - 3-7 pm
STAGE FRIGHT SHOWCASE
(open mike)

491-8872
1350 Cambridge St.
Inman Sq., Cambridge

VARULVEN RECORDS
& WZBC presents

8:30 WED.
JULY 29

THE COUNT'S ORIGINAL

ROCK & ROLL SPECTACULAR

AT *The Paradise* #11
967 Comm. Ave.

FEATURING:

**the Madman
G.G. Allin**

**the
Logistics**

plus special guest
ERIK LINDGREN

**LOVE
and
FLAME**

**THE
MACHINES**

TICKETS ON SALE NOW! **\$3.75**

LIVE TRIBUTE TO JIMI HENDRIX

Eric Preston's

PURPLE HAZE

This Fri. & Sat., July 31-August 1st

The Frolics - Salisbury Beach

First Area Appearance

Watch for upcoming shows at
Mr. C's • Uncle Sam's
The Channel
and more.

The Concert
Event of
the Season!

DON'T MISS THIS SPECIAL SHOW!

PLAYERS
SOUNDS & SPIRITS
Rt. 132 Hyannis
EVERY SUNDAY
HAPPY HOUR
with J.D., Billy, & Ken
771-6699

The **oceanside**
Cellar
Tavern Menu
open 1:00 to 1:00

Mon., July 27
"PUB/CLUB WORKERS' NIGHT"
Free buffet 7-9 pm
live entertainment

Tues., July 28
OPEN BAR 8-9:30 PM
"live entertainment"

Wed., July 29
BOSTON BRATS
all drinks 1/2 price 8-10 pm

Thurs., July 30
EMMITT DOOLEY & BAD HABITS
all drinks 1/2 price 8-10 pm

Fri. & Sat., July 31 & Aug. 1
BIJOU McCUE
and **THE MATINEES**

Sun., Aug. 2
Happy Hour 3-7 pm
with **D.J. TAD BONVIE**
8 PM LAST CHANCE BAND

Coming
MIRRORS
ATLANTICS

Rt. 3 to Rt. 139 Marshfield
834-4931

DOWNEY & JUDGE
141 Portland St.
No. Station Area
523-9114
Entertainment
Every Thursday, Friday,
Saturday nites
Happy Hour
Thurs., Fri., Sat. nites
7:00-9:00

Headliners
North
(603) 889-8844
In Railroad Square, Nashua, N.H.
Only 40 minutes from Boston
Take exit 6E off Route 3
Next to Chart House Restaurant

Thursday, July 30
THE IQ'S

Friday, July 31
MIDNIGHT TRAVELER

Saturday, Aug. 1
THE JON NEEL BAND

Wednesday, Aug. 5
BLACK OAK ARKANSAS
featuring **JIM DANDY**

Friday, Aug. 7
BILL CHINNOCK

Saturday, Aug. 8
IMAGE

Tickets available at the Box Office,
Ticketron, Strawberries, Concert
Charge (617-426-8181) and other usual
outlets

MISTER McNASTY'S No Cost Parking
536-2509
Sat., July 25
JOHN LINCOLN WRIGHT
Sun., July 26
BATTLE OF THE BANDS
This is Boston
Country at it's Best
Last Week's 1st Elimination
Round
WINNER
From Vermont
RIP VAN WINKLE & THE SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS
WDLW HOST
BLOW THE BARREL - 8 PM
DEAN JAMES
Mon., July 27
LANDER BALLARD
Tues., July 28
FAZZONE
Wed., July 29
HICKORY WIND
Thurs., Sat., July 30-Aug. 1
Cobble Mountain Band
BLOW THE BARREL
88 Queensberry St. (in the Fenway) Boston

UPSTAIRS
Mon., July 27
WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA
Wed., July 29
SLAP HAPPY
Thurs., July 30
WILDLIFE
Fri., July 31
MIKE TURK QUARTET
Sat., Aug. 1
BELLVISTA
Sun., Aug. 2
LEON COLLINS
JAZZ TAP REVUE

RYLES
CAFE • BAR • 876-9330
INMAN SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

DOWNSTAIRS
Sun., July 26
LARRY KLUG TRIO
Mon., July 27
LUCID
Tues. & Wed., July 28 & 29
ED PERKINS TRIO
Thurs., July 30
SPIRAL DANCE
Fri. & Sat., July 31 & Aug. 1
HERMAN JOHNSON QUARTET

Bunratty's
Boston's best music nightly
186 Harvard Ave.
Allston, Mass. 254-9804
Sun., July 26
Sunday afternoon Happy Hour with
JACK DARLING
acoustically 5-7 pm
Sunday night
ELECTRIC CHILDREN
PULSE
Admission \$1
Monday, July 27
THE JACKALS
plus
PLANET STREET
Admission \$1
Tues., July 28
JEANNE SHAW BAND
plus
REEVE LITTLE
Wed., July 29
THE LIFTERS
plus
WITCH ONE
Thurs., July 30
"Face to Face"
plus
NEWS
Fri. & Sat., July 31 & Aug. 1
GUNSMOKE
Free Admission 9:30
Sun., Aug. 2
PUPPET RULERS
plus
VERMILLION SAND

Continued from page 36
THE RAT (247-7713), 528 Comm. Ave., Boston. Punk, new wave, heavy metal.
RICHARD'S PUB (782-6245), 3 Harvard Ave., Allston. Fri., Sat. country, bluegrass, and traditional Irish music, 9 p.m. Stryx on Sun. Lucio on Mon.
RILEY'S BEEF & PUB (723-8088), 15 New Chardon St., Gov't Center. Jazz, disco, funk.
ROCKEFELLER'S RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE (592-1836), Harbor Mall Lynnway, Lynn. Entertainment Wed.-Sun. 9-2. Top 40 dance. Ladies and Gents' Night: Wed. Cover \$1.
RYLES (876-9330), Inman Square, Cambridge. Live jazz nightly. Ed Perkins Trio Tues., and Wed.; Herman Johnson Quartet Fri. and Sat. Every Wed. through Aug. Slap Happy. Upstairs — July 27: Widespread Depression Orchestra. July 30: Wildlife. July 31 and Aug. 1: Bellvista. July 26: Robin Pitchford. Downstairs — July 30: Spiral Dance.
SANDY BERMAN'S JAZZ REVIVAL (922-7515), 54 Cabot St., Beverly.
SATCH'S (266-2929), 43 Stanhope St., Boston. Tues.-Sun.: nightly jazz and blues. Sunday jazz brunch from noon to 8 p.m. Continuous disco upstairs Fri. and Sat.
78 BROADWAY CLUB (541-0481), 78 Broadway St., Boston. Disco DJ, live entertainment. Open 10 p.m.-5 a.m. Thurs.-Sun.
SCOTCH 'N' SINGLES (723-3677), 77 North Washington St., Boston. Wed.: D.J. Sullivan. Thurs.: the Jim Sands Oldies but Goodies Road Show. Fri and Sat.: the Diamond Brothers Band. Sun.: Jim Sands.
SKYCAP PLAZA (442-3131), 575 Warren St., Dorchester. Every Sun.: live jazz 6 p.m.-midnight, \$3. Blues, too.
SOLID ROCK COFFEEHOUSE, 230 Beach St., Revere. July 24, 8 p.m.: the Righteous Cry. **SOMEWHERE** 295 Franklin St., Boston.
SPINOFF (262-6132), 145 Ipswich St., Boston. Roller skate to rock, disco, and new wave.
SPIT (262-2437), 13 Lansdowne St., Boston. Dance to P/NW, rock, and reggae. Open Wed.-Sat. 10 p.m.-1:37 a.m. DJs: Wed., Albert O.; Thurs., Tom Lane; Fri., Oedipus; Sat., Tony V.
STEPPIN' OUT LOUNGE (623-9286), 318 Broadway, Somerville. Live rock and new wave Wed.-Sat. Reduced cover with college ID.
STUDIO RED TOP (262-5328), 4th floor, 367 Boylston St., Boston. Jazz women in concert every Friday at 8.
SULTAN'S TENT, 100 Warrington St., upstairs at Nick's, Boston. Mid-Eastern and Greek supper club. Dinner daily 4 p.m.-2 a.m. Reservations suggested. Professional belly-dancing show nightly.
SWISS ALPS (354-1386), 114 Mt. Auburn St., Camb. Live jazz, every Mon. Mike Turk and Michael Kernan 8:30-11:30 p.m. Every Thurs.: Jeff Massanari and Marshall Woods.
THE TAM (277-0982), 1648 Beacon St., Brookline. Food, drink, and live music.
THINKER'S (formerly Estelle's) (427-0200), 888 Tremont St., Boston. Live entertainment Thurs.-Sun.
1300 CLUB (491-9625), 1369 Cambridge St. in Inman Sq., Cambridge. Live jazz seven nights a week from local groups. No cover.
TOGETHER (426-0086), 110 Boylston St., Boston. Thurs.-Sun.: soul with drag queen Sylvia Sidney.
TOM FOOLEY, 102 Mass. Ave., Boston. Every Sun. and Mon. from 9 p.m.-1 a.m.: live jazz with the Jed Levy-Tim Horner Quartet. July 29: Jamie Baum Quartet.
TOPSIDE NIGHTCLUB (426-7222), 145 Northern Ave., Boston.
TOWNE HOUSE PUB (897-9825), 187 Main St., Maynard.
TROLLEYS, 55 Canal St. Every Thurs. night: swing series from scat to jazz, be-bop to rhythm and blues. 9 p.m.-1 a.m.
THE TROUBLE STOP (524-9795), 131 Green St., J.P. Live entertainment weekends.
1270 CLUB (437-1257), 1270 Boylston St., Boston. Disco, some live new wave.
UNCLE SAM'S (925-2585), 296 Nantasket Ave., Nantasket.
THE UNDERGROUND (566-8577), 1110 Comm. Ave., Allston. Showcase for local new-wavers.
UP AND UP LOUNGE (267-3100), 575 Comm. Ave., Kenmore Sq., features a full-service bar, dancing to live music, and a film show between sets. Call for more details.
WAG SITUATION (262-5328), 367 Boylston St., Boston, presents jazz concerts every Sat. 9 p.m.-12 a.m., \$5. BYOB.
WESTERN FRONT (492-7772), 343 Western Ave., Camb. Jazz and reggae, two dance floors. Every Sun.: reggae. Every Tues. and Wed.: Craig Starr Trio. July 29-30: Ness.
WESTGATE LOUNGE (583-2700), in the Westgate Mall. Every Mon.: Disco Joe Jazz. Wed.-Sun.: Metro, no cover. Tues.: under-20 night. Legacy, 8 p.m.-midnight. \$3.
WHO'S ON FIRST, 19 Yawkey Way, Boston. Live music.
WILLOW, (623-9874), 699 Broadway, Somerville. Jazz entertainment seven nights; cover varies. July 26: Trombone Madness. July 27: John Halbe Quartet. July 28: The Fringe. July 29: Lester Parker and Company. July 30: John Horner Quartet. July 31 and Aug. 1: Gary Chaffee Group.
ZITO'S (227-6736), 60 Devonshire St., Boston.

Chung Li performs the Hwa Yu Tai Chi form every Sun. evening at 7 p.m., 25 Edinboro St., Chinatown.
FOLK DANCING sponsored by the Folk Arts Center (962-7144). Regular programs Fri. 8:15-11 p.m. for beginners, and Thurs. at the same time for the more advanced, at the First Baptist Church, 5 Magazine St., Central Sq., Camb. Admission \$2.50, \$2 for students.
DANCE FREE provides an alternative dancing space for those who are just not cut in the disco mold, with all kinds of music, no smoking, and no alcohol, each Wed. at 7:30 p.m. at the Christ Church, 0 Garden St., Harvard Sq., Camb. (491-4195). Donations are usually requested at the door.
INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE evenings can be enjoyed each Tues. at 8 p.m. at the Walker Building, Marlborough (481-8104). Tix \$1-\$2.
SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING takes place each Mon. at 8:15 at the Cambridge YWCA (491-6050). Admission \$2.
NORTH SHORE FOLK DANCERS (631-7821), Crombie St. Church, Salem. Wed. all year, 8 p.m.
CHELSEA HOUSE FOLKLORE CENTER, INC. features folk dancing every Mon. evening, 7:30 p.m. Dancing starts 8:30. \$1.50.
DANCE FRIDAY, a weekly multi-media event where you can dance barefoot any way you like in a smoke-and-alcohol free environment at the Joy of Movement Center, 23 Main St., Watertown Square, \$2; children under 12 with an adult free. Fri. 8:30-11:30 p.m.
BOSTON CHARADES GATHERING. Cultural group for entertainment and humor; playing games to explore, act out ideas, expressions. Free. Call 862-9015 for information.
INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING for senior citizens, every Mon., 2 p.m., at the Life Center, Rosary Academy, Watertown. No experience necessary.
BASIC INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE every Fri., 8 p.m., at the Brimmer and May Gym, Middlesex Rd., Chestnut Hill. Sponsored by the Folk Arts Center of New England (862-7144). Soft-soled shoes, please!
EXPERIENCED INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE every Thurs., 8:15 p.m., at the First Baptist Church, 5 Magazine St., Camb. Sponsored by the Folk Arts Center of New England (862-7144).
COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY (235-6181), 7 Temple St., Camb. Wed.: 8:15 p.m. Admission \$2.50. English country and ritual dances, live music; beginners and singles welcome.
LESBIAN AND GAY FOLK DANCING, weekends in Camb. Call 661-7223 for specifics.
NEW ENGLAND SQUARES AND CONTRAS each Tues., 8 p.m., at the Concord Scout House, Walden St., Concord, through Aug. 25. Music by Yankee Ingenuity. Admission \$3.
FOLK DANCING BY THE FOUNTAIN each Tues., 8 p.m., at Copley Square, Boston, through Aug. 25. Free.
ADVANCED BALKAN DANCING each Tues., 7:30 p.m., at the MIT Student Center. Call 862-7144 for more information.
FRAMINGHAM INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCERS meet each Wed., 8 p.m., at St. Jeremiah's Church, Brook St., Framingham, through Aug. 26. Admission \$2; call 877-0151.
ISRAELI DANCING each Wed., 7:30 p.m., at the MIT Student Center. For information, call 862-7144.
INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE every Sun., 7:30 p.m., at the MIT Student Center. Call 862-7144 for information.

PERFORMANCE

SUNDAY/26
HAMAKON ISRAELI DANCE TROUPE performs at the DeCordova Museum Amphitheater, 3:30 p.m. Admission \$4, \$2 for the elderly and children under 12, free for members.
EXPANSIONS presents an evening of modern, jazz, blues, and gospel dance, 7:30 p.m., at the Blacksmith House, 56 Brattle St., Camb. Admission \$4; call 547-6789.
TUESDAY/28
"POLARITIES" movement by River, Theater Spanuzpys, and Rachel Forman to music by Polare Levine, through Sat. at 8:30 p.m. at Gallery East, near South Station. For reservations, call 426-1940.
WEEK OF WORLD PREMIERES at Jacob's Pillow, with performances tonight at 7:30, also Wed.-Sat., 8:30 p.m., and Sat. at 3 p.m., in the Ted Shawn Theater, Lee. Call 413-637-1322 for ticket information.

nity College's Speakers' Bureau. Call 588-9100, ext. 119, for information.

MISC.

WELLNESS FESTIVAL July 31-Aug. 1 in Newburyport, with a potluck supper (Friday, 6:30 p.m., at the WMCA, 96 State St.; donation \$1); wellness fair (Saturday, 11 a.m.-4 p.m., on the road to Plum Island); and participatory dance (Saturday, 8 p.m., at the Masonic Hall, Green St.; admission \$3). Call 462-3212 for further information.
GALA CRUISE aboard the Bostonian II on July 30, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Dance to classic American tunes and Latin rhythms. Cash bar on board. Donation \$8 for members, \$10 for guests if ordered before July 25, \$10 for members, \$12 for guests if ordered on or after July 25. Sponsored by the Pan American Society of New England.
HANDBEWING DOLLS AND CLOWNS, a demonstration of technique, July 30. See the "Free box," elsewhere in this section, for details.
ANTHROPOLOGY, a new summer arts festival, is being held in Pittsfield July 30-Aug. 30. For details on specific events, call 413-445-5006.
NEW ENGLAND RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL, a 16th-century marketplace complete with sword fighters, musicians, and village characters, plus Renaissance games, handmade crafts, and international food. July 26, 11 a.m.-6 p.m., across from Edaville Railroad in South Carver. Admission \$3.50 for adults, \$1.50 for children four-12, free to those under four. For information, call 344-7996.
INFANT FORMULA ACTION COALITION BENEFIT, with Father Robert Drinan, Sen. Paul Tsongas, and actress Linda Kelsey of "Lou Grant," July 30, 6-8:30 p.m., at Eliot Church, 474 Centre St., Newton Corner. Contribution \$10; call 354-6583.
GEORGES ISLAND BARBECUE sponsored by Lesbian and Gay Community Center, Aug. 9. Fire, utensils, and dessert provided. The Bay State sails from Long Wharf at noon; call 482-4978.
"THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR", a 30-minute slide/tape show that examines the stereotypes of teachers as portrayed in the popular press, Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at the Milton Public Library, 476 Canton Ave., Milton. Call 699-5707.
"NEWBURYPORT: BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE", a nine-day festival, through Aug. 2. Call 465-8581 for a complete schedule of events.
BOSTON BY FOOT offers walking tours of the city Tues.-Sun. throughout the summer. Call 367-2345 for a brochure. Meet on the steps of the Boston Public Library. Admission \$4.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS offers bus tours of Boston's art and architecture every Wed. during July, at 10 a.m. Admission \$10; includes admission to the museum after the tour.
"NAME ON TAP", a one-hour cabaret act presented by the Boston Mime Theater at Great Hall, Quincy Marketplace, each Thurs. and Fri. at 7 and 9 p.m. through Aug. 21. Tickets \$3; call 266-8244.
CANNONBEH HISTORICAL SOCIETY offers one-hour walking tours of Harvard Square and Brattle St., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m., 11 a.m., 1 p.m., and 2:30 p.m. Sat.: 1 and 2:30 p.m. Sun. Contribution \$4, \$2 for children; call 547-4252.
GAME NIGHT, at the Blacksmith House, 56 Brattle St., Camb., every Wed. 7:30-10:30 p.m. Scrabble, chess, bridge, and other games; instruction by the staff of Games People Play. Admission 50 cents.
INKLINE FOR BOSTON-AREA COMPUTERERS. To encourage people who are not confident bicycling in traffic to commute by bicycle, the Boston Area Bicycle Coalition has established a Bike Buddy System. Call 491-RIDE.
LE GRAND DAVID and his Spectacular Magic Company, Cabot Street Cinema and Theater, Beverly. Every Sun. at 8:15 p.m. Tickets \$4.50-\$5 for adults, \$3-\$3.50 kids under 12. Buy tix in advance. Call 927-3677 for information.
MBC'S THOMPSON CENTER, designed to accommodate handicapped persons and those with other special recreational needs, is now open on a full-time schedule, through Sept. Reservations and information may be obtained by calling 361-6161.

MUSIC

CLASSICAL

SUNDAY/26
STANNA FORTUNATO, mezzo-soprano, and **MICHAEL GOOD**, pianists, are guest artists when the Cambridge Chamber Players perform tonight at eight at the Unitarian Universalist Church, 28 Mugford St., Marblehead. Admission \$5, \$3.50 for students and the elderly.
MONDAY/27
KOREAN MUSICIANS, 33 high-school students, give a concert at Longy School of Music at 8 p.m. For further information, see the "Free box," elsewhere in this section.
TUESDAY/28
MASTERSHIPS CHORALE presents Haydn's "The Creation," 8 p.m., at Temple Isaiah, 55 Lincoln St., Lexington. Admission \$2, \$1, for undergraduate students. Call 648-0390.
NEW ENGLAND BARBECUE ENSEMBLE presents an organ recital at noon at King's Chapel, Tremont and School Sts. Donation requested; call 523-1749.
WEDNESDAY/29
LONGY NIGHTMARE CONCERT — for specifics, see the "Free box," elsewhere in the listings.
FRIDAY/31
CONCERTS OF NEW WORKS at MIT — see the "Free box" for further details.

LECTURES

NOTE: lectures are free, unless otherwise noted.
MONDAY/27
"DANCERS AND INJURIES" by Dr. Lyle Michell of the Sports Medicine Clinic, Children's Hospital, 7:30 p.m., at Boylston Hall Auditorium, Harvard Yard. For more information, call 495-2494.
THURSDAY/30
"THE 1980s: A DECADE OF WAR AND REVOLUTION ON A WORLD SCALE", a forum on the international situation, 7 p.m. at Phillips-Brooks House, off Harvard Yard. Donation \$2.
"THE FUTURE OF THE VOTING-RIGHTS ACT" is the topic of discussion at the Forum at the Kennedy School of Government, 79 Boylston St., Camb., 8 p.m. Free.
FRIDAY/31
"THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE: PAINTING AND POETRY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST", by Stuart Peterfreund, at 12:15 p.m. at the ICA. Admission is free for members, \$1.50 for adult non-members, and 75 cents for student and elderly non-members.
ONGOING
COMMUNITY FOLK DANCERS — folk dancing every Mon., 7:30 p.m., at the St. Paul Lutheran Church, 929 Concord Tpk., Arlington Heights. Beginners welcome; call 825-5870.
HWA YU TAI CHI (482-1325), Grand Master John

DANCE

PARTICIPATION

THURSDAY/30
HUNGARIAN DANCE WORKSHOP, 8 p.m., at Brimmer and May Gym, Chestnut Hill. Admission \$3.50, \$3 for students.
ONGOING
COMMUNITY FOLK DANCERS — folk dancing every Mon., 7:30 p.m., at the St. Paul Lutheran Church, 929 Concord Tpk., Arlington Heights. Beginners welcome; call 825-5870.
HWA YU TAI CHI (482-1325), Grand Master John

SUNDAY/2
COMMONWEALTH BRASS QUINTE performs a concert of chamber music at the JFK Library Museum, 2 p.m. Admission 75 cents (includes the cost of museum entry). Call 922-4558.
BOSTON LYRIC OPERA COMPANY joins the **BROOKLINE SYMPHONY** in presenting a free concert. See the "Free box" for more information.

POP. ETC.

MONDAY/27
ANTHONY HEWLEY and **SUZANNE BOMERS** perform at South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, through Sat. (8 p.m. through Fri., 5:30 and 9 p.m. Sat.). Call 383-1400 for ticket information.
PHIL WILSON at City Hall Plaza every day this week from noon to 2 p.m. Free.

TUESDAY/28
POLANTRES, Polare Levine's "Eggs Essential" sounds, incorporating original music and poetry, soundscapes, and ambient sound. Tonight, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8:30 p.m. at Gallery East, 24 East St., near South Station. For reservations, call 426-1940.
MASON BAINING and **JEANIE STAHL** give a concert at Jackson Homestead, 527 Washington St., Newton Corner. Admission \$1, 50 cents for senior citizens, 25 cents for children. In case of rain, got Aquinas Junior College, Jackson Rd., Call 552-7120 for details.

DREAMBOAT leaves Long Wharf at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., with the Ed, Bill, and Bo Winkler Orchestra, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, and Dick Johnson's Swing Shift. Passage \$7.50 for the first or second sailing, \$11.50 for both. Call 876-8742.
WEDNESDAY/29
JAZZ BOAT leaves Commonwealth Pier at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. with the Gary Burton Quartet and the Illinois Jacquet Quintet. Passage \$7.50 for the first or second sailing, \$11.50 for both. Call 876-8742.

THURSDAY/30
CONCERT CRUISE leaves Long Wharf at 6:30 and 8 p.m., with the New England Woodwind Quintet. Passage \$4.75 for either sailing, \$7 for both. Call 876-8742.
SATURDAY/1
A-B JAMBOREE presents vibraphonist Gary Burton, 8 p.m., in the Acton-Boxborough Regional High School Auditorium. Tickets \$7.50; call 263-2607.
HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE SUMMER JAZZ FESTIVAL presents Oscar Peterson, Gary Burton, Art Blythe, Flora Purim, and Airto Moreira, noon-7 p.m. in Amherst. Tickets \$10 in advance, \$15 the day of the show.
SUNDAY/2
KLEZMER CONSERVATORY BAND in a free concert. See the "Free box" in this section for details.

NOTICES

NOTE: please consult the classified ads in our Lifestyle section to discover the myriad educational experiences available in the Hub.
BENEFIT PARTY at Jamaica Plain Cramshell, 64 South St., JP, July 31, 9 p.m. Donation \$2; proceeds go toward court costs incurred by nine women suing UMass for sexual harassment.
CAMBRIDGE WOMEN'S CENTER hosts "Introductory," an informal discussion group each Wed., 8 p.m., at the center, 46 Pleasant St., Camb. July 29: "Cellbacy." For more information, call 354-9807.

POETRY & PROSE

NOTE: all poetry and prose readings are free unless otherwise noted.
SUNDAY/28
SISTER CITY presents "Lorine Niedecker," 7-9 p.m., at 132 Newbury St., Boston. Honorarium \$2; call 247-1583.
WEDNESDAY/29
DAVID AND KATHY EBERLY give a poetry reading, 8 p.m. at the Mills Gallery, 549 Tremont St., Boston.
ONGOING
PHONE-A-POEM (492-1144) features a different poet every two weeks, 24 hours a day.
CENTRAL SQUARE WRITERS' GROUP meets each Mon. at 7 p.m. at the Central Square Library, 45 Pearl St., Cambridge (498-9081). Free.
NEW WRITERS' COLLECTIVE presents open readings each Tues. at 8 p.m. at the Community Church of Boston, 565 Boylston St., top floor. Free. Call 742-1538 for information.
AMERICAN FICTION DISCUSSION GROUP meets alternate Thurs. at 7 p.m. at the Central Sq. Library, 45 Pearl St., Camb. (498-9081). Free.
ART AIR (825-9090), 40 Holland St., Somerville, sponsors a poetry reading each Wed. at 8 p.m. Admission \$1.50.
BARDOLLYE magazine holds a poetry workshop every week, free, in the Harvard Sq. area. Write to: Workshop, 117 Pembroke St., Boston 02118.
FRAMINGHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY, 49 Lexington St., Framingham. Readings every Sun. 2:30 p.m.
FICTION-WRITERS GROUP for the professionally oriented meets every two weeks to read work. Must be 28 years or older; must have four pages minimum per meeting; must attend regularly. Free. Call 812-9015 for information.
BOSTON READING SERIES reviews poems for open readings, held in downtown location. Submit 12 poems or a cassette. Send SASE to Box 831, Astor Station, Boston 02123.

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 Mon., July 27 **JOHN HAIBLE QUARTET**
 Tue., July 28 **THE FRINGE**
 Wed., July 29 **LESTER PARKER & CO**
 Thurs., July 30 **JOHN HORNER QUARTET**
 Fri. & Sat., July 31, Aug. 1 **GARY CHAFFEL GROUP**
SUNDAY AFTERNOON JAM


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 Monday, July 27 **JOHN PAYNE AND HIS SAX CHOIR**
 Tues.-Sat., July 28-Aug. 1 **CHERYL LEBLANC AND STRANGERS**
 Sunday, Aug. 2 **LAZARUS**
 Monday, Aug. 3 **JOHN PAYNE AND HIS SAX CHOIR**
 Tues., Aug. 4 **THE MINTS**
 Wed.-Sun., Aug. 5 **SMITH BROTHERS**

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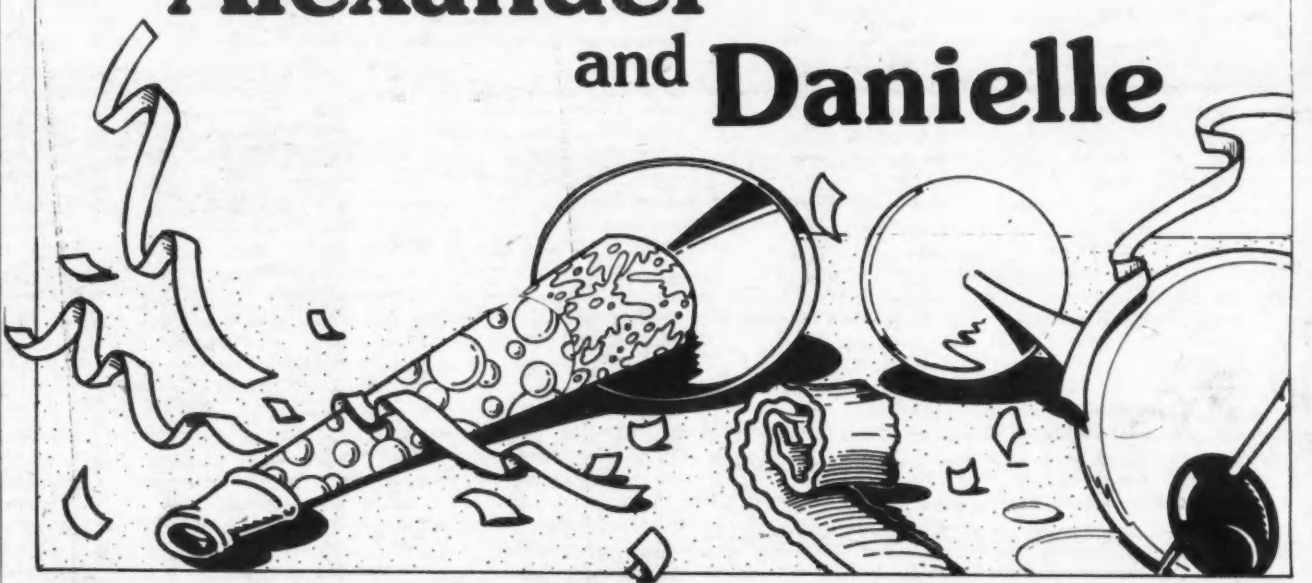
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 Thurs., July 30
COMPANY CREEK
 Fri., July 31
LOST IN THE SHUFFLE
 Sat., Aug. 1
GREENLINE BREAKDOWN

Mon., July 27 **THE UPSTARTS THE PUPPET RULERS**
 Tues., July 28 **PATIO ACT THE AUTHORITARIANS**
 Wed., July 29 **THE BIMBOS THE BOTTLES**
 Thurs., July 30 **THE LIQUIDS THE HARD TOPS**
 Fri., July 31 **SUADE COWBOYS 007 SQUARE PEG**
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 Sun., July 26 **HOTHEADS with HEIDI**
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 Wed., July 29 & Thurs., July 30 **ZAICHIK BROTHERS**
 Fri., July 31 **HIPSHAKES with SARAH BROWN**
 Sat., Aug. 1 **ALIVE n' PICKIN'**
 Sun., Aug. 2 **ROCKET 88's**
 Coming Attractions
 Fri. & Sat., Aug. 7 & 8 **THE MARTELLS**
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 Sat., Aug. 22 **JACK SMITH and ROCKABILLY PLANET**

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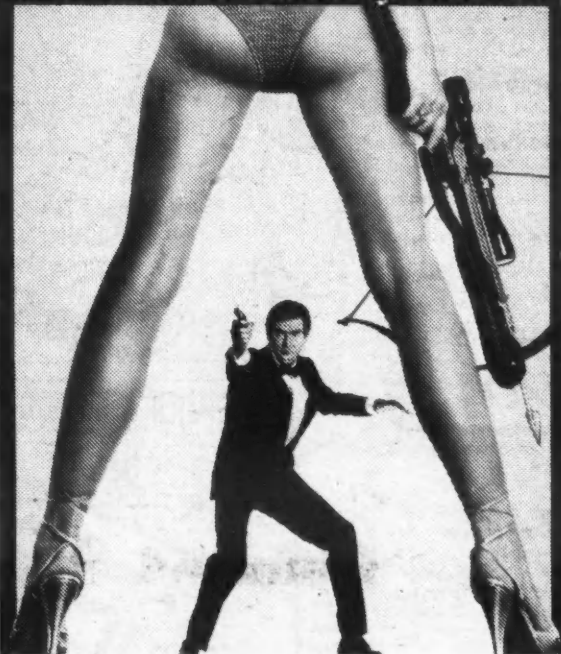
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